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May 23, 1914

MOVIE PICTORIAL



THE UP-TO-THE-MINUTE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

Chicago and New York



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in America*

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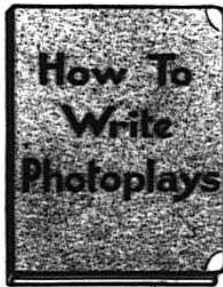
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CLOUD PUBLISHING COMPANY
1100 Hartford Bldg., CHICAGO

"WE'RE HERE BECAUSE WE'RE HERE"

MOVIE PICTORIAL

Edited by ROY S. HANFORD

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THE MOVIE PICTORIAL should be on sale at all news-stands every Saturday. Readers unable to get the magazine on that day will confer a favor by notifying the Circulation Manager. By instructing their nearest news-dealer to reserve them a copy of THE MOVIE PICTORIAL every week, readers will avoid finding the magazine "sold out."

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An Interview with Ruth Stonehouse, the Essanay Girl

AND

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☐ William Lord Wright is Editor of the Motion Picture Department of the "Dramatic Mirror," former Editor of the Photoplay Department of the "Motion Picture News," Author of "Art of Scenario Writing," "The Reel Thing," "Home Folks," "Last Days of Simon Kenton," "Story of the Blind Man Eloquent," etc., etc. He is one of the most experienced and capable writers in the business.

"The Motion Picture Story"

is undoubtedly the best book to begin on in learning to write photoplays. It may be secured immediately by following the directions in the coupon on this page.

As showing its great value, the following is a complete Table of Contents of "The Motion Picture Story":

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- 1—The Lamp of Aladdin.
- 2—Editor and Author.
- 3—The Elusive Idea.
- 4—The Tremolo Touch.
- 5—The Plot.
- 6—Plot Construction.
- 7—The Power of Observation.
- 8—Limitations of the Pictures.
- 9—The Value of Technique.
- 10—The Photoplay Classified.
- 11—The Motion Picture Story.
- 12—The Multiple-Reel Story.
- 13—Plagiarism.
- 14—Value of Action.
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- 16—A Refined Comedy.
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- 18—Photoplay Characters.
- 19—The Synopsis.
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- 21—The Subtitle.
- 22—Use of Letters, Etc.
- 23—The Value of Effects.
- 24—Photoplay Terms and Tools.
- 25—Conclusion.

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1914

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An invaluable aid to the new writer. Send for it now

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THE MOVIE PICTORIAL

VOLUME I

CHICAGO, MAY 23, 1914

NUMBER 3

"THE SHOW GIRL'S GLOVE"

A Woman's Wits Defeat Injustice

MARY ANNIS, tense with horror, read the livid headlines. Drawn, despite herself, to the only slightly less lurid type beneath, she read the story, sordid, sickening, revolting in almost every detail. Slowly the main facts emerged from what the reporters had served up. It was a sensation of sensations; the newspaper men had flung themselves upon it avidly. She was scarcely started to see even her own name; much less shocked. The tragedy itself was so overpowering, so much worse than any of the details that helped to make it up, that she could grasp little of the significance of the appearance of her own name in that reeking mass of garbled gossip.

By Vivian Barrington

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE KALEM FILM

MAKE IT SHORT!

BREVITY is the soul of wit—and also the soul of entertainment.

In other words the short photoplay will get over quicker and stay over longer than the long one.

The "punch" is the essential element. And no one ever heard of a punch that was not short, and sharp, and sudden.

The photoplay public is not particularly a sustained-interest public.

It is therefore, not entirely a matter of certainty that the feature film and serial film are destined to the long life which the elaborate preparations for their production now being made in some quarters would seem to indicate.

in which her name had been mentioned. That same night, John Hampton had seen Stella. They had supped together; they had been seen, moreover, to engage in a conversation that was more than serious. There had been hot words on both sides, and Stella had risen from the table in a fine rage, and joined a party at another table, laughing as she looked back at her escort. John paid the check with a face as black as thunder and then stalked out of the restaurant without another glance at her.

Thus there seemed to be a motive for the

"I'll Try to Please You, Ma'am," Said Mary, When Stella Had Engaged Her



crime. As for the opportunity, that seemed against John Hampton, too. He had been found, bending over his brother's body, in the dead man's office. Dick Hampton had been killed by a

sharp knife, one that always lay on his desk, and that he used for opening letters. It was not a paper cutter, but a real knife, given to him by a friend who had brought it back from an exploring expedition in Central Africa. And, what seemed to make the case against John the more conclusive was the long white glove found, clasped in Dick Hampton's dead hand. It was Stella Desmond's glove; she had admitted that at once. And, as the police and the reporters reconstructed the scene which had had no witness they were sure it was the sight of that glove in his brother's possession that had worked John Hampton into the frenzy that had made a murderer of him and, as the sob expert of the Evening Clarion put it, had put the mark of Cain on his forehead.

"No!" Mary shook her head, with a determined little gesture that any of her friends would have recognized at once, when she had finished reading. "There's something they don't know. John Hampton a murderer! It's impossible—as impossible as that he should have been in love with that creature! That's where they've gone wrong! They don't know him as I do! He might kill a man in anger; he might do almost anything I suppose. But he would never stoop to an affair with Stella Desmond!"

Mary herself was mentioned only incidentally. She was referred to as a friend of both brothers, and she had scarcely finished reading the papers when friends began to call her up to offer the sympathy because of the notoriety. Her father was indignant.

"Damned outrage!" he said. "Idea of dragging your name into the filthy business! You'd better go away for a while, daughter. Take a trip to Europe, or out to the Coast, until this blows over. Not your fault,—but better to escape it."

"Run away?" Mary looked at him scornfully.

"I wouldn't be your daughter if I did that, Dad! No, I'm going to see John Hampton!" Her father gasped.

"What?" he roared. "Going to see Hampton? Mary—he's in prison!"

"That's why he needs his friends," she said, lifting her head proudly. "And I've been his friend! I'm not going to stop because he's falsely accused of a dreadful crime."

"Falsely!" gasped her father. "Why—it's an absolutely closed case! There's no loophole for him to crawl out of, unless they plead insanity!"

"It's just because everyone thinks so, that I'm needed," said Mary, quietly. "I know he's innocent because I know the man. And I do not lose faith in my friends because they are under a cloud."

"I—I forbid you to go near him!" stammered her father.

"I am old enough to decide such matters for myself," she said, quietly.

And go to see Hampton she did. She had to nerve herself to go through the ordeal at the prison; the staring reporters, scenting a new sensation in her coming; the coarse comments that she heard. But she set her teeth and went through with it, and was brought, at last, to Hampton's cell, and allowed to speak to him alone.

"Mary!" he said, aghast. "I couldn't believe it was you!"

The facts were plain and few enough: it was the surmises that filled the flaring pages. Dick Hampton was dead, that was the first fact. Reckless, devil-may-care Dick Hampton, handsome, easy-going—and he was dead! She had danced with him the night before and with the brother who was at this moment in prison, charged with his murder!

"It isn't so! It can't be!" Mary Annis cried out her conviction to the paper that she dropped to the floor. She knew couldn't be so. Poor Dick Hampton was dead—that much, of course, was true. But to say that John, his brother, had killed him, and in a quarrel over a woman of that sort—it was absurd! She summoned up a vision of the girl on whom, if the newspapers were to be believed, the real responsibility lay.

Stella Desmond, show girl! Mary knew her, —from across the footlights. Everyone knew her. She was the rage among a certain crowd of younger men. Dick Hampton had been one of them. They filled the boxes, night after night, to applaud her in the one little "bit" a wise management had given her. Stella could not act; she could not dance; she could not sing. But she was ravishingly beautiful, and she filled more seats every night than the star and the featured members of the cast. Nightly she was to be seen, after the theatre, in the gayest restaurant that catered to the night life of the town; nightly, almost, it was Hampton—who had been Hampton—who played host to her and to the lively guests she chose.

Many girls in Mary's position knew her as Mary did. Most of them hated her. For Stella Desmond got the attention these girls expected as their due. Stella, who asked for no chap-eron! Stella, who was a "good fellow"! Like Mary, some of these other girls, nice girls, wondered, with shaking heads, what men could see in Stella Desmond and her kind; unlike Mary, some of them envied Stella acutely. Mary had never done that. Even the fact that Dick Hampton had been showing her marked attention before he fell under the Stella's spell had never made her envious. Mary took things quietly; she did not make a habit of rebelling against fate.

The first shock of the tragic news over, Mary took up the papers again, and tried to piece out a coherent and straightforward story from the stuff that had been printed. It was hard to do. But gradually the theory that had been evolved by the police and the reporters emerged from the obscurity. They saw it as a plain case. Stella had favored Dick; there had been a quarrel between the two brothers only the day before the shooting,

which her name had been mentioned. That same night, John Hampton had seen Stella. They had supped together; they had been seen, moreover, to engage in a conversation that was more than serious. There had been hot words on both sides, and Stella had risen from the table in a fine rage, and joined a party at another table, laughing as she looked back at her escort. John paid the check with a face as black as thunder and then stalked out of the restaurant without another glance at her. Thus there seemed to be a motive for the

"I stick to my friends," she said, quietly. "Jack, in heaven's name, what has happened? What are you keeping back? This arrest and all of this newspaper talk—it's absurd!"

She saw the light that came into his eyes then. Indeed, she had spoken almost with calculation. She could imagine the effect on him of finding that there was some one, at least, who believed implicitly, even without a denial from him, in his innocence.

"I—I don't know!" he said. "It's just as I said, Mary. Just as I told them! I went in there to see him, and I found him on the floor, dead. He must have died instantly. And Mary, I want to tell you something—something I wouldn't have spoken of except for this."

"Yes?" She looked at him curiously.

"It's about—Dick," he said. He stumbled over the name, and she saw the look of horror that came into his eyes. "He—Mary—he'd been a little mad, I think, about that girl, Stella Desmond. But his eyes had been opened. I'd had to look up things about her past life, to save him, you know, and I'd talked to him—convinced him. He was through with her. He—he was coming back to you."

"To me?" Mary started. She stared at him. Before she could speak again he went on.

"Yes, to you," he said. "It's your right to know it, Mary. It's his right that you should know, that you should understand that he had come to his senses before he died."

"Yes, that is right," Mary said, in a strange, muffled voice. "Thank you for telling me, Jack." She was silent for a moment. "I must go now, but I shall come again. And, Jack, remember that I am your friend and that I believe in you. There must be some way to clear you, to prove that you didn't do this frightful thing. And I am going to find that way!"

THINK OF IT!

IT IS GENERALLY conceded that moving pictures are a great educational force. This is true not only for the reason that they enable the individual of limited background and resourcefulness to add to his perspective, but also on account of the fact that they are stimulating so many people to creative effort which is finding expression in the attempt to write photoplays.

This is perhaps the most important influence of the moving picture.

An attempt to write a photoplay—even if it never gets past the waste basket—emphasizes the value of observation, leads to a closer appreciation of human nature, puts one in the way of getting a better sense of the relative values of things, and enhances the desire, if not also the power, to concentrate, all which lead to more THINKING. And thinking, desirable as it is, is unfortunately not a failing of the average individual.

into the other woman's place, felt that she was beginning to understand.

And with understanding came a rage that amazed and almost frightened her. She had not believed herself capable of such passion as seized her now, at the thought of the Dick

her. Lightly cynical, determined, he alone of all those who had besieged her since the murder and her visit to Hampton, reached her. And when he saw her she could see the revelation of feeling that swept him.

"I—I beg your pardon, Miss Anna," he said. "You—you don't belong in this business. You're not the sort we thought."

"You're not quite blind, are you?" she said, bitterly. "Oh, if you meant what you said just now, tell me! How can you hound an innocent man? Can't you see that every scrap of evidence you have points to this woman, this Stella Desmond, as much as to him?"

The reporter whistled.

"You're very keen," he said. "In a way, that's so, of course. But she didn't have the chance. She wasn't there, John Hampton was. And, another thing! This is a sensational case. The district attorney is coming up for re-election. He is out for a record. It ought to be fairly easy to convict Hampton. While to convict a beautiful woman, who has killed a man—well, the chances are all against that."

"Oh!" She started back, revolted. "You mean that anyone could put his personal gain in the scale against a man's life?"

"I don't put it as crudely as that, of course," said the reporter. "But, it's more convenient for the district attorney to believe that Hampton is guilty, and easier. It means less work. You asked for facts, I've given them to you."

Then his whole expression changed.

"By Jove!" he said. "Miss Anna, why can't we work together on this? I can help you. All I ask is that, if you discover anything, you let my paper have it first. Come! I think I see a way if you're game to try it."

"Tell me," she said.

For an hour they talked, at the end of which the reporter went out exulting, and leaving behind a girl still determined, but beginning to be nervous. Still, she did not mean to let her nerves prevent her from taking the chance the reporter had pointed out. He had promised to smooth the way, and he was as good as his word. The next morning, armed with a letter of introduction, and the knowledge that Stella Desmond's maid had suddenly left her, Mary applied to the show girl for the vacant position and got it.

"I'll try to please you, ma'am," said Mary, when Stella had engaged her. She was beginning to wonder at this girl more than she had ever done before. She seemed so frail, so slight; and her eyes were so appealingly innocent, although they were frightened eyes, too, eyes that had seen more than a girl's eyes should see.

That was the beginning of the plan that Mary and the reporter had concocted. Her part was a hard one to play. She had to do her work, and do it well, for Stella was an exacting mistress. But she was exacting herself, in her own home, though not in the same way, and she knew her duties. And always she was watching and waiting for Stella to make a false step; to do or say something that would give her the clue she sought.

Hard though her work made it for her to do so, she managed always to find time to visit John Hampton once a day. And of this the newspapers made much, so much that one day Hampton summoned his resolution, and forbade her to come again.

"Mary!" he said. "You must stay away! You can't think how much it means to me to have you come, but, for your own sake, you must not do it. I am thinking of you, not of myself."

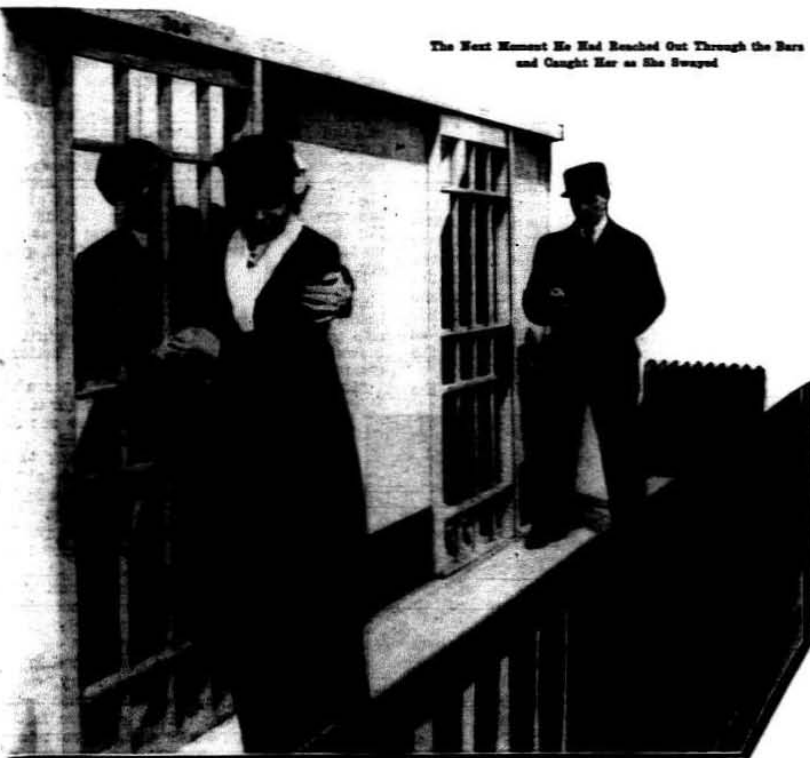
"When did you ever think of yourself?" she cried, desperately. "Oh, Jack!"

Her hands were thrown out in a gesture that the strain under which she was living wrung from her. She saw the light leap into Hampton's eyes. The next moment he had reached out through the bars and caught her as she swayed.

"I'll be—all right—" she said. "But I must come. Don't stop me!"

After all, he could not. But soon other things did, things that Mary had to do. She was almost on the point of giving up in despair when, suddenly, sheer good fortune showed her that she might be on the right path. She had evolved her own theory of the crime. Any detective would have called it, scornfully, guess

The Next Moment He Had Reached Out Through the Bars and Caught Her as She Swayed



For hours that night, after she was supposed to be in bed and asleep, Mary went over and over every detail of the murder of Dick Hampton. From the newspaper accounts, and from the few new things that John Hampton had been able to tell her, she reconstructed for herself the last two or three days, days in which, she was sure, the idea of murder had been born. John Hampton, moved by some chivalrous impulse she had not cared to challenge, had ignored her questions as to his meeting with Stella Desmond the night before the killing. But Mary, trying to put herself

Hampton she had known and played with since childhood, lying dead, with only a scandal as his obituary; of his brother, whom she had always admired and respected, in a cell, waiting to answer to a charge of murder. She ended her vigil in a cold anger that made her mutter words of sound very real.

"There is no one else!" she said to herself. "But I shall see that justice is done, that the truth comes out."

It was a reporter, one of the men she hated for the things his paper had printed, who gave her the first real glimpse of hope that came to

"You!" she said.
"You put it there!"
"Why? Why? Why?"



work, and demanded her proofs. That was why she kept her theory to herself while she waited to get them.

Stella Desmond lived in a hotel, and one of the maids employed by the house showed a good deal of friendliness to Mary from the first. She was a timid little thing, and Stella had repelled her, for some reason. She seemed instinctively to feel that Mary was not, like herself, a servant; she looked up to the older girl. And one day she came in, while Mary was alone in Stella's room.

"I—I've been wonderin'," she began. "There was a glove I found one day, all spoiled, sort of—Miss Stella'd thrown it out, I guess."

"Yes, Hilda!" Mary said, absently. "Just one glove?"

"Yes, just one. That's all. Now, I don't know—I was thinking—maybe you'd seen the mate to it, and I could fix the other all right, the stains would come out."

For a moment Mary's heart stood still, as the possible meaning of what the girl was saying struck her. Then she caught herself.

"Let me see the glove you have, Hilda," she said, quietly. "I'll see if I can find the mate for you."

Gladly Hilda brought the glove. Mary's head swam as she looked at it. She recognized it at once. And what was more she recognized the stains for blood stains.

"Let me have it, Hilda," she said. "I'm afraid the stains won't wash out, but perhaps I can find another pair."

Frantically, when she had got rid of Hilda she telephoned to her friend the reporter.

"Good," he said. "Listen, now do just as I say. . . . You understand? Sure? All right! I'll be up at once, with Kearney, of Headquarters."

Breathless with excitement Mary waited. If Stella came home too soon, before Kearney and the reporter! But she did not. And when she did come Mary was ready. She followed her mistress into her bedroom. So silent were her feet that Stella did not hear her. But there was no muffled scream that burst from Stella's lips at the sight of the blood-stained glove that lay on her dressing table.

"My God!" she shrieked. "Where did that come from?"

Then she turned and her eyes fell on Mary.

"You!" she said. "You put it there! Why? Why? Why?"

The next moment Kearney was in the room. "Come on, Stella," he said. "The game's up! Tell me the story now, it'll be best for you."

He took the glove from her nerveless fingers. "This glove can almost speak for itself," he said. He led the way into the next room. For a moment it looked as if Stella Desmond meant to resist. But suddenly she collapsed in a chair.

"I'll tell it all!" she cried. "Go on! You killed him. Why?" said Kearney, roughly.

"No" she cried. "Listen, it was like this."

And, while the reporter's pencil flew over the pages of the notebook on which he had planned to write down the confession of guilt he had been sure she would make, Stella told the story.

"His brother had turned him against me!" she said, sobbing. "He had made him promise to go back to some other girl he was engaged to, and he was going to give me up after promising to marry me! I went to beg him to take me back and he turned me down! Then I said I'd kill myself and I grabbed that terrible knife—and he tried to stop me—and we were scrapping there—and then, the next thing I saw the blood rush out, and he sort of groaned and lay down, and—and—I ran away—and that's all."

There was more, but it was only repetition. Kearney looked at the reporter.

"Some story, Charley Greene!" he said. "And some pinch for me!"

Then they saw that both women had fainted. "I'll be damned!" said the reporter, looking curiously at Mary. "I can understand Stella, but, gee, her troubles are over! And while they were on she didn't turn a hair!"

"It is the way of women," said Kearney, philosophically. "Stella wasn't lying, Charley, and that tale will get her off, too. Poor little devil. Hard on the chap that died, but—"

"Exactly," said Greene. "He didn't see the signs about 'No trespassing.'"

IT WAS not Mary who told John Hampton that he was a free man once more. He had to wait until she had gained a little strength before he even saw her. When he did he dropped to his knees before her chair.

"I can't thank you," he said, brokenly. "I'm glad you know from what that wretched girl has confessed, that I told you the truth about Dick, that he meant to go back to you."

"Jack!" she said, sharply. "I—liked Dick. He was like a brother. I even loved him, that way." She blushed; then caught her breath and went on. "But I never cared for him the way you think."

GETTING WHAT THEY WANT

SUPPOSING THE LADY of the house went to the corner grocery for a package of Uneda Biscuits—

And supposing that the grocer said to her: "I haven't any today. There is only one in town and Smith in the next block has that—"

And supposing she goes to Smith and asks him for it—

And supposing Smith says: "Well I have the only one in town and for that reason I am going to charge you thirteen cents instead of five!"—

Supposing all this were true—wouldn't Mrs. Lady-of-the-House develop a great desire to feed her family on Uneda Biscuits? Or would she?

What has that to do with the film business?

Just this. People just have to see pictures, just as they have to eat. Both are necessities of modern existence.

But they do not want manufacturers—through the exhibitor—to take advantage of that fact. They don't want to be stung in buying the necessities of life.

A number of big film companies have recently begun to appreciate this situation.

Which leads to the conclusion that a new method of marketing films is just out in the offing.

"Mary!" he said. "Mary, look at me!" At first she would not; then she could not. But it made no difference.

His Lucky Month

J. W. OR "BIG JACK" JOHNSTONE, leading man of the Western Eclair Company, located at Tucson, Arizona, considers October his lucky month, for it was on October 27, 1878, that he was born in County Clare, Ireland. He made his first appearance on the stage in "Ben Hur" in October; in October, 1910, he first appeared in films at the Reliance studio; in October, 1911, he left Reliance to join the Pathe players, and in October, 1912, he affiliated himself with the Eclair Company where he still remains though it is hard to say what next October may have in store for him.



"Go on! You killed him. Why?" said Kearney roughly

J. R. Walling—Movie Magnate

II—Inspiration in Breakfast Food and Photographs

JOHAN R. WALLING was just a trifle peeved.

Dolly Ewing, the little auburn-haired beauty who dispensed tickets for him at the Marvelous Movies, had made him jealous.

He wouldn't admit it, and anyway he suspected it was more than half mercenary.

Ever since he had rescued the wealthy Franklin Cosworth from a thug in Central Park and had become a "fifty-fifty" partner by that token, he had been unable to think anything but success.

And now Dolly, of all persons, was "acting up."

She had encouraged a big, hideous, bloated person named Hicks or Wicks, or something like that, to take her out to lunch—and dinner sometimes.

"He's perfectly lovely," Dolly asserted with a fine display of fervor.

"He's a great big, blitherin' rum!" John roared.

That was a vital error on his part.

Had he smiled on Miss Ewing's caller, and been kind and gentle to him, then that would have ended it.

"You're disgracing yourself—and me—and all of us!" Walling roared in bitter reproof.

"It isn't so," Dolly protested with a twinkle in her eyes of blue. "He told me I had histrion—anyway, that I could act!"

"Histrionic," Walling mumbled. "Can you act?"

"Sure!" Dolly agreed. She knew she could. She was acting for the blessed benefit of J. "Rufus" Walling at that moment, and he didn't seem to know it.

By **RICHARD J. HENDERSON**

ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

"You just stick around, young lady," he said bravely, trying to smile, "and I'll own a film company some day, and maybe make you leading lady—if you're not too little."

That final jibe was quite senseless.

"Pooh!" Miss Ewing observed, "lots of great actresses are little. You're not running a Hagenback show, are you? You don't want elephants and seals entirely?"

The manager of the Marvelous scratched his head and looked nearly as wise as he felt. He decided to change the subject. Dolly welcomed his sage decision.

"That chap across the street," he began mysteriously, "gave me an option on the Up-Town over there." He jerked a thumb testily to the opposite side of Amsterdam Ave.

"Why don't you take it up?" Dolly queried airily.

"That's it. His option reads that I must pay cash-in-full in thirty days. He wants a mint for it, too. But that isn't all: He is giving me a run for it. Why, he's taking in all kinds of big feature stuff. I tell you, girl, I've got to cinch our patronage."

It was a large ambition, but Walling had an inspiration.

"Ham and eggs, doughnuts, a. m. breakfast dainties generally—"

"Are you raving, Jack?" Dolly questioned in alarm.

It cheered him to hear her say, "Jack."

"Tell it to me again," he urged joyously.

"Cracked ice—and sleep—always help," and Dolly's eyes became very big and bright and alarmed-looking.

"I'll make 'em eat tickets," and he brought down a clenched fist into an ample palm.

Mr. Hicks—or Wicks, or whatever it was—came into view at that moment, and it developed that Dolly had been telling him that Walling was an ex-pugilist—by way of self-protection.

He saw the energetic movement of the movie manager and altered his course.

"How can people eat tickets, I wonder!"

"Never mind how. Now, let me figure. This report shows that we had an average of five hundred vacant seats at our three shows every evening last week. At ten cents a seat, that is fifty dollars a night."

"Exactly," Miss Ewing agreed.

"Well," John continued, "our total capacity is eight hundred seats, and that is eighty dollars a show, or two hundred and forty a night—meaning an absolute possibility. Now, if we sell only nineteen hundred tickets, that is one hundred and ninety dollars a night. Rainy nights means even less."

"But if we could sell all the seats at eight and one-half cents, that would mean two hundred and four dollars a night. We would gain fourteen dollars a night or nearly a hundred a week, and cut down the Up-Town's patronage to some extent."

"I can't follow you," Dolly broke in hopelessly.

"I don't expect you to," Walling replied with a grin. "My duty toward you is to take you by the hand and lead you."

The girl blushed. That wasn't because she was angry. She liked to hear him talk that way.

"If that fat guy takes you out again," he cautioned, "I'll beat him up—and—"

"And fire me?"

"Oh, no—just beat him up and throw his body in the North River."

"The East River is deeper," Dolly suggested, mischievously.

"Depth doesn't make any difference," John explained. "He'll float!"

"If you mention him again, I'll get angry," Miss Ewing pouted.

Walling looked at her auburn curls, bit his lip, and held his peace.

"Say!" he ejaculated enthusiastically, "I'm going out on business—over to the delicatessen store—"

"You'll get into an awful pickle," Dolly interrupted. Walling ignored her.

"Then into the drug shop, the gents' furnishings store, the milliner's—"

"Oh, going shopping?"

"Yes, for patronage. Don't ask any questions. Just get the operator to run off those films for the pianist, and if I'm not here by six to take you to feed, drag the bay."

Walling hastened up the street, and entered the delicatessen shop.

"My name's Walling," he began excitedly.

"Vell, dat's your fadder's fault—doan't blame me," the proprietor returned.

John grinned. When he laughed, he laughed all over, and the old German enjoyed a good laugh—at his own jokes.

"What do you give for prizes?" Walling asked.

"Prizes? Oh, pretzels und bickles und cookies. Dey helps demselves, most chenerally."

"Don't you give premiums?"

"Not yet. Anyhow, some times I feel I should try trading shtampa."

"I've got the best trading stamps in the world—tickets to the Marvelous Movies."

"Shtael 'em!" the Teuton asked suspiciously.

"No—I run the show."

She Had Encouraged a Big Bloated Person Named Hicks—or Wicks—to Take Her to Lunch



"Say, it was a grand fillum you had on der Choiman Army. I myself vas in der Frencher-Prussian var."

The movie promoter became enthusiastic about the German Army. He raked up dozens of German relations. He thought the Fatherland was the most wonderful of all countries.

Then he got down to business. "On some things you make good profit," he explained. "On others your profit is small. What could you afford to pay for premiums on your goods?"

"Oh, mebbe, zwef per cent."

"All right. I am getting some coupons printed. You give one with each nickel purchase—"

"A movies ticket? I should give away ten centeses mit a kanickel!"

"No, no," John corrected. "You give one of the coupons with a nickel purchase. That means twenty to a dollar. For every forty coupons, you give a ticket to the Marvelous Movies, good for any show at any time. That means one movie ticket to every two dollars' worth of goods sold—or five per cent, so far as your customers are concerned. But I sell the tickets to you for eight-and-one-half cents and give you all the coupons you want."

"Uh-huh," the delicatessen man grunted.

"That's really only four and one-fourth per cent. However, some of the coupons will be mislaid and you'll never have to redeem them. But that isn't all, Mr. Schmidt: I give you some dandy hangers—show cards, you understand. They'll be fine! And you can take one hundred tickets or more, and pay for them when they're gone."

The German thought a minute.

"Anyhow, I'll try it vunce. Should it pay. I keep it up. Oddervise, I doan't."

John went out whistling. He had struck the hardest problem first and conquered.

Mr. Schmidt also saw a point.

"Lena," he told his wife confidentially, as soon as Walling was out of view, "hencefort we save drei pfennig a day on der moofoes. Ve go by der Marvels always, by der Up-Town no more."

The druggist, milliner, cleaner and dyer, tobacconist, haberdasher, grocer, butcher, dry goods merchant and others all agreed.

And twenty-four hours later, this card appeared in all these shops:

FREE TICKETS

to the best

MOVIE SHOW

in New York

One Coupon with Every 5c Purchase
40 Coupons get a Ticket

TO THE MARVELOUS MOVIES

2116 Amsterdam Ave.

Get Your Entertainment for
Nothing!

Change of Show Every Night—5 Reels,
No Singing—Biggest Features from
Best Film Companies.

Then he had the coupons printed, 100 to the sheet. He cut them into strips.

These coupons were like this:

1/40 One of these with 5c
every 5c purchase.
40 coupons good for 1
ticket at Marvelous Movies
for any performance.

Hugo Schmidt
2142 Amsterdam Ave.
Redeemable at this Store.

Each of the nearby merchants did his own redeeming. But those in outside blocks bought the coupons at the rate of 22c for 100 coupons, \$2.10 a thousand, or 5,000 for \$10. While this reduced the probable price of his tickets, Walling knew that some of the coupons would never be redeemed. He felt safe in the venture.

Those who patronized shops out of his own immediate environs would bring the coupons to the Marvelous Movies for redemption.

But he realized that he had to offer the merchants additional inducements, so he employed a sign writer by the piece to prepare some very decorative window and counter cards for these merchants.

and crackers next week. And, say, Jack Walling, I know the cigar man is soaking you on those cigars. Can't you arrange to smoke them out toward the curb?"

"Those cigars, indeed! Why, I give all the cheap ones to the cops. I smoke only two-bit perfectos!"

"Oh," Dolly gushed, "what a fancy name and



"A Movies Ticket! I Should Give Away Ten Centeses Mit a Kanickel!"

With each 1,000 coupons, they were entitled to one large or two small cards, in two colors. Within less than a week, his patronage began to grow. The merchants used up not a few of the coupons themselves.

The idea took, and here is Walling's balance sheet on the outcome for a ten-day period:

No. of coupons sold to 12 merchants, own block, daily, 10,000	
Gross income from 250 tickets daily @ 8.5c each, \$21.25	
For 10 days.....	\$212.50
No. of coupons to merchants outside of block, daily, 10,000	
10,000 coupons @ \$10 per 5,000, \$20—for 10 days	200.00
	\$412.50

Cost of printing 200,000 coupons @ \$2.50 per 1,000 sheets (100 coupons to a sheet)...	5.00
Printing show cards...	15.00
Lettering 200 counter cards @ 15c.....	30.00
Patronage of stores using his service.....	25.00
	\$75.00

Gross income	\$412.50
Gross expense	75.00
Net profit	\$337.50
Net daily gain \$33.75	

"You see, Dolly, it pays!" John declared with much enthusiasm.

"Yes, it does," she agreed amiably, "but I'm going to kick on buying pickies and pigs' feet every day at the German's. Let's get cheese

high price for cabbage. Buy some papers, dry some of Schmidt's kraut—and have a real smoke."

Walling winced. He couldn't deceive Miss Ewing, and he knew it.

"I have an idea!" he exclaimed.

"Again?" Dolly queried in amazement. She had never met anybody with so many ideas.

"I'm going to give away beautiful photographs—in sepia—swell poses—with Maurice's own signature on them."

"Why, Maurice charges forty dollars a dozen!" Dolly objected disappointedly.

"I don't care if he charges a thousand dollars a dozen. The higher, the better. If a fellow's going to be a sport, he'd better be a good one."

"Yes," and Dolly Ewing gazed up innocently, "especially on photographs and cigars."

Walling blushed.

"Don't say that. I only smoke them where the cigar chap can see me light them. But here's my great photograph idea: Maurice gets forty dollars a dozen for his de luxe work. But he puts out some dandies for twenty dollars. He charges only fifteen on a five dozen order, and only ten on a ten dozen order. And I can get twenty dozen at seven-fifty. That's one hundred and fifty dollars. It looks like eight hundred dollars."

Dolly nodded.

"Where does the idea come in?"

"To the family buying the greatest number of tickets during three consecutive weeks, I will give two dozen photographs divided into four different poses, or among four persons."

"To the eighteen next highest purchasers, I will give one dozen each."

"And to the ladies attending every evening during those three weeks, I will give a credit of ten dollars toward a dozen photos—"

"It will bankrupt you," Dolly complained.

Walling threw out his chest and strutted just a little.

"Oh, no it won't!"

"But there might be two hundred of them!" Dolly wailed.

"A thousand would be even better. You see, I have arranged with Maurice to run his ad at each show, as well as my announcement. If I buy twenty dozen of his pictures in three weeks, he will give me a rate of seventy straight. Every lady who takes my credit slip and gets the dozen (not counting the twenty dozen I give away), will pay Maurice ten dollars. He will rebate me two-fifty!"

"Oh!" Dolly moaned.

"Some little old idea—what?"

The truth was, trade had not been brisk with Maurice of late, and he saw a splendid opportunity to "scalp" his own market without letting the public know he was doing it.

With each ticket sold, following Walling's announcement on printed slips and on the screen, there was given a coupon, dated. He did not care if friends did contribute to friends. He had planned on spending one hundred and fifty dollars anyway. And the more who claimed regularity of attendance, the better off he was, because he would profit by Maurice's rush of business. He gave the public a chance to "cheat" him.

"Mr. Maurice," he said, just prior to swinging his photographic deal, "I know you can talk some ladies into more expensive work. I get my percentage just the same, don't I? That means two-fifty on every twenty-dollar purchase."

"I guess that's fair," the photographer acquiesced.

Walling wrinkled his brows and after a few moments of deep thought, his face brightened.

"Then, we'll write into our little contract a clause to the effect that I am permitted to bring my requisition stubs up to you and check up from your books."

And that is exactly the way the contract was drawn.

John R. had forgotten his seating capacity, and the way the crowds surged in upon him with both his plans in operation, caused him to run two afternoon shows (ten shows additional weekly) to accommodate the patronage.

All the while, he was combing the market for the best films. He haunted the plants. Each day's labor began at 7:30 A. M. and ended at midnight.

"Daisy," he said one day, "I've been thinking it wouldn't be bad to get your mother and brother up in this direction. I have been looking at flats. The apartments come high, but we're winning. I'll pay the rent and ten dollars a week besides."

"Not afraid you'll lose me, are you?"

"Well, in a way, yes. You'll really make a peach of an actress when Mr. Cosworth and I own our plant. And besides, it isn't like home, living in a hotel. I won't—well, talk it over. I'll fix up the place. Will you do it?"

Dolly shook her head.

"It's bad enough. Jack, to be around with you twelve hours a day. But twenty-four—never!"

"Oh!"

"Besides," said Dolly, with a touch of humor in her voice, "Mr. Cosworth has already offered mother a position as housekeeper and says we can live there, too, brother and I. It's such a big place, and he's so lonesome.

The House of Dreams

By BERTON BRALEY

MINE is a dull and humdrum life. But in my heart of hearts, I've dreamed of love and work and strife In far and foreign parts, I've longed to sail the rolling sea Ten thousand miles or more, And land in Samarcand, maybe, Or else in Singapore.

I've hoped—in spite of circumstance— That someday I might know, The storied places of Romance Where lucky rovers go, But duty keeps me closely bound And though I long to roam This great and busy world around, I've had to stay at home.

Yet there's one place where I can find My dearest hopes come true, Where I escape the daily grind That Fate has held me to, Where life grows varied and sublime The world before me teems, And I forget both space and time Within this house of Dreams.

Romance, Adventure—these I know And life grows strangely sweet, Within the little picture show A few blocks down the street!

And once, a long time ago, he had a little auburn-haired girl like me. She would have been ever so much older, of course."

Walling nodded his head slowly.

"I'm glad, Dolly," he said. "It wasn't my comfort I was thinking about. It was you down there in that terrible East Side."

"And Mr. Cosworth's little girl ran away from home and married against his wishes. And I couldn't help going to live there. He is my employer just as much as you are."

that he could happen in at Mr. Cosworth's home at ten the next morning.

He was coming out financially far beyond his most roscate dreams.

Just after he had bidden Dolly goodnight at the subway and had returned to the Marvelous, the proprietor of the Up-Town raced across the street to greet him.

"Say, Walling," the other began nervously. "I'm going out West. If you can take up the deal tomorrow noon, I'll cut the figure in two."

"I'll do it!"

The Up-Town proprietor gazed a little bit ruefully at his young rival.

"It's getting to be a sharp game, son. When the going was easy, I didn't have to try. When you whipped into competition, I didn't know how. Say, what do you think? My own wife fell for your regular attendance photograph graft, and just sat in for eighty dollars' worth of Maurice's pictures!"

"I'll make a note of that," Walling responded seriously. "That is, let's see—ten dollars velvet for me."

"The deuce it is! Walling, a dozen of those darned photos were on my sitting! Be on hand at twelve. I don't belong in this game. Me for a fruit ranch! But I'll frame those pictures alongside one of yours, if you don't mind. It will help remind me of things that used to be."

The next morning, Walling's balance sheet showed all bills paid, enough on hand to buy out his rival, some five hundred dollars besides, and the fact that the lease on the Marvelous would expire in two weeks!

The rival house seated two hundred more persons, and its rent was the same.

With these monetary facts racing through his mind, Walling lost no time in getting to Franklin Cosworth's residence.

The English butler greeted him at the door.

"Mr. Cosworth will be down directly. Will you wait, please," the butler said solemnly.

John helped himself to an easy chair in the library—the same room in which he had put over his first deal.

While he scanned his neatly typewritten, tabulated report, the bell rang.

Dolly, with her mother and brother, stepped into the room.

"Why, Dolly! And 'tis is Mrs. Ewing and Bobby."

He greeted them warmly, and they beamed on him.

"She thinks you're the grandest man, ever," Mrs. Ewing said rapturously, and Dolly scowled.

There was marked refinement about this family. Walling marvelled at it.

Mr. Cosworth came into the room rather eagerly, and they turned to greet him.

"Well, well!" he cried.

Then he paused and stared, and Mrs. Ewing seemed changed to marble.

The auburn of her hair was tinged with gray, but Jack could see the sunset tints there still.

"Minnie! Minnie, my little girl!" Mr. Cosworth murmured as he rushed to her and clasped her in his arms. And then they both broke down and wept.

"It's gran'pa, I'll bet!" Bobby chuckled.

And he was right!

Walling stepped aside uneasily—his eyes were suspiciously moist, and his collar seemed too small again.

(Continued on page 32)



"Well, Well!" Cried Mr. Cosworth, and Then Fanned and Stared

Walling's collar seemed to be growing too tight. Something in his throat was strangling him.

"When do you go?"

"I take mama and Bobbie up tomorrow to talk it over. Tomorrow at ten o'clock."

John R. worked very late that night. He was determined to get his report ready so

Producing a Joker Comedy

HAVE you ever sat in a comfortable—or uncomfortable—plush or wooden chair while the orchestra served its syncopated tunes or the piano its tinpan jumble and, fairly clutching your sides, watched the antics of the Joker actors performing their ridiculous burlesques on the screen?

If you have, it is equally certain you have experienced that delicious sensation of thankfulness that your person, at least, was secure; that you, yourself, were in no danger of being

By Clarence G. Badger

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

story is this: Arrives the wealthy tenderfoot in Hog Wallow Gulch intent on buying a gold mine. He is taken in tow by Mongrel Mike (Max Asher), who directs him to Adam Crook (Ralph McComas), a dealer in "salted" mines. Mongrel Mike then does the dirty work for Adam Crook by "salting" a mine with wonderful gilt pebbles.

The sale is about to be concluded when the party is broken up by a big black bear who at once singles out Adam Crook—McComas really would make a choice morsel for a bear—and after a terrific chase captures him. The inevitable—in burlesque—happens. The last you see of Adam Crook is his fleshless bones being gnawed clean of their last particle of gristle by Brother Bruin.

Then Prospector Bill (William Franey), who dearly loves, nay lives on, whisky of the cayenne brand, discovers the salted mine and, being in a slightly phezased condition, mistakes the gilded pebbles for the real thing, and carries home a sackful to his daughter, Alicia (Louise Fazenda). But Prospector Bill has been trailed to his cabin by Terrible Dink (Bob Vernon), and his band of cut-throats, who rob Bill of the nuggets and carry away Alicia to their den besides.

The wealthy tenderfoot (San Kaufman), the innocent cause of all the trouble, discovering the adorable Alicia in the clutches of the bandits, rushes to her rescue with a box of dynamite. Terrible Dink makes a wild get-away to escape the tenderfoot, clinging all the while to the sack of nuggets, with the result that he is caught in the stick mire of a mud wallow which he is frantically trying to cross. The tenderfoot, close at his heels and carrying the

box of dynamite with the fuse already lit, narrowly escapes being mired, too, and to save himself is obliged to abandon the dynamite, just beside the desperado struggling wildly in the grip of the relentless glue-like mud, which holds him tightly.

The explosion comes!

High into the air Terrible Dink is huried, still clutching the precious sack, and down he comes again with a mighty splash! The glittering nuggets are scattered far and wide over



Director Allen Curtis

spattered by the amateur paper hanger who was demonstrating his prowess by decorating a luxurious drawing room from end to end with great gobs of sticky paste; that the burst water pipe could not deluge you, no matter how long the plumber delayed; that the lunatic barber could not reach you with his deadly weapon; that back-breaking falls and elbow-skinning slides, pitched mud battles waged waist deep in ooze, or any one of a hundred other breath-taking and beauty-destroying situations were utterly foreign to your way of life.

Director Allen Curtis misses no situation or location that can be used in the scheme of a comedy. His eyes are open to every possibility. For instance: when the big storm and subsequent flood which broke over the Universal ranch near Los Angeles recently—and incidentally washed out its roadway for half a mile—had subsided, Mr. Curtis at once saw an opportunity in the mud wallows formed by the receding waters. He said to his scenario man:

"Here is mud. Now, build me a story around it. I don't care what it is, just so the mud flies. Don't forget, the mud must fly!"

He got what he wanted. And you can see it all in "The Luck of Hog Wallow Gulch." The



Max Asher, the Comedian

mud hole. And down come the rescuing bandits and begin to search for the nuggets.

This peculiar action of the cut-throat gang is witnessed by Mongrel Mike, and at once he imagines a gold strike. Wild with excitement, he spread the news, and the inhabitants of the Gulch rush in frantic haste to the spot. The bandits, of course, resent this invasion and—at last—a glorious mud battle begins. The opposing factions face each other, waist deep in the mire, at first flinging the mud in handfuls as one might throw snow balls. But very soon they close in and the fighting becomes rough and tumble, with the combatants rolling about in the ooze.

Then comes the breakaway, and the wild rush to the assay office to dispose of the nuggets. What follows when they discover that their nuggets are only gilded pebbles . . . Words fail, but the film tells it all.

Mr. Curtis, the director, and O. G. Hill, the camera man, must not be forgotten. In producing this picture they had to be as game as the performers, wade into the wallow, and take their share of the flying gobbets. They almost seemed to enjoy it.

Well, as a matter of fact, everyone enjoyed it. Who wouldn't? It wasn't work at all, it was play.

Director Allen Curtis (at Right) Calmly Watches the Taking of a Scene



Mongrel Mike (the Fierce Looking Man with the Long Moustache) and His Motley Looking Band of "Jokers"



The Camera Man Waits While the Director Explains the Action of a Scene



My Experience in Mexico

A Movie Camera Man's Vivid Story of Guerilla Warfare

THERE are two kinds of moving picture camera men—those with good jobs and those in Mexico. A week before this chronicle was written, I was of the Mexican kind. I thought that was the only life suited to my excitement-craving nature. I changed my mind suddenly one day, about twenty minutes after dawn while waiting to be shot at sunrise. A friendly peon, a sharp knife, good lung capacity and the sagebrush all got in their fine work between day-break and sunup. So here I am, rooting for the quiet life and looking for a job in a dynamite factory or some other safe retreat where a man can round out his life in peace and quiet.

My camera is in Mexico. I hereby offer it as a present to any person who is willing to go and get it. He will find it in the tent of Colonel Jose Ives Hidalgo, third from the corner. Row A, Army of the Constitutionalists before Saltillo, salute the sentry and low bridge as you enter. If the Colonel is enjoying his *equiente di caso* at the grog-tent, the Senora will oblige. If the Senora is *aquiente di* canoeing also, just take the camera and tell the sentry I told you it would be all right. But don't show him any credentials from Harold J. Hopperton of New York. Mr. Hopperton is not as strong in the councils of Mexican patriots as he once was.

Harold J. Hopperton—and we will call him that chiefly because that is not his name—is a fierce-looking man with a grey moustache and a monocle. I met him in a moment of error while answering his advertisement in the "Help Wanted" column of a moving picture magazine. I soon found that his fierceness masked a warmhearted, sunny disposition. His was the sort of nature that results from the wedding of the lion and the lamb. His voice was that of the lion, but his heart was the lamb's.

Mr. Hopperton had produced moving pictures some years ago and had the hankering to produce more. He knew almost everybody worth knowing, it developed, both in the business and in politics. We closed the bargain in less than half an hour. I was to go to Mexico and send him my pictures. He furnished the camera, the cash and the credentials. When I left him at Washington he weighted me down with letters from Washington Constitutionalists to socks of Generals and Colonels in the field and I verily believe that he would have gone to Mexico himself had it not been for his two hundred and fifty pounds and his monocle which, he explained, interfered with his focusing eye.

On the way from Washington to Laredo I read over the bundle of letters. I gathered from them that the future of Mexico lay in my hands. The process of reasoning from the rebel standpoint, ran something like this: We need American money, arms and sympathy to win. Of course, we *could* win without them, but so long as they are handy, it would be better to pick them up and win with them. The Americans think we are a lot of bandits. Because of the subsidized press, Los Americanos have no real conception of the magnitude, the ardor, the unselfish patriotism of our movement. We should convince Los Americanos. The subsidized press is closed to us, therefore we must depend upon the unsubsidized press—the moving pictures. Senor Camera Man will take pictures of the grande army, of the prowess of our brave commanders and troops. These pictures will be spread far and wide throughout America and Europe and we will thereby acquire the respect and sympathy which is ours by right; Los Americanos, anxious to be on the winning side, will send us aid, arms and ammunition will be given us, the usurper will be overthrown and right will triumph again in our beloved country.

Nice little argument, wasn't it? Hopperton was its daddy. He gave it its start in the world, convincing the more timid of the Wash-

ington agents by his fierceness and his monocle alone.

General Pablo Gonzales, then laying siege to Nuevo Laredo, had been selected as the man to share with me the honor of saving Mexico. After reading the letters, I was rather disappointed that General Gonzales and his army failed to meet me at the station when I reached Laredo. I recalled, with a jerk, that he probably was prevented from doing so by the large body of Federals intervening between him and the station; also that he had not been tipped off that I was coming. So I forgave him and started for the rebel camp.

I was not alone as I trudged over the hot, dusty road that leads one by a roundabout way across the Texas plains to the cooling waters of the Rio Grande and thence across the sagebrush to rebellious Mexico. They dotted the brown fields, perched on the stunted trees and bathed their feet in the river, these camera men in Mexico with their nondescript equipment—hundreds of them, I thought, but in reality a dozen or more. I suppose there were some good camera men in the lot, but I didn't recognize them. My spirits fell. Here in the wilds of darkest America I had expected to be the only one of my kind, carrying in my black box the magic power, unknown here before, to put the breath of life into pictures, to make the screen live over again the stirring scenes of camp and field and battle.

To my surprise I find that Mexico is overrun today with moving picture camera men who don't know enough to come in out of the rain. They infest the country like a plague of locusts. The film manufacturers ought to declare extra dividends on the miles of negative that goes into Mexico good and comes out rotten by way of the amateur moving picture camera man's machine. And there is—or was—a dearth of really good operators there and a crying need for them. Look at the hundreds of reels of worthless stuff that glut the market today and you will believe me for a truthful man.

At my journey's end, General Gonzales welcomed me courteously, gave me a tent and a mule and assigned two sombrero-topped warriors of pleasant mein and unwashed faces to do my bidding. The tent was an unusual honor, as the entire army, with the exception of the higher officers, camped in the open air, sleeping in ponchos on the ground under the stars. What impressed me most was the large number of women and small children in camp. The entire encampment reminded me more of

a Decoration Day picnic than of actual warfare. Every other soldier brought his family along. They are good at raising families, these Mexican soldiers.

General Gonzales had 8,000 men in his command and about 15,000 women and children. The day after my arrival, he had the army parade before the camera. The soldiers were a carefree lot, apparently out for a lark with no greater concern than the fear that they might not look well in the picture unless they did the best they could. So they did their best. Whole regiments of infantry marched and maneuvered in careless earnestness before the lens, formed in battle line, fell on their bellies, fired and charged madly at an invisible foe. Whole battalions of cavalry swept with graceful abandon in long dashing lines like a horde of dare-devils with brandished sabres toward a foe that did not exist even in the far-away glare of the skyline. Artillery thundered across the hot plain, drawn by distempered bronchos urged to greater speed by lash and spur.

My pulse quickened; the blood ran very swiftly through my veins. The roar and the din of marching troops and beating hoofs blended in sublime fanfare of martial music to my untrained ear; already I had seen enough to know that these men of Mexico—the rank and file of an army fighting for the right—had the spirit to dare and to do, that there could be no doubting the final verdict of the court of arms. With tingling pulses I went to the General's car (where I had hurriedly fitted up an improvised dark room) and made a test. When I emerged a few minutes later aglow with enthusiasm, the camp was asleep. The army had quit warring for its noonday nap!

Such is the Mexican Soldier. Fired by a volatile ardor, he rises with the wings of his own native condor, to sublimest heights of heroism; and an hour later, like the same ignoble bird enjoying its feast of carrion, he is engaged likely as not, in treachery of the basest and most despicable sort. I could wish my worst enemy no greater harm than to be entrusted to the tender mercies of a Mexican peon in whom he placed implicit confidence.

I have never learned to trust the Mexican—yet I owe my life to sudden warnings they have flashed me in half a dozen hot skirmishes. Once before Matamoras I had gone far toward the firing line—my orders from General Gonzales and Colonel (now General) Coy were to keep back during engagements—and was training my six-inch lens on a Federal battery that



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The Federals Defended Tampico by Firing from Trenches Outside of the City



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From These Trenches, the Federal Troops Resisted the Attacks by the Rebels

belched death at us every minute. The thin line behind me melted away like a morning mist, for they had a wonderful way of disappearing in a moment, these guerrillas of Sonora and Chihuahua that Gonzales commands, and I was left practically alone between the lines. A squad of a dozen or so cavalymen swept in wild confusion toward me from the flank. "Run, you d— fool," they shouted in Spanish, "there are six hundred of them and only twenty of us." And I ran, with a hurricane of bullets whistling their chill music over my head.

I have never "faked" but one fight—and that was a dismal failure. On the other hand, I have taken pictures of actual fighting, pictures on the firing line where the encounter was hand to hand, that were so vivid the producers cried "Fake!" and refused to buy them. One picture, the best of the lot, showed a charge of 1,000 Constitutionlists up a hill, topped by a chapel manned with Federals. There was fierce fighting on the grassy side of the hill, and blood flowed freely. Fifty men or more lay wounded on the slope after the line had reached the top; others lay crumpled up and still, stamped unmistakably with the mark of death. Over the stone wall our men fought the Huertistas a bayonet duel. I know, for I was there, grinding away. Men fell mortally wounded before the camera, others fell dead. The Federals fled to the chapel and our men set it afire. What happened within that horrible furnace of swirling flame and smoke no camera will ever record; but my camera got the picture from the outside. More than that, my picture shows our half-clad boys removing clothing from the bodies of Huerta's well-garbed men lying dead in the trench behind the stone wall—shows one poor hombre trying in vain to wrest a gun away from a Federal badly wounded, but not too badly wounded to resist. All this and more was crowded into that terrible picture—terrible because it was tinted red with human blood.

Do you think that picture was a success? Do you think any sleek, smug, self-satisfied buyer of live stuff from Mexico even asked the name of the man who took it? Not on your second wife's darned needles. They smiled or grumbled—so Hopperton tells me—and said it was a good fake! A fake, mind you! A fake!

It was at Matamoras that I fell into the hands of our friends, the enemy. Happily for me, there was a moving picture man with the Huertistas, a little light-haired German who later went through the fiery furnace of suffering at Torreon. He saved my life, that Dutchman did, he and my magazine. True, I had to spoil two hundred feet of film and film was scarce, too, at the time.

They marched me off to the guardhouse with a dozen other prisoners all privates. I had in my pocket a letter from Hopperton which dealt with Huerta in terms most uncomplimentary and spared no bouquets in

speaking of the Constitutionlists. I knew that I would be searched. Hopperton, too, had figured out that I might be captured sometime.

"Don't forget, boy," he had told me when I left him, "if you are ever captured, cram your papers in your magazine."

I followed his advice and the Federals found nothing when they searched me. However, they marched all of us out for the firing squad, it being against their principles to permit prisoners to live in the same world with themselves. My Dutch friend had his camera on the job as we filed out of the prison. I threw myself on his neck. To my dying hour—which then seemed very close at hand—I shall never forget the look of utter astonishment that unfurled itself over that little, fat Dutchman's face. However, I managed to let him know my trade, and he saved me. I was taken out of the line, examined by the commanding officer and later released.

I never saw my fellow-prisoners again, but I can imagine what happened. I heard firing—not the volleying of an attacking force nor the occasional snip of the sharpshooter, but the sinister, murderous bark of a firing squad at regular intervals—as I stood in the tent of the commanding officer, awaiting his pleasure. No; there is no doubt in my mind as to the fate that befell those poor devils.

Even when I was released I feared that the Federals would apply to me their "leya fuga," so I just naturally flocked with the Dutchman till our own boys drove the Federals out of town and the Dutchman with them.

It was sometime after this that Mr. Hopperton lost his pull with the Constitutionlists and came within a hair's breadth of losing his camera man, to boot. It developed afterwards (although I did not know it at the time) that one of my early pictures of the rebel army maneuvers caused the trouble. Mr. Hopperton had sold this picture to a producer. It was a bully picture, showing a regiment of cavalry speeding on the charge past the camera. I also took them on the return. The horsemen made a splendid picture as they rode, pell-mell, into the camera. This swell picture almost cost me my life.

The purchaser of these pictures showed the charge and the return which looked for all the world like a flight under a caption that ran something like this, as well as Hopperton recalls:

"Rebel cavalry charge the Mexican breastworks at Torreon and are routed by the Federals. Panicstricken, the rebels flee like sheep for their lives."

You can imagine how that tickled the rebels when they heard of this. I was taking my noonday rest (strange, isn't it, how quickly one acquires the customs of the country?) when I was arrested. Colonel Hidalgo took my camera; four of the rank and file took me. They tied my feet together, then my hands, threw a blanket over me and nonchalantly discussed my probable fate. I gathered that my presence in camp was no longer desired. I also gathered that I would look down half a dozen long rifles at sunrise the next day and watch them spit fire and lead.

I didn't sleep much that night. I reckon I would have thought of home and mother, if there had been either to think of. A certain brown-eyed girl back in Newark, New Jersey, was very much in my troubled thoughts. I had never been much of a church man, but I knew there was a God and I wondered if it were a part of His great plan to have me die like a dog. Somehow, I felt that if it were, His plan was all a mistake. Then I thought again of my brown-eyed girl, and, thinking of her, I forgot the pain of the thongs on my feet and my wrists in the greater pain on my heart.

It was growing day and the guard was snoring when Carlos, my body-servant, a grey shadow in the dim light, crept stealthily to my side. In a moment he had cut the ropes that tied me. He half carried me toward the picket line and, stuffing tortillas in my pockets, bade me goodbye. Red streamers in the sky were heralding sunrise as I glanced backward at the sleeping camp. And right then and there I made a mighty resolution that I would never again take moving pictures of warfare in Mexico.

No, sir! No more Mexico for mine! My wife—I mean that brown-eyed girl—won't hear of it.



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Getting the Federal Artillery Ready for Action

Ford Sterling

A Perfectly "Serious" Funny Man

By RICHARD WILLIS

FORD STERLING is a surprise: one of the funniest men on the motion picture stage, he is one of the most serious men I have ever interviewed. He is not only funny on the screen but in rehearsals and whilst the scenes are actually being taken he compels laughter, and in conversation he will make his hearers laugh despite themselves but always he will be perfectly serious the while. This is the keynote to his character, dead seriousness about all he undertakes. In his time he has acted many parts not only on the stage but in other fields as well, and in all his undertakings he has been soberly serious and has made his mark.

I interviewed Ford Sterling at his pretty bungalow at Venice, a delightful residence situated so that a fine view of the ocean can be obtained. Sterling leaves early and arrives home late but he spends most as much of leisure time as he has there with a particularly delightful lady who looks like his sister but who one is surprised to learn, is his mother. They are great pals these two, and it is charming to see them together. She is disgracefully young and it is easy to see that Ford is a mighty good son, for this dear lady thinks there is nobody just like him and woe betide anyone who will hint to the contrary.

Ford Sterling had the famous dancer, Bessie Clayton, and the well known theatrical manager, Bert Cooper, to dinner and we sat around the table and reminisced the while. The conversation would make remarkably good reading but my commission is concerned with the Sterling person and I must not digress. In his cosy study we got down to cases.

"Your birth place and early history please?" I started.

"I was born at La Crosse, Wisconsin, but the family moved early in my career to Texas, where my father engaged in the cattle business. Later he went to Chicago and entered the electrical business and was president of the Western Telephone and Construction Company.

"On his death I had to get busy. Before this, I attended the Notre Dame College at South Bend, Ind. Allan Dwan of the Uni-

versal was there at the same time. Later I won the championship of Cook County for all round athletic ability, for I captured about everything except the weights."

"Did you go straight into the drama?" I asked.

"Yes, and it was in this way. At college we used to have the usual theatricals and upon one occasion, I played the part of Portia in the 'Merchant of Venice.' James O'Neill, who was a graduate of the College, attended and told me that I was cut out for a stage career and his words bore fruit, for when I left to make my way in the world, I went to Chicago and by dint of persuasion and determination got on with a repertory show which was run by George Whittier and went out of Chicago. I



later did a slack wire act and I always sang in the concerts and at times was called upon to dance too. It was hard work but I can look back and enjoy the memory of it at that. Again I looked around and a chance came in a different direction for I joined the John Robinson circus and did an act with a baby elephant and a pig and amongst other things I did a tumble over both of the animals. I was billed as 'Keno, the boy clown.'

"I remembered it well," I murmured.

"From then on I mixed things up a bit, for in between the winters of acting I played professional baseball in the summer. I did this for seven seasons and played with the following teams: Gulf Port, Mississippi, Mobile, McKeesport, Pa., Saginaw, Toledo and for two seasons with the Duluth team. I loved the exercise and the excitement of it and had to force myself to stop when I saw that I had bigger opportunities on the stage. There was another digression when I drew pictures for the Chicago American. Do you remember the 'Sterling Kids?' 'Yes?' Well I was the artist and the originator. Let's see, here are some of them."

For the next half an hour I enjoyed Mr. Sterling's highly original pen and ink caricatures and cartoons and some excellent color work too, and learned that he had earned some good sums by illustrating for advertising companies and periodicals and that at one time, a time spoken of almost with affectionate regret, he occupied a studio with George Ford Morris, the famous painter of animals. I also inspected original drawings presented to Sterling when he left Chi-



played boy parts and learned a lot. Whilst with them I made up my mind I wanted to get into musical comedy and with more persuasion and persistency, I coaxed the manager of 'The Gay Hussar' to give me the chance I wanted. 'What are you prepared to do?' he asked me. 'Anything I am told to do,' I replied. He said he would try me out and he did with a vengeance, for I acted, did a song and dance, was property man and even helped load the cars, but I shut my teeth and kept on learning and forcing my way up step by step."

"What came after that?"

"I was just thinking—I warn you that it is going to be very hard for me either to give dates or the actual order of things. You had better let me ramble along and I'll talk of things as I remember them."

"Go to it," I said and from then on I got some interesting side-lights on this many-sided man's career. Here they are.

One time when things looked blue I joined a summer fair and did a trapeze act for I was always an athlete and it came easy to me, I



"Yes, I can certainly claim a good measure of success in vaudeville," said Sterling, "and I owe a whole lot to my experiences on the variety stage. The first time I tried, was somewhat early in my career when I went out of Chicago on circuit with a partner. We called ourselves 'Sterling and Woods' and did a singing and talking act. Then I became well known as a German comedian over the Keith & Proctor and Orpheum route with another partner, 'Sterling & Derr' that time. Still later came the sketch 'Breaking Into Society' in which I enacted the part of a Dutchman. It was one of the most successful things I ever did. It was while doing a vaudeville act with Tom McEvoy, now with the Biograph, that I got into the picture game. Pathé Lehrman saw me and told me I should go into pictures and that he was convinced I would make good. Mack Sennett had been looking around for a comedian and when he saw me at the Riverside Theatre, he approached me. The result was that I joined the Biograph comedy company of which Mable Normand was a member. Then as you know I

cago which represent the work of some of the best known pen and ink artists of the day, quite a notable collection and one he is justly proud of. Returning to his reminiscences, Ford Sterling continued.

"I have played in stock a great deal, of course, and my first real stock engagement was at the Columbus Theatre in Chicago, where I acted the juveniles. After that I was in stock in Worcester, Mass.; Providence, Buffalo, Denver and Milwaukee. I acted, sang and danced in several musical comedies including the 'U. S. Girls' under Julius Kahn out of New York and I was with Francis Wilson in 'El Capitan,' 'Erminie' and other plays. I also put in one or two seasons in burlesque, whilst in more serious productions I can recall these: I followed Ralph Stuart in 'Under Southern Skies' in which Minnie Victorson had the lead and Henry Wathall of the Reliance was the heavy. And, by the way, I also acted with Tom Ince of the New York Motion Picture Company at one time. Then I acted a fine line of parts with Frank Keenan in New York and was with P. G. Williams and the Pons Mortons. I was with Mansfield in 'Monsieur Beaucaire' for some time and was with 'The Royal Letter,' which was a failure here and a success on the other side of the pond. Later I took the part of Monsieur Greval in 'The Amazons' on the road for thirty weeks and was the Professor Feather in 'The System of Dr. Tar and Professor Feather' with Frank Keenan in New York. There were others but I do not want to be monotonous."

"I remember you in vaudeville, tell me about your variety stage career," I requested.

bitter experiences. Small wonder he is a serious man with a serious outlook.

"To make a success on the screen" he says "the acting must come from the heart and the head. One must be thoroughly conscientious and love the work and one must think, think of every action and every look. There must be a reason for everything done and moreover that reason must be transparent to the audience or it is ineffective. This goes in regard to comedy, slap stick comedy if you will, as well as for psychological drama. With me it has been a matter of continuous study and so it is with others who really succeed and I insist upon those who act with me being intelligent. Every tumble, every apparently foolish bit of business, has some reason for its being done, the result being that even in a knock-about comedy that it is easily followed and has continuity—one rapid fire action leads to another. When I entered the motion picture business I sized up the situation and I knew that it was my field and that I could force my way to the top and that is why I accepted a much smaller salary to start with than I was earning on the variety stage."

His success is the result of his serious aspect towards his work, the intelligent way in which he approaches all he does coupled of course with real ability. The hard times he has gone through make that success all the sweeter.

He waved me away from the pretty porch standing by that same charming lady, who looks like his sister and who is his chum and his mother.

Joined the Keystone and acted with Sennett, Pathé Lehrman, Mable Normand and Fred Mace. I don't have to tell you or the readers of your writings about my connection with the Keystone, for I prefer to leave the question whether I was a success or not to them."

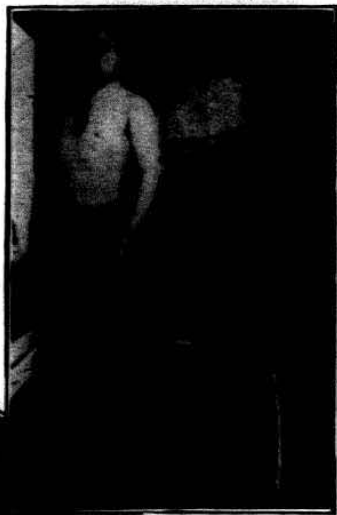
Ford Sterling told me many other interesting things and recalled some of the hard times he had to struggle through. There was one period where things would not go right and he was dead up against it and occupied a large attic with Jack Dean, Dick Bennett, Wallace Worsley and Herman Leib in Mrs. Innit's boarding house at Forty-sixth and Broadway. They called it "the barracks" and Sterling slept on the top of a wheezy baby grand piano.

Ford Sterling started out a rich man's son, when suddenly he had to make his way in the world and he has forced himself to the top of the ladder after many hard knocks and some

INTERESTING SIDE LIGHTS on the MEXICAN WAR SCARE



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Young America and the Spirit of War



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The Recruit Must Pass a Physical Examination



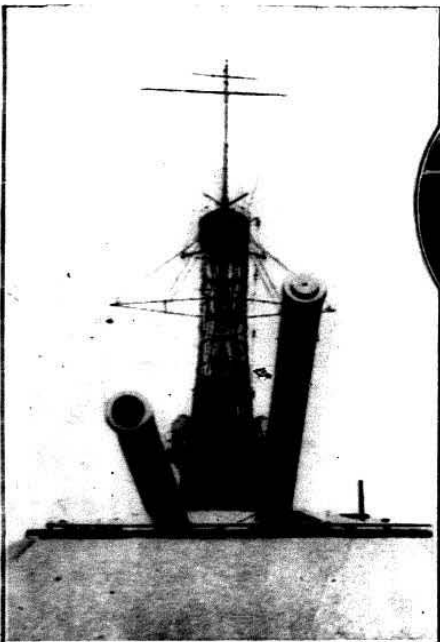
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The Arrival of the Recruits at Fort Hancock Before Uniforms are Distributed



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Men are Applying for Enlistment as Fast as the Recruiting Officers can Take Care of Them. About One of Every Four Applicants is Accepted



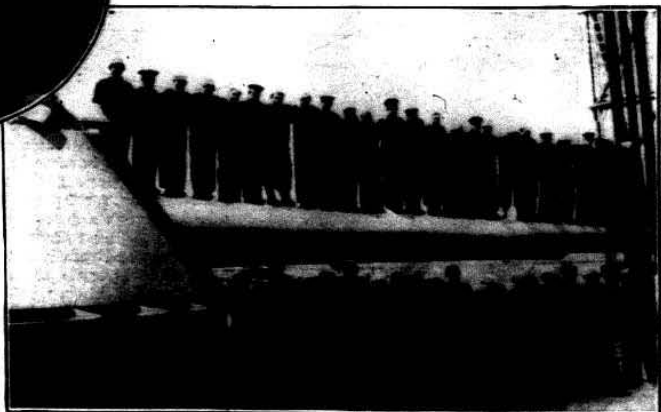
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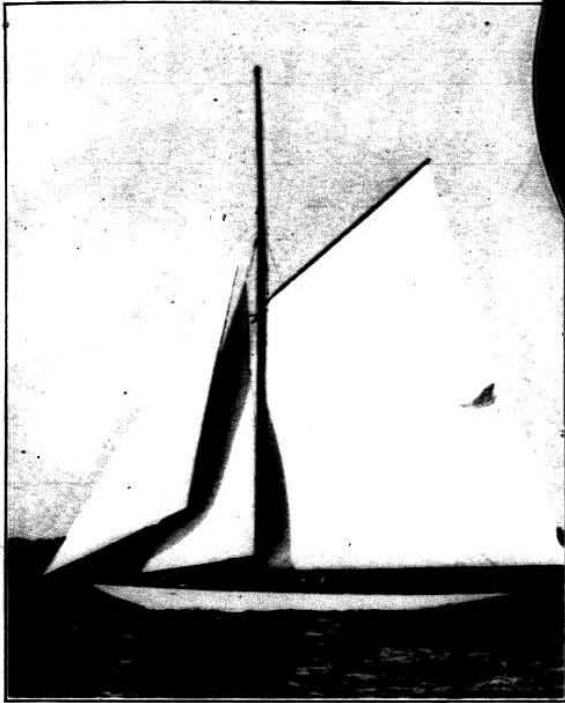


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Twenty Six Sailors on One of the 16-Inch Guns on the Battleship "New York"

America's Prospective Cup Defenders

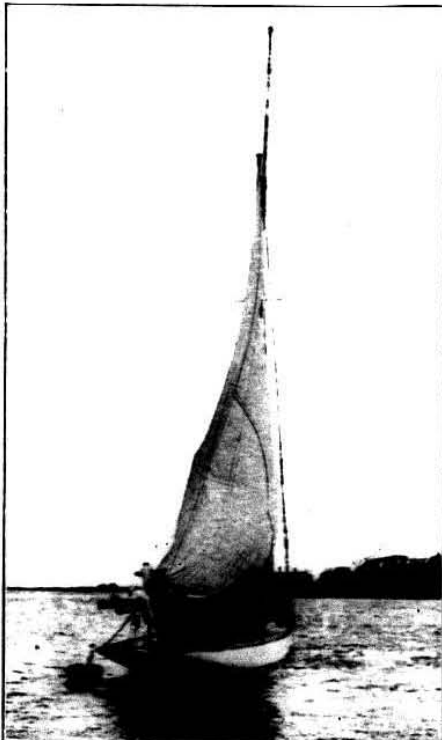
The "Defiance" Just Before Launching at Bath, Me. She Will Compete with the "Resolute" For the Honor of Defending America's Cup

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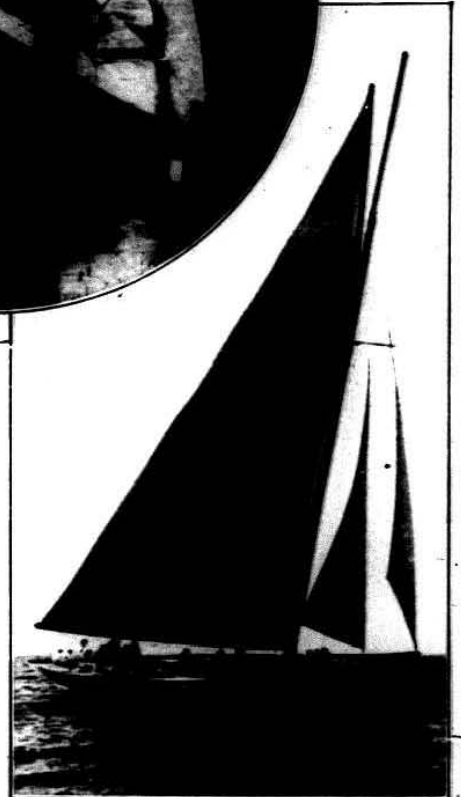
The Would-Be Cup Defender "Resolute" Just After a Rib in the Top-Sail Snapped



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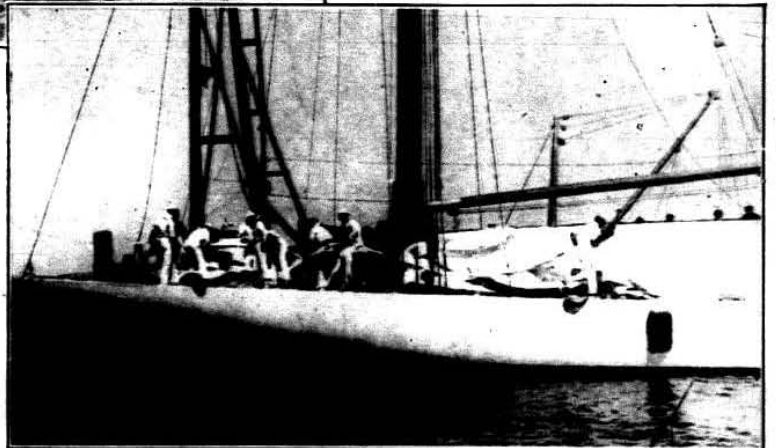


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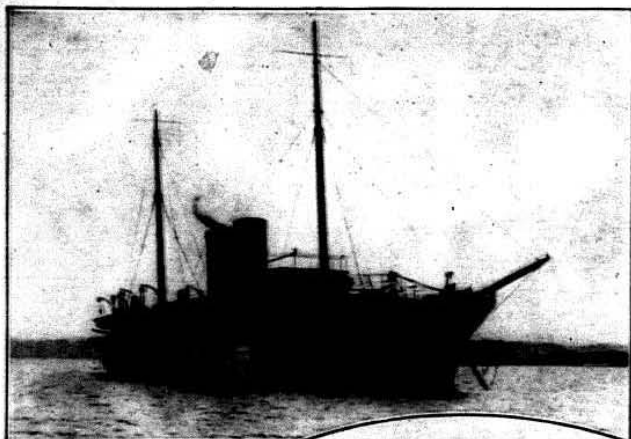
The "Resolute" Close Hauled on a Trial Sail and (Left) Raising Sail



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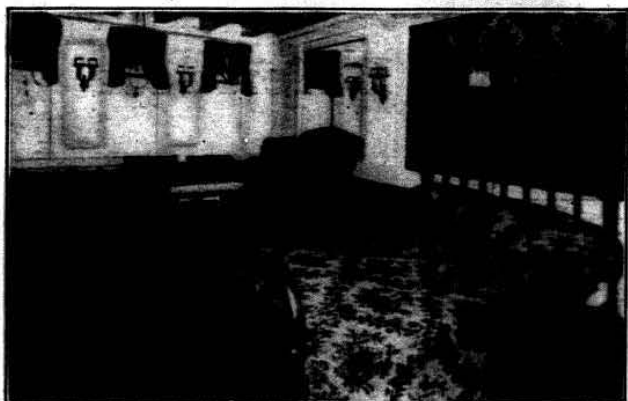
The "Resolute" Getting Ready for Her Trial Trip off Bristol, R. I. (at Left) Raising Sail on the "Resolute"

NEWS FROM NEAR AND FAR



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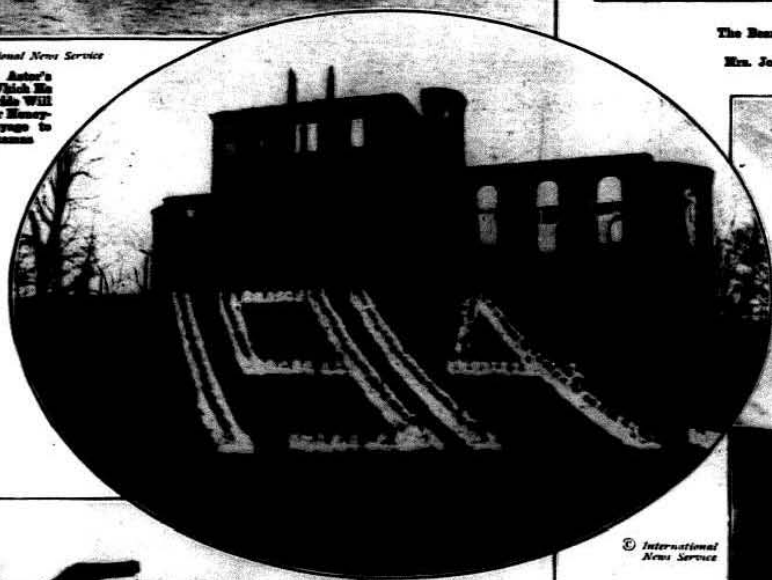
Vincent Astor's Yacht in Which He and His Wife Will Make Their Honeymoon Voyage to the Bahamas



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The Beautifully Furnished Bridal Chamber on the "Wema."

Mrs. John Jacob Astor Ready for Her Honeymoon Ride Through the Beautiful West Virginia Country



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Wellesley College Girls Banded up as to Form a Large "1914" at the Annual May Day Festivities. The Building Shown is the One Recently Destroyed by Fire



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A Bear and Collision on the Long Island R. R. at Long Island City, Caused the Engines to Assume the Position Shown. In This Wreck One Man was Killed and Two were Badly Hurt



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One of the Fountain Figures Seen to Adorn the Venetian Garden in the Eschscholtz Estate at Fountain



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Jesters Were a Feature at the Annual May Day Gaiety of the Students of Wellesley College

"Extras" How They Look, Act and Talk

By Emily Brown Heininger



Fifty Extras in a Cabaret Scene in a Recent Picture



A Group of Extras "Welcoming" Francis X. Bushman and Irene Warfield (at Right) During the Filming of a Reception Scene

WOMEN by the hundreds may be seen any day swarming about the Essanay Studio in Chicago. The reason is—that Francis X. Bushman is within! He is the magnet who draws aspirants from every walk of life, from the woman who arrives in her electric to the girl who has to count her pennies.

Like a tidal wave the desire to act with this eminently comely and popular young man has swept over Chicago, till you wonder whether there are any young women left to play bridge or tango or wash dishes or do any of the thousand and one things that are the especial prerogative—or burden—of the sex.

Some of the applicants desire merely to put their names on Mr. Webster's book of "extras" in order to have the honor and pleasure of being near their idol—and kill time. Others have to work for a living and seem to think that earning a living near Mr. Bushman would be much pleasanter than earning one in a department store, for instance. Still others have real ambition. All are permitted to leave name and address and a photograph with the head producer, with the promise that if they are needed they will be notified.

And nearly always these applicants get their chance. One day a message comes over the telephone, a terse message: "Be at the Essanay Studio at 8:30 on such and such a morning."

Try to picture the excitement of a girl on receiving such a message. There is of course, only one problem to be faced. "What shall I wear?" But that gives rise to a thousand questions.

Is there time to get something made? I wonder if I could go as high as a hundred? (Some of them do.) What do you suppose his favorite color is? I never heard whether he likes blondes or brunettes! Do you suppose he prefers a tailor-made girl or a fluffy ruffies? Well, it doesn't make much difference; I can't be anything but a fluffy ruffies. I'll see him anyway.

But seeing him is a long and tedious process. The girls begin coming—note, that I say begin—at 8:30 and they keep on coming, until the hallways look like a debutante's tango tea. And sometimes they have to wait until afternoon before they even approach the studio proper. They are herded into the "extra" girls' dressing room and told merely to "make up." Looking around, one might decide this order to be quite superfluous, even though the command is so much Greek to most of them. Fortunately there is usually some sophisticated young person to point out the difference between street make up and screen make up and everyone goes to it. It isn't particularly easy, so for the time

being all have an absorbing occupation; there is much scrubbing off and dabbing on and more chatter than you ever heard anywhere else in the world.

Finally after many hours of suspense, the director sends somebody to show the ladies to the studio floor where the scene is being taken, and there is a general stampede, for all want first place and each one's aim is to get nearest to Francis X. Bushman.

But what a disappointment awaits them! They have not taken into consideration the fact that in making pictures the leading-lady is the one to have the coveted position nearest the leading man. And these girls have to stand back and see Ruth Stonehouse, Beverley Bayne, Gerta Holmes or Irene Warfield given the part. After all, it isn't as much of a disappointment as might be supposed, for these girls have their heroines, too.

So they submit themselves to the inevitable and do as the director tells them. If the scene is a dance, each girl is given a partner and when the music strikes up "Mandalay" off they trot. If the story calls for a gay cafe scene, the extras are ushered in by the director; each one is assigned a place at a table and they have the pleasure of forming a picturesque background, and

a splendid view of Mr. Bushman, Mr. Washburn and other leading men escorting the leading ladies to the table nearest the camera.

If a girl shows any bit of talent or individuality she is apt to be called upon a second and a third time and if she is not too discouraged by having to play "bits" ensemble, she will have the chance to play a stenographer or a maid and appear on the screen for at least ten seconds some time. Then if she perseveres long enough she may get into what is known as the extra cast and be assured three dollars a day for every day she works. This may be one day a week and again, it may be several. But like everything else worth while, it takes work, lots of it, and a whole freight train full of patience to succeed.

Three Essanay girls who started in as beginners and have made good without any former stage experience are Ruth Stonehouse, Beverley Bayne and Ruth Hennessy. But in these days when the standards for pictures have improved in every way, it is hard to get any farther than the extra list without a big success on the stage as recommendation for a starter.

One girl, who thought it would be a diversion from her society schedule to appear on the screen, left her name and number as hundreds of others have done. She was startled and pleased to have a phone call shortly after to be at the studio for work the next morning. With the help of her maid, she managed to gown herself and get there in time to be told she was to play a regular shanty Irish part in a slapstick comedy. She was so stunned for the minute that she did not have time to think. She accepted the perfectly awful looking calico dress handed out to her by the wardrobe mistress, put it on and was on the floor with the others in a few minutes.

The whole day was spent in taking these scenes and everything went well. But the next day when it came to finishing the picture by making the interior scenes, and everything was ready for the start, it was discovered that the girl who had done the Irish part failed to appear. They phoned for her and were informed that she was not going to finish the picture, that it was not what she had imagined it to be. She wanted to take only society parts.

Fortunately somebody else was glad to take this part and even if they did have to re-take all the exterior scenes the picture was a howling success.

Yet who would blame the girl? She didn't get what she wanted either.

As for Francis X. Bushman, it may seem utterly impossible or highly improbable, but the fact remains that he is, withal, a modest friendly young man.



Francis X. Bushman, Idol of a Million Women

THE CROSS ROADS

The Intimate Confessions of Mollie Morgan

ILLUSTRATED BY VINCENT J. MCGUIRE

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALLMENTS.—Mollie Morgan describes, in the opening of this novel, her life on a farm. It is the life of thousands of other girls, but with a difference—in this case a soul, as well as a body, is starved. Mollie reads avidly every book that gives her a glimpse of the outside world, and longs for its romance. Her father, grown miserly through his fierce struggle for very existence, is suddenly made rich by the discovery of oil on his farm. They move to a neighboring town, but instead of spending his money to make himself and his daughter happy he begins to do business as an usurious money lender. As a result Mollie is snubbed, and their wealth brings her no happiness. She finds her pleasure in books and the moving pictures. George Converse, a photoplay star, comes to the town to take part in the making of a picture; he makes love to Mollie, and at last induces her to elope with him. While they are waiting for a train at the next town, Mollie's father overtakes them, and, at the point of his shotgun, forces a marriage. At the same time he warns Mollie never to turn to him if she is in need. He has saved her reputation but he will do no more for her. Immediately after the ceremony Mollie's husband accuses her furiously of having trapped him into a distasteful marriage. Upon their arrival in New York Converse insists that their marriage must remain a secret for some time, explaining that a public announcement of it would interfere with his work by hurting his popularity with women. He and Mollie take a small furnished apartment, and Mollie is happy for a time, despite her husband's frequent absences and his refusal to let her attempt to get work as a moving picture actress. But one night, when they are alone, a woman, aided by indignant friends, gains access to the apartment—and Mollie discovers that this woman is Converse's wife, her own marriage to him was invalid!



But I got control of myself, and turned to the woman.

"Will you send your—your friends away?" I asked her. "Will you let me talk to you, so that we can settle this together, once and for all?"

She stared at me curiously. I got my first chance really to look at her. She was a big woman, much bigger than I, and older. She had been, not so long ago, very handsome. But now she was coarse; I could see that she had used a good many artificial aids to restore her looks. But she had nullified their effect by the passion she had allowed to sweep over her. When she answered me her voice was strident. "Talk to you, indeed!" she said. "What next, you hussy! I find you here with my husband—living with him—"

"I can show you my marriage certificate!" I shot at her then. I heard a groan from George, and I saw a look of incredible malice come into her eyes.

"Is that so?" she asked me, fiercely. "Did he marry you?" Then she turned to the door, and

called to one of the men who was standing there. "Did you hear that, Tom? If she ain't lying, that's bigamy!"

"I'm not lying," I said, as quietly as I could. "There'll be no trouble in proving it, and my marriage was perfectly regular, too. It was celebrated by a justice of the peace who will be able to satisfy anyone."

She looked at George, for the first time since I had spoken. He fairly shrivelled under her eyes.

"You'll come to time now, George!" she said. "Honest, I never thought you'd go that far! You must a' been crazy! Tom, get out—you and the others. Wait for me. I'll see you later. She's right; she and I want to talk this thing out,—and maybe George."

I felt better when they had gone. I was just beginning to remember that I was not dressed to see any man except my—husband! I felt disgraced by their presence, pressing through the door, staring at me.

"Now, then!" she said, when we were alone. "I'm sorry for what I said to you, but I didn't know, did I? I believe you, now fast enough, though I'll make sure when you show me your certificate. The rat!"

George was slinking toward the door.

"I want a drink," he stammered, when he saw her turn and look at him.

"Go on!" she said, contemptuously. "Time enough for you later."

When we were alone, she looked at me curiously.

"What fools we are!" she said. "I suppose you were in love with him. I was!"

"It doesn't make any difference, does it?" I asked. "It's over, anyhow. What do you want me to do? Anything?"

"Leave him alone!" she flashed, suddenly, and I saw something in her face then that startled me. All at once I understood, in a way. And I suppose that she saw that I did, for the expression that had startled me passed from her eyes, and she looked at me in a dogged, shamefaced way that made me feel, all at once, as if I were prying into another woman's secret. But I didn't want to.

"Yes," she said. "I suppose you can see it—have seen it. Love him? God help me, I do yet! That's why—I came here to-night. I was going to hold this over him, to keep him. You know! Exposure would hurt him—even if he hadn't committed an actual crime. A divorce suit—with the sort of evidence I thought I'd found here—wouldn't look nice to the young girls who go crazy over him in the pictures. They idealize him, you see (that's the word, isn't it?) They can stand for his being married—but not for his treating his wife the way they wouldn't want their husbands to treat them. Ha—ha!"

"He told me he was afraid of the effect on his work if anyone knew we were married," I said.

"Oh, he would!" she said. "He's clever, as clever as sin! Before he went away that last time, when they made those pictures at Harborough, he was pretty nice to me. But when he came back he began staying away, to be with you, I suppose. He fooled me for a time. But I got suspicious, and I found he was coming here. I'd been making scenes—and then I fooled him! I made him think I wasn't going to complain about his staying away any more, and I fixed up this plant." Her voice changed

"Talk to You, Indeed!" She Said,
"What Next, You Hussy!"



I SAID that I saw the truth in my husband's.—In George Converse's face, I saw more than that. I saw enough to banish every trace of the love I had felt for him. For there was revealed in his face more than confession; there was terror; there was abject fear; but there was no remorse. He was thinking, as always, of himself. He had no pity for me, no regret, except—for being found out. But I had to turn away from him.

The other woman was still there, threatening me, and George was too shaken to do anything. I saw that it was for me to handle the crisis. For a moment I was almost afraid to speak. I did not know whether I could control my voice. I wanted to scream; I could feel something sweeping over me in great waves of emotion, and I understood at last the impulse to give way to hysteria. My whole world had crumpled beneath me; I wanted to cry, to laugh, to do anything! Never believe that hysteria, in the beginning, is not conscious and deliberate! I know better! It is a woman's natural vent. For a woman can see so much that is hidden from men. There is no weakness, no futility, in that mingled impulse to laughter and to tears! There is just a dreadful understanding of the mingled comedy and tragedy of life.

suddenly. "What are you going to do? You look like a nice kid. Can't you go back to your folks?"

I didn't answer, but I suppose she saw the little spasm of fear that I couldn't hide. All at once I began to think of what this was going to mean to me—I had a vision of going back to my father. No, I couldn't do that! And not just because it would have been so hard, so humiliating. I knew my father had meant every word he had said that night of my marriage. He had done all for me that he meant to do.

"Look here," she said. "You're a good sport, all right. This isn't your fault. I'll stake you. I've got money, you know. My first husband left it to me. That's why he married me!"

I shuddered.

"No!" I cried. "Heavens, No! Why should you? You—you're good to me as it is—"

I liked her. That sounds strange, doesn't it? But it was true. She was so primitive, so utterly without any sense of shame. This man I had taken (in all innocence, to be sure, but whom I had taken, none the less), was her man, and she wanted him. There wasn't any more modesty and pretence about her than there would have been about a woman in the dim beginnings of the race. With me she didn't even trouble to conceal facts that struck me as pitiful. She was willing to admit that he had married her, not for love, not because she was beautiful, but because she had money!

Somehow, that made me feel superior to her. Law, order, right—everything were on her side. But, there had been only one reason for my elopement. George hadn't meant to marry me; I could see that now. He had never intended to take any such frightful risk. He would have made excuses, after we came to town, for putting off the ceremony. He might even, in time, have got a divorce, or tried to get one, from his real wife. But my father, with his hot gun, had actually driven him to take the desperate chance of a bigamous marriage. And yet—I felt a sort of thrill.

He had loved me! Though not with the sort of love of which a woman has a right to feel proud. Now, when it was too late, I could see that it had never really been that. But it had been more than she had ever had! And that night I was clutching at straws for comfort. I understand, I didn't work things out that way then. But, somewhere, down in the subconscious part of me, I felt them, and they kept me from being utterly crushed before this other woman. They made it possible for me to face the blow fate had dealt me, and to win from her the compliment she kept repeating: "You're a good little sport. You sure are a good little sport." How she would have hated me if she had known.

"Come," she said, again. "You'd better let me stake you."

"No," I said. "He's given me a lot of money, for expenses, and to buy things, and I've saved most of it. I'll keep that, for a while—until I can send it back to him."

"Send it back!" she said. "Don't be foolish. Why should you?"

"I hate to keep it for a minute," I said, and was nearer to breaking down than I had been at any time since I had learned the truth. "But I can't go home, and I'm afraid to be left without any money here.



"Can't You Any More Morgan, Back to the Ribbon Counter for Yours"

in the city."

"What are you going to do?" she asked, curiously.

"I don't know!" I said. "I'll find some sort of work. Maybe I can get in with some moving picture company. They take on a lot of extra people, don't they, and give some of them a chance to work up?"

She nodded her head.

"You've got nerve," she said. "And, you're straight. That's some compliment I'm handing you, after what I thought when I came here! But I guess I can tell. You'll make good. And say, don't be too stiff in the neck. If you set up against it, come to me. You'll win out. You're the sort to do it. But you may have a hard time for a while."

"Thank you," I said. "I think you mean it—now. But you'll begin hating me when you think about what's happened, and I won't blame you a bit."

"I guess you're right about that," she said. "But, just the same, I'm apt to keep on meaning it, for all that. Even if I hate you, I'll like you at the same time. Well, I'd better take him along with me, hadn't I? You're not going to make a fuss, have him arrested, or anything, are you?"

"No," I said. "I'm not going to do anything like that."

I hadn't even thought of such a thing until she spoke. I suppose I have some inherited instinct for fighting things out by myself. My father was always the same way. He used to say that he could get along without going to law—and that it was cheaper.

I saw George alone for just a few minutes before he went away with her. He was still abject, but he had made an effort to pull himself together a bit, too.

"Molly!" he said. "There's no use in my saying anything, I suppose—but I never meant to let it come to this! I did love you, and I meant to get you here to myself, and then—oh, I'd planned it all—I was going to get a divorce, and marry you—"

He ended with a groan. I almost felt sorry for him. He was so weak, you see. I was beginning to understand him, even then though, it wasn't until long afterward that I had things really straightened out. But that very weakness of his explained a good deal. George wasn't wicked. He hadn't meant to bring about all the ruin and disaster that had come. He had just been weak, unable to resist the current that had swept him along. He had taken the easiest way. And the marriage, the worst thing of all, he blamed my father for, my father and his gun.

"I suppose you hate me?" he said, brokenly.

"I don't think so," I said. "You see, I used to love you. Now—I despise you. And I can't hate a thing I despise. I think I'm almost a little sorry for you. You've got to behave yourself now, and it's going to be hard. But you've bound yourself, hand and foot. You—"

"I'll beat the game, somehow!" he cried. "Molly, I'll get free from her! I'll make her divorce me. I'll manage it, somehow! And I'll come back to you. We'll be married again, properly married—"

I laughed at him, then.

"Do you think I ever want to see you again?" I said.

That was our parting; that was my farewell to the man I had married, to whom I had given myself. I was to see him again, of course, but in a way that neither of us could even imagine then. Many things were to happen to me before that time should come; it was a good thing I could not foresee them that night. But somehow, that last pitifully weak

(Continued on Page 22)

"Molly," He Said, "There's No Use in My Saying Anything I Suppose—but I Never Meant to Let It Come to This"





Ben, Careworn by His Prison Experience



Ben Arrives at the Mills Brank and is Arrested for the Murder of Earle



Fannie's Face When She Greet's Ben the Morning He is Freed



Scene in the Courtroom When Ben is Convicted



Daily Listens to "Crooked Trill's" Account of Her Violent and is Stricken Down

"The Triumph of Mind"

The Gift of Second Sight is an Innocent Man's Salvation

THREE-REEL 101 BISON FILM

CAST

Fannie	Lois Weber
Ben, her husband	Phillips Smalley
"Crooked Trill"	Ella Hall
Daily, owner of Bell Mills	Rupert Julian
Earle, his partner	William H. Brown
Bird, a girl of the streets	Elsie Jane Wilson
Daisy, a wayward girl	Agnes Vernon
A Lawyer, Ben's counsel	Dick Rosson

SYNOPSIS

BEN, a workman in the Bell Mills has a quarrel with Earle, the owner, during which he pulls a gun on Earle. Ben is thrown out and Daily, the other partner hides the gun. Daily is being blackmailed by Bird, a girl who knows that he is responsible for the downfall of Daisy, a young and innocent girl. Drained by Bird of all his resources, Daily tries to rob the safe, and is caught by Earle whom he shoots down with Ben's gun, and escapes.

Ben, a little drunk is making his way through the mob that has gathered when his gun is discovered beside the murdered man, he is arrested, and later is convicted of the murder on circumstantial evidence. Fannie his wife, takes "Crooked Trill" a wonderful old lady who has the gift of second sight, to Ben's lawyer, and persuades him to see whether "Trill" can discover any new evidence. Trill sees in a vision his long lost sister in a home for wayward girls. He goes there and discovers that Daily is the man who ruined her. When he confronts Daily with Trill and Daisy, and when Trill describes a vision in which she sees Daily murdering Earle, Daily falls to the floor unconscious. The final scene shows Ben free and believing at last that "Faith is Victory."



Lois Weber Who Takes the Part of Fannie



Phillips Smalley Who Takes the Part of Ben

"Jane, the Justice"

The Jail is Used to Win Father's Consent

AMERICAN BEAUTY FILM

CAST

Jane, the Justice Margarita Fischer
The Constable, her father Fred Gamble
Eeb Cobb, defeated candidate Joseph Harris
Harry, the Hunter Scott Beal

SYNOPSIS

AT a recent election in the town of Holtville, Jane Higgins is elected Justice of the Peace. Her knowledge of law is limited and her decisions in consequence are greatly in danger of being overruled; in fact, a handsome young man named Harry, who is arrested and brought before her for shooting on private grounds is fined a few dollars and set free. His short time in court, however, is not wasted for he and Jane are greatly attracted to each other. This does not meet with the approval of her father, who is constable, and he orders the young man away.

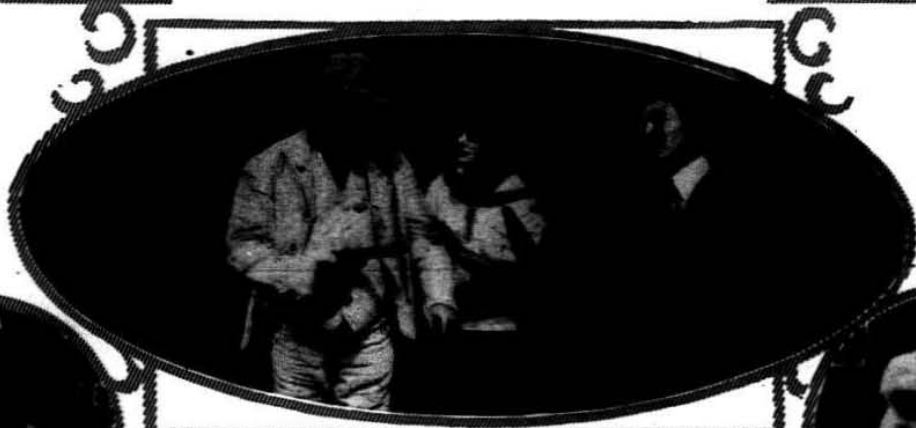
However, Harry succeeds in getting himself arrested for fishing on private grounds, in the hope of seeing Jane again; but her father hustles him to a cell and keeps guard himself. Eventually the constable falls asleep; Jane steals the keys, liberates the young man and locks her father up in his place, releasing him only after he has promised to consent to their wedding. This he does and he clasps them both to his bosom.



Her Knowledge of the Law is Limited



Jane Carefully Slips Off the Key Ring



Margarita Fischer as Jane

Scott Beal as Harry, the Hunter

Harry Showed Great Nerve When Arrested



The Speech of the New Justice Created Great Interest



Her Father is Won Over by the Kidnappers



Ruth Stonehouse as Brinsmore's English Wife



Georgia Yields to Richard's Entreaties and Elopes with Him



Francis X. Bushman as Richard Brinsmore



John's Neglected Wife is Flashed by a Haughty English Lady



Georgia Porter, the Pretty Co-ed Attends a "Trunk" Dance with Her Impetuous Student Lover

"Blood Will Tell"

A Century-Old Wrong is Revenged

THREE-REEL ESSANAY FILM

CAST

John Randolph	E. H. Calvert
Georgia, his wife	Irene Warfield
Richard Brinsmore, Georgia's lover	
	Francis X. Bushman
Brinsmore's English wife	Ruth Stonehouse
Colonel Porter	Thomas Commerfield
Georgia Porter, his daughter	Irene Warfield
Stephen Mitchell, Georgia's suitor	
	Bryant Washburn
The suitor Georgia loves	Francis X. Bushman

SYNOPSIS

MORE than a century ago, Georgia Randolph, a neglected wife, discovers her husband making love to another woman and decides to yield to her lover's entreaties and elope with him. Her husband, furious, searches for and finally finds her living with Brinsmore; the two men fight a duel in which Randolph is killed. When Georgia finds this out, her passion for her lover is destroyed, and, although she is to bear him a child, she leaves him. Brinsmore goes to England, where he marries, and Georgia lives out her life alone and broken hearted.

A hundred years later, Georgia Porter, a co-ed, elopes with an impetuous student. But her father has already promised Georgia to Stephen Mitchell, a wealthy suitor who has loaned him money. Colonel Porter and Mitchell pursue and overtake the lovers and the two young men fight. Mitchell is killed and Georgia's lover is tried for murder and is acquitted. Later, Georgia, who decides to attend a ball in Colonial costume, in searching for one of her great-great-grandmother's gowns, comes across an old letter of Richard Brinsmore's which reveals to her her ancestor's tragedy, together with the fact that her lover is a direct descendant of Brinsmore's—and she refuses to marry the living Richard. He leaves her, heartbroken, only to be killed in an automobile accident on the way home.



Richard Porter as Student Lover



John Randolph is Startled When He Discovers His Wife and Her Love

"The Southerners"*A Dramatic Adaptation of the Famous Novel
by Cyrus Townsend Brady*

THREE REEL EDISON FILM

CAST

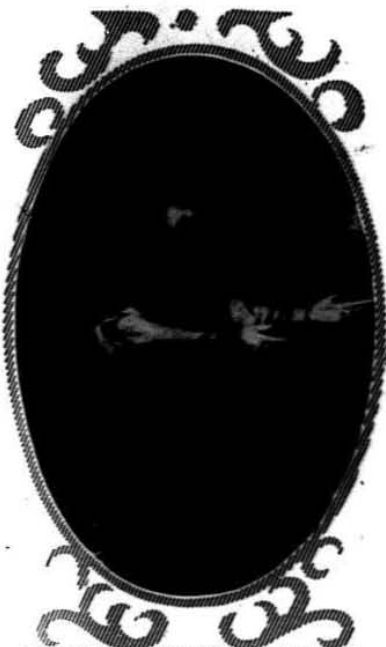
Mary Annan	Mabel Trunnelle
Beverly Annan, her brother	Julius A. Mood, Jr.
General Peyton, Confederate officer	Bigelow Cooper
Mrs. Peyton	Anne Leonard
Boyd Peyton, U. S. N. Their son	Richard Tucker
Willis Peyton, C. S. A. Their son	Allen Crolius
Admiral Farragut, Commander of U. S. N.	
.....	Duncan McRae
Captain Johnson, of the C. S. S. "Tennessee"	
.....	Augustus Phillips
The Union Chaplain	Harry Linson

SYNOPSIS

WHEN Boyd Peyton comes home from his first cruise as a U. S. A. officer in the spring of 1861, he has no doubts as to whether he loves Mary Annan. Mary, however, can't decide between Boyd Peyton and Robert Darrow. At her birthday supper she rises to propose a toast to the South and forbids anyone drink to her who does not love her and forbids anyone to love her who does not love the South also. When Peyton drinks she is certain that he is going to enlist in the Confederacy and she is certain also that she loves him.

But when a local company of militia offers him the captaincy the next morning he refuses it and they discover that his loyalty is with the Union. Mary immediately breaks her engagement with him and throws herself into Darrow's arms. But, in the weary days that follow Mary discovers that she loves Boyd too much to marry anyone else and sends Darrow word. He receives it on the eve of battle, and goes in with a smile on his face to get a bullet through the heart.

The years drag on. Mary's young brother is killed in the battle of Mobile Bay and Boyd is terribly wounded. Mary has the joy of nursing him back to health and affecting a reconciliation between him and his family. So, with the declaration of peace, happiness comes at last to the sorely tried lovers.



The Mother of Boyd Peyton Finds That
He Change His Decision



Mary, Believing Boyd Would Join the
Southern Cause, Accepts Him



Herbert Price as
Robert Darrow

Mabel Trunnelle as
Mary Annan

The Crew of the "Hartford" Prays Before the Battle of
Mobile Bay



The Union Officer Tells the Volunteering Company
That He Must Remains True to His Flag



Boyd is Released From His Home Prisoner
by His Father

The Star of the Vaal

The Most Intense Series of Mysteries in Years

By LLOYD KENYON JONES

ILLUSTRATED BY ROY BLAKE VAN NICE

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALLMENTS—J. Trenton Montgomery, motor car manufacturer, purchases through Herr Rupert von Tenneck, the famous diamond—Star of the Vaal. The directors of this company object to his extravagance. One night at the Auditorium Theatre, in Chicago, Mrs. Montgomery is stricken and dies and the jewel vanishes. Mantel Canfield, fiancé of Grace Chandler (Mrs. Montgomery's sister), causes the arrest of Harold Victor, Robert Warner, and Daisy Delvare, all of whom are present at the performance. Fannie Cummings, (Victor's sweetheart and, with him, an employee of the Montgomery company) is not arrested, but is allowed to continue her work. By means of a pocket dictaphone, an invention of Victor's, she procures evidence of Canfield's infidelity to his betrothed. Miss Chandler breaks the engagement. Clarence Atwell, the district attorney, who is to assist Chief Moran on the case, falls in love with Miss Chandler. Receiving a mysterious message, Canfield goes at night to the Montgomery home, only to see the manufacturer die while examining some jewels which vanish with his death. Miss Cummings, who has just come up the steps of the Montgomery mansion, sees Canfield go in and come out again. He sees her, too, and pursues her. She trips and falls directly in his path. Canfield attempts to help her up, but she escapes him and takes refuge at von Tenneck's where she finds Bob Warner who has broken jail. Bob, to avoid Canfield escapes, disguises in Daisy Delvare's clothes. Pennock, Montgomery's chauffeur, has access to the Montgomery library through a secret door behind a bookcase. He comes in and steals some jewels from the safe just before Montgomery's death. When Miss Chandler discovers Montgomery's body she sends for the police. Moran comes and sees Pennock's shadow on the wall from behind his secret door and shoots at it arousing the household. They find a mysterious paper on the table in Canfield's writing. The next day a new will is found in which Montgomery has left all of his money to Canfield, and they find Canfield's laundry which has been delivered at the office by mistake, and on one of his cuffs is the combination to the

Montgomery safe. Things begin to look black for Canfield. Chief Moran is at the Montgomery's house the next day when Pennock makes his escape in a postman's uniform, concealed by a light overcoat. He chases Pennock's big car and overtakes it, only to find it empty.

XIII

CHIEF MORAN looked under the seats, and even up in the folds of the top of the touring car, but there was no sign of any human presence.

There was a light overcoat in the car. Apparently it had been thrown over the back of the seat in great haste.

The patrol-wagon was very near the Chief by this time, but he was determined to solve the riddle himself.

At that instant, a postman came down the steps of a nearby residence. He whistled softly and paused to examine the addresses on some letters in his hands.

"Did you see anybody leave this car?" Moran queried in nettled tones.

"Did I see anybody leave that car?"

Pennock looked at the officer in well-feigned surprise, as he repeated the interrogation.

Then he shook his head abstractedly and knitted his brows as though endeavoring to remember.

"You had a blow-out, didn't you?" he asked in a half-amused way.

"Not here," Moran replied, as he winced at the thought of the burst tire in Lincoln Park. "What you heard was a pistol shot. I punctured one of these rear tires with a bullet."

"You'll be shooting an innocent by-stander some day," Pennock mumbled in a critical manner, but inwardly classifying himself as the

"Did You See Anybody Leave This Car?" Moran Queried in Nettled Tones



innocent by-stander. He was relieved to learn that Moran did not suspect him, but a casual glance up Dearborn Avenue caused him to gasp. He transmuted the gasp into a yawn so as to stifle suspicion against himself. The cause of Pennock's perturbation was another gray-uniformed personage bearing down upon him, not rapidly, but with fearful certainty. The real letter-carrier was less than a block distant, and coming steadily toward the scene of excitement.

"I am late now," Pennock said apologetically, and hastened on his way at the moment the patrol and several automobiles came dashing up to the curb. Those aloft were wheeling and puffing as they ran a few hundred feet in the rear.

Pennock was in genuine haste by this time, but the playing of his role forced him to walk up the next steps, shuffle his stack of letters and pretend to ring the bell. Had the Chief known, he might have taken a closer look at the contents of the counterfeit postman's bag, and found the envelopes blank—but he did not so much as suspect. Besides, who would imagine a letter-carrier as having divested himself of a top-coat, in the fleeing automobile, and sliding to safety back of a sheltering elm?

The really-truly man in gray was hurrying through the formalities of delivering letters and parcel-post packages and papers, in order to participate in the mob-scene now being staged around the deserted car, which Pennock had really stolen.

Pennock skipped the second house, and walked around the next one. His business-like walk altered into a run the moment he was out of sight. He tossed his bag into an area-way, and went at top speed around to Goethe street, with apprehensive glances over his shoulder.

Warner was waiting expectantly, and with considerable trepidation. He had witnessed the procedure and was prepared for flight.

"Take it, quick!" Pennock breathed nervously, as he tremblingly handed a roll of treasury notes to Warner. "I'll beat it for Clark street and get to von Tenneck's. Bye-bye!"

Warner crossed Goethe street at an animated lope, and continued southward through the alley. Pennock swung aboard a south-bound



"It Says, 'If Your Battery Meets Test, Will Pay You a Million Dollars for it'"

street-car, and felt immeasurably relieved to note he was not pursued.

By this time the bona fide carrier had arrived at the auto of mystery.

Moran's eyes widened questioningly.

"What are you doing here?"

"Delivering my mail," the minion of Uncle Sam responded modestly, but with a guilty feeling of purloining precious time.

"Show me!" Moran cried.

"Well," the carrier responded with a gulp, "ask anybody in the block. I've carried this route for seven years. Why, there's the lieutenant. He lives at thirteen-fifty. He knows me."

"Sure I do," that officer responded agreeably. "I always call him 'Unc'—short for Uncle Sam."

Then the light dawned in Moran's intellect. It dawned so rapidly, its brilliance shocked him.

"Find that other postman!" he ejaculated, half in command and half in amazement.

But by that time, Pennock was past Elm street, and before any one could be found to tell of Pennock's success in getting on a street-car, that gentleman was already hurrying along East Austin Avenue to von Tenneck's home.

Inside the laboratory, secreted back of a coal pile, was the fearful Canfield, quaking with a moral awe, lest the law be set upon him for tampering with the Montgomery will.

The scientist was not at home, but an old servant (who called at odd times to perform necessary menial tasks) admitted Pennock, who dismissed the aged servitor and began to free himself from the now objectionable gray uniform.

Pennock had another suit of clothes in readiness in a closet, and unaware that Canfield spied upon him, made the change in raiment and departed the rear way, doubled back through Grand Avenue, and rode northward on a State Street car to Delaware Place. Shortly afterward, he was in his basement room at the Montgomery home, once more the humble chauffeur.

Mantel Canfield was watching furtively from his position of security. Immediately upon Pennock's departure, Canfield conjured up ideas of an advantage in adopting the discarded disguise. Here was an opportunity to go abroad without attracting attention. And clad as a postman, with a satisfied smile of serene security, he beamed upon the outer world from beneath his cap of gray.

Every police-station in the city had been notified and every officer was on the lookout for the spurious postman. In consequence, Canfield had not progressed far before he was nabbed with scant ceremony.

Trembling, protesting, mustering such questionable courage as remained, he was taken most unwillingly before Chief Moran.

"I know you, Canfield!" the Chief exclaimed, as he surveyed his prisoner wonderingly. "That cap bears the same number as the one the culprit wore. How did you get into this outfit. You were not the same man surely. I saw him walk to the car at the Montgomery home."

Canfield was on the verge of exposing the ungarnished truth, but the truth did not appeal to him as particularly inviting. It might engender divers embarrassing explanations.

He mumbled in a choked, inarticulate manner, and glared at Moran in ill-concealed fear.

"I—I—was held up," he blustered. "A postman came along East Ohio street and pushed me into an alley unceremoniously. A private garage was open and he rushed me into that. He held a revolver at my breast and said, 'Off with those clothes.' I naturally obeyed. He forced me to get into this rig. Why, Chief, my life was at stake."

Moran sneered in response.

"A likely story! As though you would leave so harrowing a scene and stroll down the street leisurely and smiling, as this officer reports, and never think of notifying the police of the assault upon your person and liberties."

"The police!" Canfield bellowed. "Why, they would be the last I'd report anything to. Don't you think I'm in bad enough as it is?"

Moran pondered the subject some seconds and nodded approvingly.

"To tell the truth, Mr. Canfield, I think you are in about as bad as any man I ever knew."

That's why I'm going to lock you up and keep you behind the bars, partly as a matter of public safety, and partially to study your mental balance."

"Don't!" Canfield pleaded helplessly, as he was led toward the tier of cells. "Don't! I'll tell all I know."

"You bet you will!" Moran agreed.

XIX

Coincident with the incarceration of Mantel Canfield, Chief Moran liberated Harold Victor, upon whose visage confinement had already bleached the tints of prison pallor.

"You may go," the Chief told him kindly, but only after having arranged for a strict surveillance over him.

Victor bowed awkwardly, and walked out wearily, like a man dazed and forsaken and irremediable.

He paused on the walk in front of detective headquarters gazing indifferently down La Salle street, whose surging throngs paid no heed to his faltering indecision. The drizzle had set in again, and Victor's spirits failed to respond to any reaction of freedom. His mentation was labored and his steps lagging.

Boarding a car at the corner of Randolph street, he was soon speeding through the tunnel, and once he had gained the North Side his loitering interest began to revive.

He proceeded direct to Warner's home and was admitted without the necessity of ringing the bell.

Daisy Delvare greeted him in an airy, easy way as though no worldly affairs had placed their leaden hands upon the hapless clan.

"Of all persons!" she warbled cheerfully. "I suppose you saved your way out, too?"

"No," Victor corrected, "but the Chief saw his way clear. Who's here?"

There were voices in the living room beyond. "Only von Tenneck and Bob. But, say, Fannie's coming over soon. My, what a little old reunion there will be! Do you know those pestilential newspapers are driving us mad?"

There's the 'phone again. Now, just listen."

Daisy picked up the receiver irritably.

"Hello!" she called lazily. "Yes, this is Mr. Warner's residence. What? Daisy Delvare here? Oh, no. I haven't seen her for days. Who's that—Mr. Victor? Who's he—a racehorse? Do tell! I never heard of the gentleman. No, this is the maid. You'll have to excuse me. The groceryman is at the back door."

The actress turned around wearily.

"That is number thirty-three," she said chokingly. "Newspapers are all right for some kinds of press-agent work. But, Harold, dismissing that dreary, foreboding subject, I do

think that machine of yours is a wonder. You call it a storage-battery, I believe. The professor has it out now."

Without comment, Victor walked into the next room eagerly and greeted von Tenneck and Warner.

"Well!" the latter observed, "this seems to be a home for refugees. Did the Chief ask about me?"

"No, but he just locked up Canfield," Harold returned. "The fool was dressed in a postman's uniform."

Warner burst into a fit of ribald laughter.

"By George! That was Pennock's disguise! At any rate, it removes Canfield from our midst for some considerable time. By the way, here's what I got this a. m."

On a postal was scrawled this message:

Gsv — mznv — lu — gsv — trogb —
kvirm — szh — solvzb — yvrm — nvmgrmvw

Victor regarded it curiously, and then gave the card back to Warner.

"Here," Harold grumbled, as he turned his attention to the storage-battery mechanism. "You haven't put it together properly. See this rod? Well, that goes up—like this. Now let's turn it on, full force."

That was the beginning of the trouble.

The battery sang a low, purring melody, and in the world outside the walls of the Warner domicile, various events began to transpire.

Fannie Cummings was hastening from the Montgomery offices, along Ontario Street, when she noticed a large motor-truck stop short, just clear of the tracks in Clark Street.

Then a runaway went out of commission a dozen yards distant. A number of pedestrians who gathered around to witness the futile efforts of the annoyed drivers, felt a tingling sensation through their bodies—and beat an unceremonious retreat.

A flag-pole on an adjacent building began to blaze—flared up—and then ceased.

Fannie did not tarry long, because something seemed to strike one shoulder with the biting twinge that might follow hard on a blow with a wire brush. The spirits of malice and mystery were in the very air.

The battery in Warner's home was producing mischief, although Victor and Warner and the professor did not realize it, so keenly concentrated were they on discussing its technicalities, potentials, and other absorbing aspects.

Daisy picked up the 'phone receiver to reply to another insistent call—and dropped it with a scream.

"It's loaded!" she wailed.

The course of the vagrant current kept Fannie company. Weird events transpired all around her.

A street musician sprang from his hurdy-gurdy and shook his hands like one suddenly nipped by frost, much to the delight of the assembled children.

It was said that telegraph keys ceased clicking Morse, and took a turn at rag-time. Certain portions of the North Side were settings



Harold Waved His Arm in Utter Abandon

for various unaccountable phenomena.

As though particularly vindictive, the storage battery in Warner's home chased its scendish wireless vibrations helter-skelter as far south as Central Station, and the Chief's car (with the motors still operating) sprang into gear, and came close to climbing the steps before a detective braved its electric shocks and brought it to a stop.

As Fannie ascended to the Warner front door, her feet tingled with the current until she danced up every step in undignified haste.

Contemplating the wisdom of touching the bell, she waited irresolutely.

The ever-watchful Daisy had espied Miss Cummings, however, and relieved Fannie's indecision by opening the door.

"My, you musta heard he was here. I saw you tango up-stairs."

"Tango, indeed!" Fannie expostulated. "These steps are alive with electricity. The town's alive with it."

"It's that fool battery," Daisy breathed, with a touch of menace in her voice.

"Does it work?" Miss Cummings queried eagerly, as she hastened into the house.

"Oh, Harold!" she cried joyously, as she rushed toward Victor.

But just as their hands met, they experienced a shock, and parted as suddenly as they had met.

"It's that machine!" Fannie pouted. "It has been stopping motor-cars, street organs, human beings, everything. And it set a flag-pole afire. Turn it off!"

"Honestly, did it do all those things?" Victor questioned in high glee. "Did it, really?"

"Shut it off!" Miss Cummings commanded, "or it will cause Mrs. O'Leary's cow to look like an amateur."

"I'm going to wire Nelson and Nelson at Indianapolis," Warner interrupted. "If they know this machine is that good, they'll put the deal over for us in a week. Why, Harold, we have kept it running all afternoon. Just look at the size of your battery. It doesn't take up six cubic inches of space, but it contains enough 'juice' to operate a seven-passenger car a hundred miles!"

Victor assumed an "I-told-you-so" look of wisdom and clapped his hands.

Warner dictated the message to the telegraph company over the phone.

It was early in the evening when the reply came by messenger.

Warner tore open the envelope nervously.

His eyes became very large and lustrous as he read the despatch. Then he studied it again more carefully.

"People!" he called to the others, who hovered around him expectantly, "listen to this."

Warner paused to moisten his lips.

"Honestly," he said slowly, "this is too good. But I'm sure it is all right. And if it is, I'll go to Indianapolis tomorrow."

"Yes you will," Daisy retorted scoffingly. "You can't get out of this house without being arrested."

"Oh, can it be? Well, I've figured it all out already. Daisy, dear, it certainly can, and will, be done!"

Warner squared his shoulders and gazed defiantly at Miss Delvare.

"Read it—read it!" she urged. "Do you think we can stand all this pressure on our nerves? Hurry up—read it."

Warner steadied the rectangle of yellow paper with unseeing deliberation.

"Go ahead, read it!" Daisy insisted, as she sidged about. "Read it before the 'phone rings again."

"Well"—and Warner cleared his throat lest any defect of articulation be present—"it is from Nelson and Nelson, dated today. They are in Indianapolis, Indiana, as you are likely—"

"We don't want a lesson in geography," Daisy blurted out. "Go on, now, Bob, please read it—please."

"Very well!" And Warner assumed a new attitude.

"It says, 'If your battery meets test, we'll pay you a million dollars for it.'"

"A million!"—from Daisy.

"A million!"—Fannie and Victor exploded.

"A million!" von Tenneck muttered incredulously. "Gott—a million!"

"Quite right," Warner agreed. "Read it yourselves."

They crowded around his shoulders, craning their necks to gain a view of the typewritten words.

"Well, I never!" Daisy wheezed faintly. "Oh, Bob, a million is a lot of money!"

"And it's me for Indianapolis tomorrow!" Warner patted his chest and blinked his eyes at the magnitude of the mission.

And every one responded emphatically: "You bet!"

XV

After the first burst of elation had subsided, Robert Warner began to realize that escape to Indianapolis would not be so simple as he had fancied.

Detectives had been holding vigils on his home ever since his spectacular and unbidden departure from Central Station. It was not plain to Warner why he had been permitted his liberty at all; or why, with the police knowing his whereabouts, he was not returned to durance.

Back of the seeming joviality of the gathering in Warner's residence, there was a strained condition, anxiety, and no end of misgivings. While von Tenneck had contributed to the fund for pushing Victor's inventions, Warner lacked confidence in the savant, and would have rid gladly himself of the professor's enforced society and support, were such independence possible.

Then, there was Fannie's questioning mind. The night Chief Moran had discovered the pocket dictagraph on Victor's person and it had voiced the warmest sentiments relative to Miss Grace Chandler, and in Harold Victor's own voice at that, Fannie had been just a trifle peeved,—not to say jealous.

That evening, through the kind and co-operative offices of Daisy Delvare, Fannie was enabled to welcome the opportunity of having Harold to herself, unhampered by the presence of others. She had hoped for this fervently, hour after hour. She had day-dreamed the conversation she would hold with him. And now with her fondest wish fulfilled, she said simply:

"I hope the drizzle ceases and the weather clears."

Of all things she wished to discuss, the weather was the most remote. It is that way with men and women betimes, under stress of urgent emotions. Their minds conjure up words that their voices refuse to form, or are incapable of reducing to speech.

"It has been rather disagreeable," Harold acquiesced languidly, as he wedged a finger inside his collar and sought to make that perfectly comfortable yoke fit his swelling neck-muscles.

"But yesterday the sun shone a little while," and Miss Cummings fastened her vision on the tips of her restive fingers.

"Yes—I heard it did," but covertly Victor wondered if his cell at Headquarters missed his company.

Fannie cleared her throat and made a requisition on her waning courage.

"I suppose the Chief kept the little talking machine?" she queried timidly.

"Oh, yes, yes," Victor admitted with a gulp. "He has that. I saw him label it 'Exhibit E' and place it in a safe."

Miss Cummings breathed a little faster, and averted her moist, glistening eyes.

"Did it—talk—any more?"

"No, no, I imagine not," Harold replied airily.

"I guess it did about enough of that."

"Well, I should say it did."

Fannie was angry by this time. It requires about so much anger to arouse one's powers of

eloquence, and particularly when the prime cause of that eloquence has long been pent up.

Harold giggled, and then he laughed outright—and, of course, Fannie stamped a tiny foot furiously, and cried in very anguish.

"You didn't have any right making love to Miss Chandler. But I heard it all—in your own voice. So there!"

Victor ceased his levity and became extremely sober and thoughtful, and just a wee bit remorseful, too. He wanted to fold Fannie in his strong arms and tell her the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Instead, he faltered—and he who tarries in affairs of the heart is lost.

"Honestly, Fannie, I wasn't talking that to her. That wasn't me—that is, not my origination, even if it was my voice."

He essayed to explain he had simply copied the words he had heard Canfield practicing, and which Harold later purposed to tell to Fannie on his own account.



"No You Don't! Hold Quiet There, Young Man!"

"I presume not," and Miss Cummings' sobbing broadened, deepened and quickened. "I dare say you were trying your turn at the-atrials. But, Mr. Victor, I'm going away. I don't know where I'm going. But—I'm going."

Miss Delvare had approached with such stealth as one might almost regard as premeditated. She paused outside the doorway, and was inclined forward in an attitude of shameless eavesdropping.

"Don't go. Truly, Fannie, I was not trying to make love to Miss Chandler. That is my solemn oath, even though that little machine apparently betrayed me."

"Then why should you be muttering such fervent avowals to Miss Chandler?" Fannie's little fists were clenched, her pretty mouth had a woeful droop to its corners, and her features were drawn in the intensity of her feelings.

"I heard Canfield practicing in Mr. Montgomery's office the day before he and Miss Grace were engaged. I was afraid I'd forget it, so I talked it into my pocket dictagraph."

Harold hoped—prayed she would understand.

"Oh, you were afraid you might forget it? How could Mr. Canfield's love affairs possibly concern you?"

Harold was visibly confused. Twice he attempted to respond, but lapsed into morose silence, with his face reflecting the despair in his soul.

"Why don't you answer me?" Fannie shrieked. Harold waved his arms in utter abandon.

"Oh, I can't. I wish I could—but, honestly

girl, I simply can not. It sticks here"—indicating the environs of his Adam's-apple.

At this juncture, Daisy Delware hurried into the room, and started back in dramatic surprise. Leastwise, it appeared to be genuine astonishment, which was to be expected from an actress.

Harold was immensely relieved, while Fannie frowned in disapproval.

"Come," said Daisy mysteriously, "and hear all about Bob's scheme."

As they accompanied her out of the room, Daisy permitted Victor to walk ahead of them. Then she nudged Fannie, and whispered into her ear: "You little goose, hush up about that dictaphone speech. Harold was simply practicing up."

"For what?" Fannie blurted innocently. Then something in her inner consciousness was aroused, and she blushed to a deep scarlet.

"Oh, you don't suppose that was it, do you?"

"Why, sure," Daisy replied. "He was going to repeat it to you, and now he's got to think up something new. And he ought to. I don't believe in this reckless pilfering of the other fellow's stuff."

In spite of herself Fannie Cummings found the doubt oozing out of her heart, and the warmth of assurance racing in and claiming precedence.

Following is the key to the first two ciphers in the first installment of *The Star of the Veal*.

The first cipher table, near the close of Chapter I, was procured by simply numbering the alphabet forwards; that is A as 1, B as 2, and Z as 26. This chart, translated according to this arrangement, reads: "Tragedy follows the 'Star of the Veal'."

The second cipher, located at the end of Chapter II, is founded on numbering the alphabet backwards; that is Z becomes 1 and A is 26. This gives us: "Watch Canfield."

The third cipher contains the solution of the mystery of the disappearance of the diamond and the proper time has not yet arrived to divulge the secret.

(TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK)

\$2,000 Per Week

IT IS related of the foremost motion picture director, D. W. Griffith, head producer of the Majestic and Reliance Mutual Movies, that when he was a young actor, he was once engaged in Walker Whiteside's travelling company, at the splendid salary of \$18 per week. Young Griffith conceived the idea that his pay was not sufficient, and asked for an increase to \$20 per week.

He argued with Mr. Whiteside for several weeks about the matter, and was always told by the eminent actor that "money should be no consideration" to him; that it should be "all for art." The result was that Mr. Griffith never got the raise.

It is interesting to know that he is now receiving more than \$100,000 per year, while Walker Whiteside is famous as a tragedian on both sides of the Atlantic.

The Show Waited

EVELYN THAW while in Los Angeles recently went to see "The Great Leap," in which Robert Harrin and Mae Marsh are starred. Miss Thaw had heard of the fifty-foot leap over the crest of a cliff at Au Sable canon which nearly cost Miss Marsh's life. Miss Thaw was accompanied to the theatre by Mae Marsh herself.

She attempted to see the whole feature film before her matinee time, but the best part of the picture was yet to be shown when the clock's hands crawled around to 2 o'clock.

"Won't you be late for your performance?" Miss Marsh asked.

"Oh, let the show wait," said Evelyn. "I'm too interested in this picture."

And it waited!

Muriel Ostriche

MURIEL OSTRICHE, the youngest star in moving pictures who is now with the Princess brand of Mutual Movies, was in Stamford, Conn., with Director Carl Gregory, taking the factory scenes in a feature photoplay called "The Strike," the other day, the same being Muriel's eighteenth birthday. A large party was waiting her return. Muriel decided to take a train from Stamford direct to New York, and not stop off at the studio to change her clothes.

In the photoplay, Miss Ostriche plays the part of a poor working man's daughter. Muriel was dressed perfectly for the part, her skirts barely touching her shoe tops. At the railroad station she asked the ticket agent the fare to New York. The agent looked pityingly into the sweet face of the poor little girl and replied: "That half-fare would do for her if she would sit low in her seat, so as to make the conductor think that she was only nine years old," and he added: "That he didn't think that she was over, if nine!" Muriel said: "Why, that's all right. I am over nine, in fact, I am just eighteen today." The agent insisted that she could ride on half fare, because she was so small. Muriel then told him that she was with a moving picture company taking pictures in Stamford, and could well afford to pay the full fare. Thereupon the ticket agent had a laugh on himself, and Muriel proceeded to New York at the regular rate.

After receiving many beautiful presents and telegrams of congratulations, Muriel journeyed to Cafe Boulevard and danced herself into the first prize, receiving a handsome silver loving cup. For besides being a picture favorite, Muriel is an accomplished dancer.

Lloyd Lonergan, the scenario editor, has written a feature dancing picture in which Miss Ostriche will exhibit her many prizes, and show her thousands of admirers the new dances, in which she is so pronounced an expert.

Getting Results

THE tempo at which a motion picture is projected is one of the most important factors in the success of a film drama when shown on the screen. That is a recognized fact, but it was brought out with unusual strength recently by David W. Griffith, "the Belasco of motion pictures," and head producer of Reliance and Majestic Mutual Movies.

Mr. Griffith is probably the world's greatest expert on getting results on the screen. His fame is due to his ability as a producer, but he also keeps a watchful eye on the other elements that make for success or failure. In a recent letter from the Western Reliance and Majestic producing studios at 4500 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, Cal., he advises the rehearsal of one of his big feature pictures "two or three times with music until the correct tempo is obtained."

"In many instances," says Mr. Griffith, "thousands of dollars have been spent for theatres, for the production of moving pictures and for the exhibition of moving pictures that has been absolutely wasted. The location of the theatre has been blamed when the real fault lay in the projection of the pictures, dim lights, the pictures being out of focus or any of the many seemingly trivial things that make it so easy to spoil a picture. I have seen pictures absolutely 'dead' in one theatre that 'went big' in another, not in any way on account of the difference in the audience but purely and simply because they were shown with a good, clear light, the right tempo and correct focus."

LOUISE GLAUM was recently shown in a still photograph kissing an orangoutang. Asked how she liked it she said "Ugh! that was real acting! I hate the brute, it is repulsive to me and I found it hard even to smile—still I did it." One can hardly associate dainty Louise with baboons!

MORE romance! Reaves Eason, who is assistant director to Sidney Ayres at the American, disappeared for a short time and turned up again a married man. Here's lots of good luck to a good fellow.

The Cross Roads

(Continued from page 31)

cry of his, that assumption that I was grieving for the pitiful thing he had shown himself to be, stiffened me. It enabled me to throw off the grief I might otherwise have indulged in. It gave me my balance.

I stayed in the apartment alone that night; there was no other place for me to go. I didn't sleep; I had too much to think of. But I didn't lie awake worrying. I was trying to make my plans. Just the little matter-of-fact, every day things were enough to keep me busy. I had to think of finding a place to go to; a room. And I had to figure on how much I could spend, without knowing anything, really, of New York, and of how much it should cost me just to live. I knew that it might be a long time before I found work; I had to try to estimate, as well as I could, how long the money I had would last.

I couldn't get away from the apartment fast enough in the morning. I packed two suit cases, taking just enough of the things I had bought with George's money to last me for a time. At least, that was my first idea. But then I made a selection of the evening gowns. I didn't know, but I thought that it might help me to get work if I could say that I was able to dress well for scenes in society dramas. I took the bags down town, and checked them. And then, feeling that part of my life was dead, I started out. I had to find a room first; even the vitally necessary search for work had to be postponed until I had done that.

It was harder to find a room than I had supposed. The first places I went to were dreadfully expensive. And then, when I got among houses where the prices were lower, the women looked at me strangely, and asked a lot of questions. They wanted to know where I worked, and several of them slammed their doors in my face when I had to confess that I had nothing as yet. Others asked for references and looked suspicious when I explained that I was a stranger and couldn't give them. There were other houses, too, dreadful places, kept by dreadful women, who leered, and said things I hardly understood. . . . But in one of them, at last, I saw a woman, evidently a lodger, and—I knew. I had not been out at night without learning something of what it means to live in a great city.

When I understood, I fled from that neighborhood. And at last, in a mean little row of houses, downtown, on the East Side, but not far from the subway, I found—not what I was looking for,—but what I was glad to take. Here the landladies were bent and worn, and few of them were clean. But they asked no questions, because I was willing to pay for two weeks in advance. It was a Mrs. Moultrie with whom I finally came to terms. I felt that she had been beaten about by the world, too. It was late when I found her house and I moved in as soon as I could get my bags.

The very next day, I began to go around among the studios to look for work. I hadn't expected this to be easy to find, and so the truth didn't disappoint me. It was summer, and a great many men and women who had work on the stage, the regular, the legitimate stage so-called, were out of work. Perhaps they really looked down on the movies, but how glad they were to get a chance to earn five dollars a day as extras! And how utterly they shut off my chance of finding work. The directors all wanted them, because they knew the routine. I found that I, without experience, with nothing but a feeble sort of prettiness to recommend me, stood no chance with them. I was "country," still, you see. I didn't know how to make the best of what looks I had. But I was not easily discouraged, and it was not until a woman, an actress tiding over the summer, kinder than some of the others, gave me a hint, that I realized how the search had worn me out.

"Why don't you go to some of the suburban studios, dearie?" she said. "You see, we go the rounds here, but we don't go to the suburbs so much, it takes time and carfare. There's Yonkers, for instance. Two or three studios there, so if one didn't have anything, another might."

(Continued on page 32)

How Moving Pictures are Made and Worked

Here are two books, *Moving Pictures, How They are Made and Worked*, \$1.60, postpaid, which tells everything to be known about the subject, and *Practical Cinematography*, \$1.10, postpaid, the book for the amateur who wants to know how to take motion pictures. A reading of these two books will reveal to you the inmost secrets of moving pictures.

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WHOS' WHO In The PHOTOPLAYS

SHORT BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF THE PLAYERS

GEORGE PERIOLAT claims Chicago, Illinois as his home, for it is there that he was born, though for several years past he has resided almost constantly in California where his picture work is done. Mr. Periolat appeared on the legitimate stage with Otis Skinner, Julia Arthur, Maurice Barrymore and Adelaide Thurston in "A Ward of France," "Arizona," "Secret Service," "The Prisoner of Zenda" and "Pretty Peggy." His first film experience was obtained in Essanay's Chicago company and he also worked for four years or more with the Selig Company.



The next three seasons were spent as "character man" of the American Company, located at Santa Barbara, California, and last fall he was engaged by the Victor Company of the Universal. Some of his best work has been done in such films as "Oil on Troubled Waters," "Rory of the Bogs," "Samson," "Cupid Never Ages," "The Mission in the Desert" and "The Squaw and the Man."

JOHAN STEPPING of the Nestor Comedy Company stationed at Hollywood, California, was born in Germany in 1869, and made his first appearance as a member of the Lyceum Theater Stock Company of New York in 1894.



He supported Olga Nethersole, Louis James, E. H. Southern and William Gillette in "The Prisoner of Zenda," "Secret Service" and "The Heart of Maryland." In 1909 Mr. Stepping made his bow to the film public by way of the Edison studio, and during 1911-13 was a featured player of the Essanay Company at Chicago. During the

summer of 1913 he filled several important roles for the Famous Players Company and now is with the Nestor brand. Mrs. Stepping was formerly Margaret Spencer, and the Steppings have two children, a boy and a girl.

SHERMAN BAINBRIDGE, leading man of the 101 Bison Company of the Universal, is thoroughly accustomed to falling over cliffs, being shot from his horse while the steed is galloping at full speed, and jumping from moving trains, but he recently permitted a



35-foot python weighing 350 pounds to make five coils about his body, and declares that is the limit of what he is willing to endure for art. He was born in Brooklyn and has been associated with Henry McRae, his present director, for more than five years. He was featured in the Henry McRae Stock Company which toured the world; later he organized the Sherman Bainbridge Dramatic Stock Company in which he was his own manager, leading man, and stage director. In 1911 he first faced a motion picture camera of the Nestor Company under the direction of Milton

H. Fahrney, and in 1913 joined his old director McRae with the 101 Bison brand of the Universal. His wife is Cleora Orden and their home is brightened by little Marjorie Bainbridge, their two-year-old daughter.



CLARA MARIE HORTON is the little blonde lady who is being featured in the Eclair series of kid comedies. She was born in Brooklyn and made her first appearance in Powers films, where she scored an instantaneous success. She was quickly signed up by the Eclair Company and has been with that concern nearly three

years, during which time she has played a wide variety of roles, in every instance with marked success.

LOUISE FAZENDA is a Californian by birth and Los Angeles is her home. In 1906 she made her first stage appearance as a member of the Valentine Stock Company and engagements



with Henry Miller, E. H. Sothern, and Dustin Farnum followed. She has appeared in "The Squaw Man," "The Greyhound," "The Yellow Jacket," and in Shakespearean repertory. She joined the Universal Film Company in July, 1912, and for some time past has been leading woman in Allen Curtis' "Joker" Company. Miss Fa-

zenda was the winner of the Los Angeles Times' Popularity Contest in 1913.

ETHYLE COOK BENHAM, ingenue and leading woman of the Thanhouser Company, like so many other photoplayers, appeared first in musical comedy. She was with "Peggy from Paris," "Woodland," "The Sultan of Sulu," "Marrying Mary" and "Madame Sherry."



She was born in Lynn, Massachusetts, in 1886, and first appeared on the stage in "Little Red Riding Hood" in April, 1899. Her first film experience was as a member of the Rex Company in August, 1911, but a month later she went to Thanhouser and has

been a featured member of Thanhouser casts ever since. In private life she is Mrs. Henry Benham.

FLORA FINCH, Hughey Mack, Lillian Walker, Wally Van, Etienne Girard and Albert Roccardi are enjoying wonderful popularity in their silent comedy, "The New Stenographer," which is being shown nightly at the Vitagraph theater, on Broadway. Flora Finch has out-Finched herself in the design of the costume she wears; it is a red-striped percale made trouserette style trimmed with green bows. And fortunately for Flora, the spectators do not share the opinion of her, which her bosses (in the sketch) so plainly demonstrate.

WEST COAST STUDIO JOTTINGS

NEWS OF THE PHOTOPLAYERS
IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

By Richard Willis

THE Balboas at Long Beach are soon to give a big hop for the benefit of the baseball team fund. The company has invested in suits and the big league of movie players will entertain a vast number of movie as well as ball fans at the many games which are being placed on this summer's schedule. (No umpire has as yet been engaged.)

Fair weather, sunny days and good humored producers have made the film game very good along the west coast for the past two months. No rain is in sight.

Al Christie, director of Nestor Universal comedies, has written and will immediately produce a series of four one-reel fun films. Victoria Forde, the beautiful leading lady of this company's players, will be seen in the title role, that of "Sophie of the Films." Sophie seeks work and finds it, in the movies. Lee Moran is the scheming director who takes advantage of the luckless miss, but lo! Eddie Lyons, the true hero, comes to the maiden's rescue and they happily go forth into the world, leaving the director thwarted and downcast. It will be a picture within a picture, and the making of films will be seen from a farcical standpoint. This series promises to be both charming and humorous.

Imagine a small rowboat, filled with escaping men, each with an oar, when suddenly a motorboat full of cops runs the little fellow down, cuts it in two, and the men in either half continue rowing and the two halves keep going and never sink. If you can imagine this, you are seeing what Robert Thornby is doing with Ford Sterling down at the harbor. They are making a Sterling comedy, and there are many new ideas and plans worked into the new film, which will be a sure-enough roarer.

Another Universal farce comedy series of films is to be "Babbling Bess" in which pretty Bess Meredyth plays the title role. The series is to be so funny that people will want to see more of the adventures of Bess. She takes part in so many kinds of situations and has many funny and exciting times. The new ideas were concocted by James Dayton, head of the scenario department, and from what the people say who have read the scripts, the finished films will surely be a scream.

The notary who attended the annual meeting of the Photoplay Authors' League proved himself a discerning, or at least a tactful, person. "Are you movie manufacturers?" queried the man of seals and swearings. He was told that the members merely wrote the photoplays. "Ah," returned he, "I see, you are the brains of the photoplay."

The Balboa studio is fast becoming a menagerie. Already they have a rattlesnake without a bottle, a wolf, a solitary coyote, a small fox, a bob cat, three squirrels, two alligators, a real (not mock) turtle and a rabbit, to say nothing of the fleas that frequent the coyote's lair. The animals are pets. Mr. Rattler goes off for a week at a time, but always comes back fat and sassy.

Fred Mace recently turned down an offer of \$600 a week to appear in a musical comedy production. Fred says he can do better than that as a regular diet in the movies.

J. P. McGowan recently received this protest from a fan regarding his lead, Helen Holmes:

"She is always pursuing or being hounded, jumping off or on trains. I want to see her in a beautiful dress in a lovely garden in a quiet part." McGowan features railroad rather than flower yards.

Knockabout comedies have their drawbacks. Ask Louise Glau, who sprained an ankle, sustained a bruised cheek and hurt her arm badly all in one week—and smiled through it all!

Milton H. Fahrney has terminated his special engagement with the Albuquerque Company and is taking his first rest for several years. His plans are all formed, but he is not prepared to give them out yet.

Now all you really, truly scenario writers: Take note that Harry Pollard of the Beauty brand at Santa Barbara wants photoplays suited to his company and featuring Margarita Fischer and himself.

Wilfred Lucas is putting on some magnificent sets in the Cleo Madison features and the lady herself is doing some fine work.

William D. Taylor cannot get away from the name "Captain Alvarez." They call him "Cap" now.

Billy Garwood was mistaken for the scapegrace son of a San Francisco millionaire recently and given a lot of advice, much to his amusement.

Augusta Phillips Fahrney, the photoplaywright, is writing what she considers her masterpiece. It is to be produced as a special state-right film and was sold before it was commenced.

Margarita Fischer has rented a charming little bungalow at Santa Barbara where she entertains her many friends.

Adele Lane of the Selig Polyscope Company is acting in two films at once, one being a pretentious four-reeler under Director Mofton, entitled "Mirror of Life," and the other a comedy, entitled "The Millionaire Baby." The one character intensely dramatic and the other frivolous! It will be interesting to note the complete change if they are released anywhere near together.

Mona Darkfeather has a large number of children correspondents and has offered to give a signed picture of herself to those who send a good original drawing of herself. She will give presents to all those whose pictures are particularly good. Children must tell her something about themselves.

Pauline Bush is a fortunate young lady. She has received a nice little nest egg from her father's estate. In addition she has a stated sum which comes to her twice a year. She is not "upish" about it either.

Harold Lockwood, the good looking lead, and Russell Bassett, fine old character man, have gone east with the Famous Players.

The Edwin August company has selected a site at Hollywood where a studio is to be built right away. In the meantime the company is producing 3 and 4 reel features with a picked and most capable company.

Thomas H. Ince, the Broncho manager, who has made such a reputation in the realm of filmdom, has written a play entitled "Mr. Aladin" which will be produced at the Majestic theatre during the week beginning May 10.

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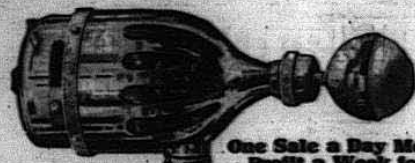
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The Cross Roads

(Continued from page 29)

So the next morning I took the subway to the end of the line, and then rode on to Yonkers. I found my way to the Bontax studio, and there Mr. Haines, the director, gave me work at once.

"Sure I can use you!" he said. "You've got a good chance here—aren't many extras in town, and we can't get 'em to come up from the city on a chance. Come along to-morrow! bring a bathing suit. We are starting some seashore stuff."

I celebrated with a real luncheon that day, and then rode around on trolley cars, enjoying the pretty Westchester scenery. It was dreadfully hot, but I didn't mind. And the next day I went to work. I had to improvise a bathing suit, but it was all right.

The work seemed easy to me but that Mr. Haines swore at us frightfully. He didn't seem to care about our being women; he was as rough with us as with the men. Once he singled me out.

"You're as stiff as a rail!" he said. "For the love of Mike, act natural! Move those long legs of yours as if they were legs, not the joints of a wooden soldier! Zip—ginger—pep!"

I was stiff. It was all dreadfully new to me. But I managed to struggle through the week, and I thought I was getting along—though I could see that it would be a long time before I got any promotion. But all the time I was figuring on playing parts, thinking of how I would do Daisy Plank's part (she was the leading woman). And then on Saturday Mr. Haines came to me.

"Can't use you any more, Morgan," he said. "You're too stiff. Get your money—but don't waste time showing up here again. The Lord knows I need extra people—but you're a false alarm. Back to the ribbon counter for your's!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

J. R. Walling—Movie Magnate

(Continued from page 10)

"Well," he stammered, "I'll be going. The report is here."

He turned regretfully toward Dolly, who was now included in the embrace.

"I suppose you won't ever sell tickets any more, will you?"

"I should say she won't!" Mr. Cosworth thundered. "She'll have the best in all the land."

Dolly hung her head.

"I can't be happy unless I help Jack," she pleaded. "Why, it's life to me. Please don't make me stop."

"Gee!" Walling shouted, "you're a brick. Stick with me and we'll be worth millions. I will make you a great movie actress."

"Millions!" Mr. Cosworth exclaimed. "I'm worth two of 'em now. I'll give you our company."

"Not on your life!" Walling protested. "We're partners—fifty-fifty—and we're going to stay partners—"

"Why, father," Mrs. Ewing broke in anxiously, when she could find her breath, "you told Dolly yourself that Jack saved your life. Let him have his way."

"All right, all right!" the elder man assented, quite beside himself with joy. "What Jack says goes. Here, Walling, where are you going?"

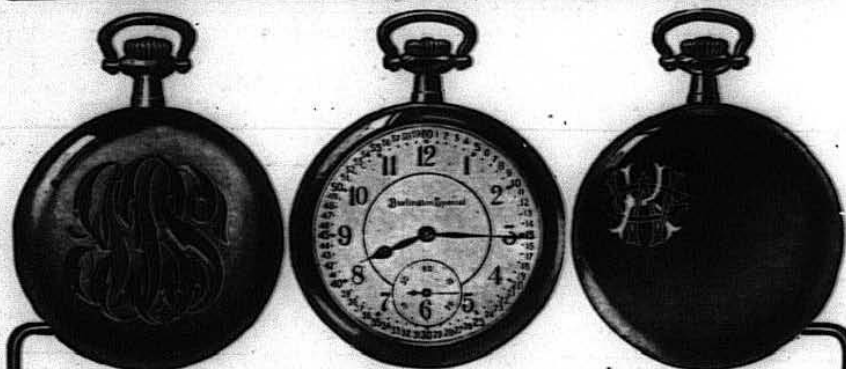
"To buy out our rival!" John called back. "And, Dolly, remember—this afternoon at two sharp."

"Yes, Jack!" she caroled, and then she did what all women do when they are very happy. She wept.

And her mother sobbed.

And Mr. Cosworth sniffed.

And Bobby wished he'd gone with Jack, to help buy the Up-Town!



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EASTERN STUDIO NEWS

GOSSIP OF THE PLAYERS IN-AND-AROUND NEW YORK

HELLEN HOLMES of the western Kalem company, has completed a course in telegraphy which she took up to make more real the part of the "girl-to-the-rescue" which she portrays so frequently in the railroad wreck pictures for which the western Kalem company is noted. "So many people who see pictures understand telegraphy that I decided to learn it too, and to send real messages on the screen instead of make-believe ones." Miss Holmes has now acquired complete mastery of the dot and dash system of communication.

Carlyle Blackwell spent his first day at the Famous Players studio in pajamas; pink silk ones. Over them, while waiting for the pajama scene to occur, he donned a Balmaecan raincoat that hit him just below the knee, and in this garb he nonchalantly endured the gaze of the onlookers. Mr. Blackwell, recently of the Kalem players, will undoubtedly carry over his popularity to the Famous Players productions in which he is to appear.

Lillian Walker arrives at the Vitagraph theater at Forty-fourth street and Broadway, at a quarter of nine each evening. "Not that it's necessary to go that early, but, I like to see who's sitting in the front of the house and the boxes," explains Lillian.

Walley Van also arrives at a quarter of nine, "to keep my eye on Lillian," he explains. "She might get a crush on some other good looking fellow and then where would our 'silent comedy' be?" We're wondering where Wally would be.

Flora Finch rushes back of the wings at nine, usually. "My dear, such a time as I had getting here! Everything happened!" She flings off her street clothes and wriggles into the striped trouserettes and scant over-skirt that proclaim her uniqueness in the realm of stenography in the "silent comedy." "I will never be ready in time tonight!" she wails, but she is invariably ready and waiting to "go on" at nine-twenty-five.

Hughie Mack? He's always there before time. As early as eight o'clock he may be seen hovering about the street corner and the lobby. When another fat man enters Hughie has to cross the street. The largest dressing-room at the theater is his.

Howard Missimer still swings his cane jauntily along Broadway. His vacation of some weeks ago in the country seems to be effective still, and his friends are prophesying. "You'll be fat yet, Missimer!" But Missimer prefers to doubt.

Allan Hale and his pointed mustache are sighted at frequent intervals. On such occasions someone is sure to observe, "You should have seen him before he raised the horrid thing! He was really good looking!" And the fun of it that the still youthful Allan is particularly pleased with himself for giving to the world such a treat as he believes his blonde mustache to be.

A sunny day brings 'em all out on Broadway. Malcolm Williams, who played the "Brute," in the Famous Players film of that name, Edmund Breese, who gave life and a finish to "The Master Mind" for the Lasky Feature Play Company, Helen and Dolores Costello, who had come into New York to meet their mother and enjoy the tea-hour at the Astor with her, Clara Horton, who had finished early at the Eclair studio in Fort Lee, N. J. and ferried into New York for a dancing lesson; besides James Lackaye, who filled half the sidewalk with his great size as he told friends what

they were doing out at the Vitagraph plant, these days.

Edward Bouden, he of the Edison company at the Bronx studio, whose dapper slowness makes him especially eligible for certain character parts, tells a story of a letter received from an elderly lady in a southern small town in which—meaning the letter—she expressed her great desire to adopt Edward with the intention of bringing him up to be a model young man. Edward declined her kind offices without informing her just how many years he had been old enough to vote.

Josie Sadler, the "cut-up" of the Vitagraph company, is the most retiring and quietest person imaginable, when she has creamed her grease-paint off and slips from reel to real life. Her great joy in life is to take care of her flowers, which bloom in window-boxes in every room of her apartment, and where she is the wizard of sauce-pan and kettle as well. And after that, in the evenings, a quiet hour with a good book finishes what she terms a "perfect time."

Helen Marten, "on the other hand," skips from her last costume of the last scene for the day, flies homeward to a mother-cooked dinner, devotes ten minutes to her cat and canary, and then blossoms forth in a low-cut dress and departs most likely for a New York dancery. Yes, there's quite a difference in years between them—Josie and Helen—but each thinks her special time is the "perfect" one.

Alfred Norton of the Thanhouser studio made a balloon ascension recently at New Rochelle, and very nearly lost his life as a result. It all came about because of his anxiety lest the balloon and its occupants should not keep within range of the camera. Thinking they were floating out of its focus, he leaned far out of the little basket, lost his balance, was grabbed by the feet just in time by the aeronaut, A. Leo Stevens, and pulled back to safety and thankfulness thereafter. "Gee! It was a narrow escape, though!" he remarked feebly when the balloon wafted to earth and his co-players ran to greet him.

Lila Chester has moved her family—her big brother, her little dog and herself—out to New Rochelle so she can be "near things." "It used to take me an hour to get here," she said. "Now it takes me five minutes. All I have to do is get up, jump into my bath, jump out and walk a couple of blocks and I'm here." The events of dressing and breakfast were brought to her attention and she said, "Oh that! It doesn't take me a minute to dress—and my brother gets my breakfast for me." Would that there were more brothers like unto Miss Chester's!

Irving Cummings says he's at peace and at home, out with the other Thanhouserites in their sunny studio. "At rest" is the way Mr. Cummings describes his sensation after his many here-again-gone-again stops at the various studios which have recently had his services.

Vinnie Burns still feels the effects of that hurt to her back which occurred more than a month ago in a daring picture scene in which she starred for the Solax company. "My mother was in the same hospital to which I was taken," said Vinnie, resting her back against a cushion. "And I kept my presence there a secret from her. I wrote her I was at Palm Beach and sent my letters to a chum there who would mail them for me. Sometime, when she's better, I'll tell her."

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And
Perma-
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Success



Judge from my picture as to the truth of what I say to you—that the crowning feminine attribute is a bust of beautiful proportions, firmness and exquisite development. Then ask yourself how much you would like to have such a photograph of yourself, showing the glory of womanhood with its lines of in—de charm and grace. It would be worth far more than a two-cent stamp, would it not? Then let me give you my message—let me tell you of what I have learned and let me give you recent pictures of myself to prove what I say—for if you will write me to-day

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I will tell you gladly and willingly. Why should any woman neglect an opportunity to escape the pain and heartache of being skinny, scrawny, angular and unattractive in body? Misery is not our heritage. Nature planned that you—a woman—should have the rich, pulsing lines of warm, living flesh molded after the mother of us all, the description of whom perfumes our sacred literature with love and admiration for the divinity of woman's form. For why should there be that pitiful aspect—the face of a woman and the form of a man.

Write To Me To-day

I don't care how fallen, or flaccid, or undeveloped your bust now is—I want to tell you of a simple home method—I want to tell you how I gained perfect development. No physical culture—no massage, foolish baths or paste—no plasters, masks or injurious injections. I want to tell you of my own new method, never before offered or told about—insuring immediate success and permanent beauty.

Send No Money

Just write me a letter—address it to me personally—there's all. I believe you will bless me through years of happiness for pointing the way to you and telling you what I know. Please send your letter to-day to the following address:

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INFORMATION DEPARTMENT

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ABOUT PLAYS AND PLAYERS

KATHERINE W. RENNELL, IND.—Yes, Mary Pickford has been appearing in Famous Players productions for some months past, at Los Angeles, Cal., but now is back in New York City, and soon is to be taken on a trip around the world, appearing in a photoplay in each country visited, posing in Germany as a German maiden, in Italy as an Italian, in Egypt as an Egyptian, in China as a Chinese, etc.

DOROTHY B. HERMAN, MO.—Walter Kerrigan is now appearing in Victor films for the Universal Company. He resides at Universal City, just outside of Los Angeles, Cal.

L. FOSTER W., BAY CITY, MICH.—A synopsis of Majestic's "The Moonshiner's Daughter" can be obtained by writing to the Mutual Film Corporation, New York City, and asking for a copy of "Reel Life" which contained the synopsis and cast of characters for that particular release. You cannot be too careful about duplicating plots.

PAUL C. H., SHADON, PA.—No, the "Who's Who" department was shifted from PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE to THE MOVIE PICTORIAL some issues ago. In the future you can look for all such data in this publication. We believe you will agree the change was a wise one and you will now be able to obtain answers to your questions much sooner than was possible before. You now only have to wait a few weeks.

SANFORD B., FOX ST., NEW YORK CITY.—The shift in policy from publishing only independent film stories to publishing those of both the independent and licensed manufacturers was made because such a host of our readers asked us to give them licensed stories. We think that nowadays when theaters are running both licensed and independent films a magazine devoted to the storying of these pictures should be broad enough to include both factions. The independent stories will always be included and we know you will learn to become acquainted with the licensed stars as well and to appreciate seeing their faces and biographies.

J. H. R., JR., RENSSELAIRE, KY.—Blanche Sweet's picture has appeared in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, but no interview with her has as yet been published, though it is liable to appear in any issue. Watch closely for it.

F. H. W., CLEVELAND, OHIO.—No story on "Judith of Bethulia" has been published by either PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE or MOVIE PICTORIAL. The principal characters in that production were Blanche Sweet, Henry Walkhall, May Marsh. All these players are now with the Mutual Film Corporation and under the direction of David W. Griffith, the same director who produced "Judith of Bethulia."

KATHLEEN L. B., TOLEDO, OHIO.—Beware the so-called "schools of acting" which claim to teach their pupils the art of acting for motion pictures. There are none of them whom we can sincerely recommend.

REIA A. M., VAN ALSTINE, TEXAS.—For various reasons it would be unwise to make public the name of the players whose life history has been appearing serially in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. The story was too personal to permit of us giving you the player's name.

A. C. L., NEW ORLEANS, LA.—We can give you no information regarding the Colonial Motion Picture Corporation of New York, other than to say that such a firm has been incorporated.

Mrs. FRED L. P., COLUMBUS, NEX.—We wish to thank you for the suggestions you so kindly offered and some of them may be carried out within the next few weeks. The "Who's Who" department will, in the future, be found as a regular part of this publication and will be discontinued in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

CORSON, DALLAS, TEXAS.—"Love and Vengeance" was the name of the first Ford Sterling

comedy on the Universal program. It was released on April 23, and inquiry to the manager of your local theater will probably result in your learning whether he has yet run the picture or not.

MRS. ANNA M., DENVER, CO.—Fred Gamble played "Squire Dunsen" in the Beauty release entitled "Eugenie Versus Love."

MARY O'H., DELIVER, NEX.—Irene Wallace was "Irene" in the Victor picture "The Daughter of a Crook." Yes, she has been with Universal for some time.

FLORENCE E., SPOKANE, WASH.—Francis Ford plays "Hugo Lombard" in all the various releases of the "Lucille Love" series being produced by the Universal Film Manufacturing Company.

MABEL P., BUFFALO, N. Y.—Fam Bourek was "Ruth Wheeler" in Thanhouser's "The Strike." Yes, Miss Bourek is a newcomer at the Thanhouser studio.

A. G. T., FAIRBANKS, NEX.—Dottie Burbridge was the widow's daughter in Frontier's "A Neighborly Quarrel." The copper was Walter Rogers.

ISOMI KAWAKAMI, IONAHAPOLIS, IND.—Yes, Miss Yatsu Akiko who appears in Mutual releases is a real Japanese. She was born in Tokyo and her first picture work was done for the Majestic Company in the film entitled "The Out of O Tsuru San."

HARRY O. R., DUBUQUE, IOWA.—Eddie Lyons and Victoria Ford were "the newlyweds" in the Nester comedy "Their Honeymoon." We can't answer your other question, just now.

THEOPHAX, PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Yes, Robert Burns who now is appearing in Royal comedies is the same Robert Burns who used to be numbered as a member of the cast of "The Wizard of Oz." Yes, he once worked for the Latin Company of your city.

E. G. R., NEW YORK CITY.—R. S. Rice and Tiny Downie were Elmer and Ethel in Pathé's "The Precious Twins."

FILM FAX, MONTREAL, CANADA.—Harry Carter, the "heavy" of the Rex company, was with Elsie Janis for more than five years and created the part of the sheriff in "The Red Mill," so you see he is not so inexperienced and as much of an amateur as you surmised, though he has never on the legitimate or musical comedy stage been called upon to play "heavies."

KAY D., LOS ANGELES, CAL.—George Siegmann is no longer with the Biograph Company, but is now appearing in Majestic pictures.

UNIVERSALIST, ST. PAUL, MINN.—Herbert Rossington plays the title role in Universal's four reel feature "The Spy." He was formerly with the Selig Polyscope Company, but we never heard of his appearing in England with the Hepworth concern.

INDEPENDENT, ST. LOUIS, MO.—Dorothy Egan has not left the Selig Company. She is still appearing in "Diamond S" releases and you will undoubtedly see her at your local theater if you watch the Selig films closely.

BEVYNE W., CHICAGO, ILL.—The first issue of THE MOVIE PICTORIAL appeared on May 9th. Yes, a copy of that issue can be obtained if you will call at the office of the publisher.

LOUIS W., AGWAH, MINN.—"Ruth Grogan" in Lubin's "A Deal in Real Estate" was Miss Louise Huff. The comedian playing the part of "Whiffles" in various Pathé releases of that series is Monsieur Prince, and is celebrated throughout not only all Europe but known to every portion of the globe.

CHESTER C., KANSAS, TEXAS.—Universal Re's real name is Augustus Carney. The player you mention is no longer with the Edison Company.

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What others are doing YOU can do. Read these records. N. T. Smith, Ohio, \$90 weekly profit. Meyers, Wis., \$250 first month. Beasley, Neb., \$35 profit first 4 hours. Newton, Calif., \$60 in 3 days. Mathias, Fla., \$120 in 2 days. Corrigan, N. Y., \$114 in 60 hours. C. H. Tremour, Ind., \$35 profit first 6 hours. W. F. Hincard, New Mexico, \$35 in 2 days. Average men, average sales, average towns. Undeniable Proof of the Big Money to be made by the hustlers everywhere. The Robinson Tub is badly wanted and eagerly bought.

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Remember this: The Robinson Folding Bath Tub, equipped with our special Outlet Emptying Device makes the tub positively self-emptying. How convenient and handy this is. After the bath is done and better emptying the tub. By the time you're dressed the tub is emptied easily by itself. All the conveniences of a modern, up-to-date bath-room, and get the Folding Tub does not take up space or be in the way when not in use. No special room need be set aside as a bathroom unless desired. Any room can be made into a bathroom in 5 minutes' time. Is it any wonder men are delighted and women are enthusiastic? The Robinson Folding Bath Tub demonstrates its value immediately upon showing. It is the ideal bathing equipment for every home, city, country or town, for camping, etc., as well as the one desirable tub for the sick-room, bedroom, parlor, living-room or kitchen; any room can be made into a bathroom in a jiffy. All this without plumbing, waterworks or extra expense. After the initial cost there are no further expenses to pay. Every home, everywhere, is just waiting for the Robinson Folding Tub.



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"WE'RE HERE BECAUSE WE'RE HERE"

MOVIE PICTORIAL

Edited by ROY S. HANFORD

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Persons representing themselves as connected with THE MOVIE PICTORIAL should be asked to produce credentials.

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Another Famous J. R. WALLING Story

AND

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By Mary Fuller

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THE MOVIE PICTORIAL

VOLUME I

CHICAGO, MAY 30, 1914

"Dolly of the Dailies" The Martinengro "Scoop"

Adapted from the Photoplay of Acton Davies

By Harold S. Hammond

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE EDISON FILM FEATURING MARY FULLER

IT WAS just nine o'clock of one of those Sunday nights in summer when New York city editors wonder where they are going to get a story for the front page that the Martinengro murder "broke."

Dolly was sitting in front of her typewriter listlessly hoping that Mr. Parks, the city editor of THE COMET, would think this an occasion to send her home early. She hoped he would see that she was idle as soon as he got through talking to the great James Malone, managing editor of THE COMET. She decided that if Parks did not send her home she would go over and talk to the new reporter. He was Hillary Graham, the man she had met in the house of "Mother Eve." Dolly thought he was more interesting than her typewriter, even if he did know a great deal less about the newspaper business than he imagined he did, and infinitely less than he had pretended when he was hired.

But just then she heard the buzz of the telephone at Mr. Parks' elbow and saw Daddy pick it up.

"Something doing," the copy boy of THE COMET said, in an aside to Mr. Parks.

"Here, give it to me," James Malone ordered, as he reached for the receiver.

Dolly stood up in her eagerness. Her hope of getting off early was gone. No newspaper reporter wants to go home when there is a good story to be got. James Malone's eye was already roving the local room of THE COMET to see which reporters were on hand. He caught sight of Dolly and called out: "Miss Desmond." Dolly stepped forward with alacrity. Her work

the bomb explosion story had been appreciated, she thought. But James Malone had called Hillary also and now he called: "Mr. Graham." And it was to Hillary that he spoke

Mr. Graham, Martinengro, the well-known American merchant and philanthropist, has been murdered. We've got the story of his murder but we haven't got anything on the perpetrators. They escaped. Go down to Commercial Street—he was stabbed in front of—and see what you can turn up. Let's hear of you in an hour or less."

Then Mr. Malone turned to Dolly.

"Miss Desmond, I've just been telling Mr. Parks here about a Salvation Army wedding that is coming off tonight. Go over to their headquarters and get us a nice half-column feature story. Maybe you'd better take a photographer with you. If the bride's good looking we'll use her picture."

Dolly was utterly disgusted. There was nothing to do but to take the assignment given her but how absurd it was that she, who had uncovered the mystery of the bomb explosion, should be sent to get "a nice half-column feature story" about a Salvation Army wedding when

Street in state. Once there, he found little but a curious crowd about the entrance to an alleyway. Two policemen guarded the spot where Martinengro had been struck down but there was nothing to see but a splash of blood

on the pavement. Policemen told Hillary to move on when he essayed to ask them some questions and there really seemed nothing to do but to obey. Hillary moved on around the corner to where he saw the lights of a saloon.

The bar-room was deserted except for the bartender and a man whose black slouch hat was drawn down so far over his eyes that Hillary could not see his face.

"I'll have a Scotch high-ball," Hillary said. The man in the slouch hat moved off to a table in the corner near the door and sat down. Hillary sipped his drink reflectively.

"Dastardly murder you've had down here tonight," he said.

"So I hear," the bartender answered. "Well, the fellow that did it won't be loose for long. I came down here on purpose to round him up."

"Who are you?" asked the bar-tender. "I am from THE COMET," Hillary said grandly. "When THE COMET goes after a criminal something happens."

At that moment the man in the slouch hat arose and rushed at Hillary without a word or sound of warning. Hillary grappled manfully with his assailant but the rush carried him to the floor and he found himself in the hands of a rough and tumble fighter, who was more than his match. The man had him by the throat with both hands, choking him.

Dimly he realized that the bar-tender was standing over him, a bung-starter in his hand. Hillary grasped one of the man's hands in both his own and wrenched it free from his throat and he drove a kick which reached the bartender's shins. But it was the last effort of a man who was down; his breath was gone and his strength with it. The last thing he saw was the bung-starter, cruelly poised; then everything went black.

WHEN Dolly reached the Salvation Army headquarters she found there had been



Dolly Stepped Forward with Alacrity

there was a big murder story on! And to think of giving the story of the day to that cub of a Hillary Graham, a man who wore a rose-pink crepe necktie!

Hillary set off on his assignment in the highest of spirits. He hadn't hoped for such a chance to distinguish himself so early in his experience. He was so impressed with his own importance that he hailed a taxi-cab at the first corner—he was too new to the newspaper game to know what Parks would have to say when he saw an unauthorized cab bill in his expense account—and rode to 619 Commercial

THE MOVIE PICTORIAL

SHOWING HOW!

NOT long ago in Chicago a hundred doctors watched a dental clinic in which a famous surgeon performed a delicate mouth and throat operation and illustrated at the same time a new method of anesthesia—all in moving pictures.

The unanimous verdict of the hundred doctors was that of all the clinics they had attended none was as satisfactory as the one they had just witnessed.

The pictures readily made every detail much more clear and distinct than the actual operation.

And all of the interested spectators saw all there was to see—and all at the same time.

This is something for those to think about who regard moving pictures as nothing but a fad!

Walking back on the opposite side of the street to that in which the saloon was located she saw that the building was only two stories high, the upper one apparently vacant. A doorway at one side of the saloon front probably opened on a stairway which led to the floor above. On the moment's impulse she slipped across the street and tried the door. It was open. She took the little electric flash lamp she was in the habit of carrying from her pocket and went up the steps. The floor above was one large room. Buckets containing the remainder of a supply of calamine in two colors gave evidence that decorators had been at work there. Dolly inferred that the place had been rented, after being long idle, and the landlord had been getting it ready for a new tenant. She flashed the lamp on the walls. Yes, they had been newly calclimined. The windows at the back opened on an alley. By the dim light at the rear door of the saloon, directly under the windows where she stood, was a pair of sloping cellar doors. Two barrels stood beside them. But there was nothing else. Dolly explored the remainder of the room she was in by the aid

of her electric flash but she found nothing except the trustees the calcliminers had been using. Whatever had happened to Hillary he had not been hidden above the saloon. Perhaps he had been thrown into the cellar. Dolly decided to find out.

She tip-toed down the stairway and out into the street. The alleyway was blocked at one end by the policemen who guarded the spot where Martinengro had been killed. She walked around to the other end. There was no one about. She could see the two policemen outlined against the light from the street lamp at the other end of the alley. Dolly hid the tambourine in a doorway—a tambourine was too noisy a thing to carry during the desperate attempt she was about to make—and picked her way down the alley.

When she reached the rear door of the saloon she paused to listen. She could hear nothing. Then gingerly she tried the cellar doors. They were locked. Dolly flashed on her lamp. The fastening was a padlock as big as her two fists but the wood of the doors looked old and rotten. If she could find something to use as a pry she might be able to pull both padlock and hasp from the doors. How she did wish she had a burglar's jimmy as well as an electric pocket lamp and an automatic pistol! She started back down the alley determined to find a substitute.

Flashing the lamp in the corners as she walked she saw the blade of an old shovel with a piece of the handle still intact but she rejected that. It might serve to get the padlock off but it would make too much noise. Then she kicked something in the dust of the alley. It was a horse-shoe, worn smooth and thin. That was just the thing. She went back to try it.

The space under the hasp was so narrow that she could hardly get one horn of the shoe under it but when she did she had a splendid purchase. She applied her strength slowly and steadily. The staples gave, the padlock and the hasp came loose and slid down the door with a clatter. Dolly stood poised, ready to run, but no one had heard the noise. So gritting her teeth, Dolly raised a door and started down the steps. Very cautiously she proceeded, letting the door down after her and listening for a long time in the pitchy black while her heart pounded against her ribs.

When Dolly finally flashed on her lamp again she found herself in a cellar crowded with barrels, casks and cases. Above her head she could hear the men in the saloon talking and occasionally the bar-tender walking back and forth. She went on through the cellar, flashing her lamp first to one side and then to the other. There were three or four barrels lying on their sides with spigots fitted and under one was a half gallon measure. What if the bar-tender should come down stairs? Evidently the barrels were in use. How could she explain her presence there? Or would she be given a chance to explain it? What chance was there that she would find Hillary? Perhaps the necktie she had seen belonged to some one else. Dolly's impulse was to turn and run. But the next moment her determination to see the thing through came back. She wouldn't quit until she had started, not until she had to.

Walking on past the barrels Dolly came to a coal bin. She flashed the lamp in but saw nothing. Then she decided to search the cellar more carefully. She went back, flashing her lamp behind the barrels and peering into every corner. Still she found nothing. "Well," thought Dolly, "I'll take another look into that coal bin and get out of here." She stepped up on the coal. The pile gave way a little, rattling loudly as a wagon going over cobble-stones or so it seemed to Dolly. She stood still, breathless with fear. She could hear a man walking overhead. She flashed the lamp to the ceiling. She was under the sidewalk; to one side was the round cover of the coal-bin. Then she flashed the lamp around the bin. She thought she saw a heap of clothes in one corner but as she held the lamp on them she saw it was a man. Dolly gasped. The man's clothes were of the same grey checked material Hillary had worn when he left the office. The man was Hillary. Was he dead? Dolly dared not move, for fear of dislodging the coal, dropped on her hands and knees and

was not to be celebrated. She was disgusted before, she called up Mr. Parks to tell the story. "Desmond," Mr. Parks said, "for tonight." Without a word. She had been sent down to Commercial Street ready to go home and cry. She struck her. Why not go to the street anyway? And then another thought. Why not borrow the uniform of an Army lass and go in disguise? If she did, the Army nobody would recognize her, not even Hillary Graham—if she should chance to meet him—or Clairmont, the political reporter, and she would be free to go into any saloon or dive safely; the uniform would protect her. There was at least a chance that she might find a clew.

The Salvation Army people didn't want to lend her a uniform but Dolly had a way with her and she got one of the girls to help her out. So it was not very long after Hillary Graham stepped from his taxi-cab in Commercial Street that Dolly appeared there in the familiar poke-bonnet of the Army with a tambourine in her hand. She wasted no time on the crowd at the alley entrance but passed rapidly on looking for a restaurant or a cafe where she might take a collection after the fashion expected from those in her uniform. She hesitated before the saloon which, though she did not know it, Hillary had entered. She hated to go in but she told herself it was now or never and opened the door.

The half-dozen men at the bar were gesticulating and shouting. They ceased suddenly when they saw Dolly but the uniform reassured them. Nothing was to be feared from a young woman in the dress of the Army. Two of them dropped nickles in the tambourine. But when they had done this Dolly had no excuse to linger. It seemed to her that after all her trouble she had little chance of accomplishing anything. She turned to walk out of the saloon, her eyes on the floor, when there at her feet she saw a rose-pink crepe necktie. She almost screamed. What could it mean? That necktie was surely the one that Hillary Graham had worn when he was given the assignment that she wanted. Why should he leave it on the floor of a low saloon? Of course he hadn't left it, Dolly reflected, it had been torn from him. But where was he? Dolly saw that the men were watching her. In another moment they might stop her. She fairly ran the dozen steps to the door and out into the street. She knew the men would not dare to follow her once she was at the corner and she stopped to reconnoiter.



There at Her Feet She Saw a Rose-Pink Crepe Necktie

THE MOVIE PICTORIAL



For Hours Dolly Sat and Waited for the Men to Come

slowly and painfully toward the man. She touched his hand. It was still warm. She flashed her lamp on his face. A trail of blood ran down Hillary's cheek; he was streaked with coal dust; his tie and collar were torn off; but he was not dead.

What could she do?

Hillary was unconscious and perhaps badly injured. If she went for the police the men who had thrown him there might come back, see that he was still alive, and finish him. Or they might take him away. Perhaps they were waiting until one o'clock, when the saloon would have to be closed. She did not want to leave Hillary to their mercies, not as long as she had a loaded pistol in her pocket. For Dolly was all compassion now. She regretted her scorn of Hillary and his rose-pink crepe necktie. He was a fellow reporter of THE COMET's staff who had met with foul play. All her loyalty was aroused.

Flashing on the lamp again she saw that Hillary's head was bolstered up against the wall of the bin. She realized that he would never regain consciousness unless she could shift his body so that his head was lower than his feet. In the dark, for she needed both hands and could not hold the electric lamp, she straightened the unconscious man out. Then she crept back over the coal to sop her handkerchief in whiskey from the barrel where she had seen the half-gallon measure. With this she wiped the blood and coal-dust from Hillary's face. He gave a low moan.

"Where am—," he began, but Dolly clapped her hand over his mouth before he could say another word.

"Sh-h," she whispered. "Don't move. Don't make a sound."

Hillary went off into unconsciousness again while Dolly rubbed his face with the alcohol. When he revived the second time his head was clearer.

Dolly saw that the pain in his head was almost unbearable. She managed to sit so that his head could rest in her lap and there she held him. She could hear the bar-tender closing up the saloon. Would he come down stairs before he went home? Would the men who had attacked Hillary and thrown him down here come after him when the lights upstairs were out? Dolly took her pistol from her pocket and shoved the safety up, ready to fire. But the bar-tender locked the front door, rattled it to make sure it was fastened, and walked off down the street. She could hear his retreating steps above her head.

For hours Dolly sat and waited for the men to come but they did not. She grew drowsy.

She leaned her head against the coal bin. Hillary had gone to sleep. She closed her eyes. The next moment—or so it seemed to her—she sat bolt upright, grasped her pistol, and screamed.

Above the coal hole was open and through it came a stream of coal that threatened to bury them. But immediately the flow of coal ceased and Dolly saw the face of Daddy, THE COMET's copy boy, framed in the coal hole. When he saw Dolly and Hillary he shouted.

"Get a box or a chair or something and stand on it," he said. "Quick."

In a minute Dolly was out through the coal hole on the street. Hillary lay limp. He had fainted again.

"Beat it to the police station before there's a crowd here," Daddy whispered to Dolly. "I'll get a cop. Quick."

As Dolly reached the police station, breathless and disheveled, she saw the patrol wagon

go clanging down the street. Evidently Daddy had let the police know. Dolly went straight to the lieutenant's office to tell her story. Before she was through they brought Hillary in, sufficiently revived by the rough and ready methods of the ambulance surgeon to talk, but too weak and shaky to sit up. At Dolly's request they put him on a couch in the lieutenant's office.

"Well," the lieutenant said, "I think we'll have those fellows before night and if we do you two shall have the exclusive story. You've got a scoop coming to you, little girl, if ever a reporter did."

An hour later the bar-tender confessed his share in the attack on Hillary and admitted that the man in the slouch hat had stabbed Martinengro but he insisted that it had been a mistake. The man had killed Martinengro thinking he was some one else. A few minutes later the man with the slouch hat was brought in between two detectives. The whole story was in and Dolly was ready to call up James Malone.

That great man had just two words to say when Dolly told him what had happened. They were: "All right."

"That man never wastes any time congratulating you," Dolly said, as she hung up the receiver.

"You'll get the congratulations when you get into the office," Hillary said with a smile. "You have mine right now."

"Thank you," Dolly said, as she turned to her copy paper and picked up her pencil. "I know I have."

"You've got more than that," Hillary continued. "Dolly, you're the only girl in the world. You're the woman I've dreamed about. You're a wonder. I love you. I'll marry you tomorrow if you'll let me."

Dolly looked up with a smile but she saw that Hillary was in deadly earnest.

"Give up THE COMET?" she asked. "No, sir. Not while I am having as much excitement as I've been having so far. No, Hillary, I'm not marrying, not today or tomorrow either."

"I won't bother you now," Hillary said. "Write your scoop for THE COMET. But I love you. I know its ridiculous for a dub like me propose to the girl who is putting it over every reporter in town. But you wait. Someday I'll ask you again and it won't be so absurd."

Dolly smiled in kindly fashion at Hillary. Somehow he did not seem ridiculous, neither did his proposal. Indeed, she could hardly have taken so keen a pleasure in a triumphant moment but for the climax Hillary's proposal provided.



"Thank You," Dolly Said, as She Turned to Her Copy Paper and Picked Up Her Pencil

REEL CHILDREN

and Their Work

By L.R.S. Henderson

wait around and see the fun that was to come.

When the first picture was called, the scene was laid in a hastily constructed tenement kitchen. The director selected twelve children for the Irish family named McGinnis and arranged them around the table on boxes and old chairs. Two tiny babies, sup-



Seven Year Old James Paul



Two Year Old Agnes Paul



Five Year Old Frederick Paul

THE usually well-regulated and orderly studios of the Essanay Company were in a turmoil. The place was fairly overrun with dirty, ragged looking youngsters. There were kids poking into make-up boxes; kids behind trunks, playing hide-and-go-seek; kids scrapping; kids laughing; kids crying; kids getting spanked and even—quiet, it's a fact! Some sedate and haughty stars might be seen trotting in and playing horse, in a fashion most lacking in dignity.

"Well," I asked, after surveying the scene, "why the orphan asylum?"

"Orphan asylum nothing," someone explained, "these children have been brought here by their parents to assist in glorifying the name of the almighty glorified Mr. George Ade."

"Yes," I queried, "and by that you mean what?"

"Just this—Mr. Ade now writes scenarios for us, and today we are to begin the production of 'The Fable of the Good Fairy,' which we will shoot about two dozen children."

"Great!" I cried, "to me, children are well. I've grown up now. Oh, I am not specially young, but I mean I have grown up in so I decided

posedly twins, howled lustily in a cradle. Poor Mother McGinnis rocked them and attended to the wants of her other children simultaneously. Father McGinnis scolded and petted the children while trying to make out a meal for himself.

On the table was real—not reel—jam and bread and milk. "Your faces are altogether too clean," complained the director—the first time that they had ever been told that, I suppose. So, to remedy the fault, he stuck

the knife in the jam and smeared their faces with it. They submitted like little angels, probably because it was jam. Then, "Your hair is too smooth," he said, and went around disarranging curls until they looked as if they had never been on speaking terms with a brush and comb.

During the taking of the picture, they were urged to "eat fast," and a couple of boys were picked out to quarrel over the jam. They piled right into the meal, which

was the most natural thing for any human child to do, and the camera was completely forgotten. Then Father McGinnis, dinner pail in hand, went off to his work; the children finished their meal and Mother McGinnis shooped them all off the stage.

The older ones who had never been in pictures before, could hardly contain their joy at being in a sure-enough movie. Most of the children were accompanied by their mothers, and each fond parent took special note of the histrionic ability displayed by her respective offspring. But, as a matter of fact, the kids were just having a good time and were but vaguely conscious of the camera. They certainly had glori-



The "McGinnis Family" in the first George Ade Comedy

can later playing out in the big backyard, chasing the chickens and watching the ducks swim and—thank Heaven—they weren't told to "keep clean!" The life of the movie child is indeed full of sunshine and joy, at least while he is at work.

When the director called them in, he discovered, upon looking them over, that every last youngster had licked the jam off his or her face, as far as the tongue could reach, and so they all had to be re-jammed.

At the opening of the next scene, Mother McGinnis is at the washtub, while a baby plays on the table. In upon this poverty-stricken scene sweeps a grand creature, a real "Razmatatz lady," as Mr. Ade expressed it. She tells poor Mrs. McGinnis, as she surveys her through her lorgnette, that it is a sin to have children. Mrs. McGinnis grabs her baby from the table and claps it to her bosom. She resents the hateful suggestion just made. Then the door opens and the rest of her brood come swarming in. They don't go near their mother's caller—but it isn't necessary. Their mere presence is enough. And yet, I can hardly blame her. I am fond of children, but twelve in one room is staggering. At any rate, they nearly suffocate the Razmatatz lady with their dirtiness and good nature, and she makes a hasty exit.

The day's work over, the young actors played out-doors until about five o'clock when, much to their disgust, they were taken



"Baby" Royatan Evelyn

in, washed up, brushed up, and dressed up, to emerge from their dressing-rooms as their mothers would have them.

The next day twenty-three children, dressed again as "Tuffies" (another Ade expression), were deposited in a great, big automobile bus which made its way down Lake Shore Drive, followed by two other automobiles containing the Razmatatz lady, Mother McGinnis, the director and the camera men. It was thus we made our way to the slums where the rest of the scenes were enacted in back alleys and in front of tenement houses. There were about a thousand real Tuffies that gathered around the camera and made it rather difficult to get the pictures, but they were finally finished, and the youngsters and their mothers were taken out to luncheon by the director.

Some of these children are born actors and are well worth mentioning. There is Tommy Harper, fourteen years old, who played the lead in "Presto Willie," and has acted with Francis X. Bushman and other stars.

Then, there are the Paul children, James, aged seven, Frederick, a lad of five, and Agnes, a mere baby of three; and Mildred Platt, also three, an instinctive little actress.

Talented or not, they are all bright, and healthy and happy, just a bunch of adorable kiddies; and I'm for'em!

"Kathlyn's Jungle Party"

By Emily Brown Heining

PITY the poor millionaire. He doesn't have to work to earn money to spend, but he does have to work to spend the money he doesn't earn. The more money he has, the harder he has to work. He must be amused. This does not mean that he is amused, it means that he has to amuse himself, which is very hard work, indeed.

Take, for instance, the pitiful case of the millionaires who go to Pasadena for the winter. They go there so that they can be out of doors all of the time. This complicates the matter of amusement a good deal. Anything that takes them indoors, except to sleep, is positively forbidden—else why are they there?

Of course, there are many things they can do outdoors. They can go motoring, boating, yachting, aeroplaning, swimming, and golfing; they can play tennis and tether ball, polo and auction and pinochle; and they can even tango and hesitate, provided they do it on a veranda. But there is nothing particularly new or exciting about any of these things; they have all been doing them for years and years.



Miss Maryjory Dyer, of New York, holding a Tote-a-Tote with a Russian Timber Wolf, a Group Representing \$14,000,000.00. Standing from Left to Right, are Miss Maryjory Dyer, Miss Yvonne De Ojeda, of San Francisco, Kathlyn Williams, Miss Gladys Green, Daughter of Col. Green, and Miss Nadine De Ojeda, Seated, and Kathlyn Williams and Anna May, Selig's Popular Baby Elephant. To her Right is Mrs. Leon Phillips, to her Left Mr. Davis, President of Pasadena's "Tournament of Roses," and Mrs. Davis

They can hold a Rose Tournament, too, and they do—every year, but there is nothing particularly new or exciting about it.

That is, there was never anything new or exciting about it until this year. Add Kathlyn Williams to the tournament, in a very smart and becoming evening gown, and Selig's pet baby elephant, Anna May, on her best behavior, and the tournament is given new life. It was after the Rose Tournament that Miss Williams invited the bored millionaire colony out to the Selig animal farm for a jungle party and—well, you can see for yourself just how bored they are in the pictures. The dinner was served in courses, one course to each variety of animal. The especially invited guests merely looked on. It wasn't as hard on them as it might have been, owing to the character of the food served. The other guests, to whom the party came as a complete surprise, ate voraciously and vociferously.

The lions and tigers had raw beef to the amount of ten pounds each. (I know, but not usual food given to these wretched creatures.)

THE CROSS ROADS

The Intimate Confessions of Mollie Morgan

ILLUSTRATED BY VINCENT J. MCGUIRE

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.—Mollie Morgan's mother is dead. She lives on a farm in the middle west with her father, as lonely a life as can be imagined, starved, body and soul. Oil is discovered on the farm. They move to a neighboring town and Mollie's father becomes an usurious money lender. Mollie's sole pleasures are books and moving pictures. George Converse, a photoplay star, comes to the town. He makes love to Mollie and they elope. Mollie's father overtakes them, and, at the point of a gun, forces Converse to marry her. Then he tells her that she can never call on him for help; he is through with her. Mollie and Converse arrive in New York, where Converse insists that their marriage be kept a secret. They take a furnished apartment and Mollie, despite neglect, is happy. But one night a woman comes to the house and denounces both Mollie and Converse, whom she claims as her husband. When Mollie discovers that her marriage to Converse is invalid, she tells him that she despises him and leaves. She intends to earn her own living. After searching for weeks, she gets a chance in moving pictures, but is dismissed at the end of the week with the statement that she is a hopeless failure.

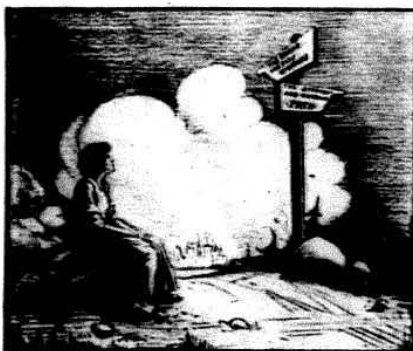
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I KNOW now that Haines did not mean to be brutal when he dismissed me. If he thought about me at all, he probably felt that he had told me the exact truth, that there was absolutely no hope of success for me as a moving picture actress, and that the best thing for me to do was to give up the attempt to do such work, and seek some sort of employment where I had a chance to make good—that is, if he thought of me at all. I know more now than I did in those days, and the chances are that he didn't think. Why should he?

I was trying, without experience, without any knowledge of what to do or how to do it, to break into a crowded profession. I was not beautiful; not homely perhaps, but certainly not beautiful. Such good points of appearance as I had were negative, and Broadway, as I could see for myself, only too plainly, was full of girls who did have what I almost entirely lacked.

And I didn't have what would have justified my ignorance, my plainness of appearance, my lack of even a rudimentary knowledge of the rules of the game; a spark of genius. Don't get the idea that this is going to be one of these wearily familiar narratives of talent unrecognized. I didn't have any talent at all then. Haines was perfectly and absolutely right. I looked hopeless. Genius, you see, or talent, even, would have been recognized. It always has been, in the moving picture industry.

But in this season have had. Has a of



winning success in any sort of moving picture work must get this one thought firmly fixed—whether it be his ambition to win as an actor, or as a writer of scenarios. Public approval makes the success of a picture or an actor. Prejudice has nothing to do with it. And, no matter what anyone tells you, there is one way, and only one, to win public favor, and that is to give the public what it wants! An old phrase? Of course it is! But none the less true at that. And here's another thing, a word of warning as emphatic as I can make it. Remember that the public taste, nine times out of ten, is right. When you hear an actor or a writer complain that he—or she—is above the heads of the public, and that it cannot appreciate them, beware!

I didn't mean to preach! But I am thinking of how I felt that day when Haines sent me from the studio in Yonkers. I don't want to pretend for a moment that I saw things then as I do now. I didn't. I thought Haines was a brute—a devil incarnate. I thought all sorts of wild things: that some one had taken a dislike to me, and that I was being sent away because of that; oh, I don't know what. I blamed Haines; I blamed everyone—except myself.

And it is just to keep others, perhaps, from going through the same throes of despair and

resentment that came to me that I have tried to show what calmer reflection made me understand was the truth. Perhaps Haines might have been kinder; if there had been the slightest reason for him to take a personal interest in me, I have no doubt that he would have been. He might have explained exactly what was wrong. But—and here is the point, you who think you are entitled to an explanation of why your work is not what is wanted, no matter what sort of work it may be—Haines was too busy to tell every incompetent extra woman he had to dismiss wherein she had failed. If he hadn't confined himself to the simple dismissal, as he did with me, he wouldn't have been able to give any time to producing pictures—which was, after all, what he was paid to do.

I went back to New York that day, feeling that my prospects were as hopeless as they could well be. But I was not ready to give up. I had that inherited strain of obstinacy, and I was not even ready to try for some other sort of work. I had made up my mind to win success before the camera and I meant to do it, no matter what the cost. On Monday morning the heartbreaking round of the studios began again. I still tried the suburban studios, in New Rochelle, and across the Hudson, on the New Jersey side, atop the Palisades.

Now and then I got a day's work as an extra woman, but not often. And—I was never asked to come again. No director engaged me, as Haines had done; none took the trouble even to abuse me, as he had done. That was what pried my eyes a little wider open. I began to realize that such unanimity of opinion must have a meaning. And then, one day, I had an experience that shattered all my illusions. It destroyed the thought to which I had been clinging, that I met one rebuff after another because I lacked influence.

I was crossing the river on the ferry when I noticed a girl I had seen once or twice before. Like me, she seemed to be making the rounds of the studios. She was pale, and very, very thin. Her eyes were dreadfully bright; I could see that she was under a strain of some sort. I could not tell, of course, what sort of luck she had had on days when our

search of the studios had not brought us together, but I knew that she had always been turned away wherever she had happened to cross my path. I wondered if she was as desperate as I was beginning to be.

We went up the hill together, and reached the Veronique studio early. They had a bare, dismal sort of waiting room, and there we sat, and went through the heartbreaking experience that had come to me, at least, often before. Early as we were, it did us no good. The room filled up, and long before the director, a Frenchman called Lemaire, came out, it was crowded. I knew how it would be. He would neither know nor care which of us he

"Come!" He Said, "I Will Take All of You."



been there longest. But he came at last, and we were all in luck that morning. He swept his hand around in a gesture that took all of us in.

"Come!" he said. "I will take all—all of you! Hurry, please—there is a mob scene for which I want you. We are doing a picture of the great revolution in France. You will receive costumes."

The costumes were simple enough, red caps, tricolor scarves, and for the rest our own clothes, turned and twisted about a little. The scenes in which we were to appear were ordinary enough. But the very effect that was essential, that of complete spontaneity, took a lot of rehearsal. The climax came when we extra women, led, of course, by one of the principals, dragged a man from his hiding place, and forced him to the guillotine to be beheaded. It was rather horrible, but historically, perfectly correct.

I was glad, because the scene was easy. All there was for me to do was to surge forward with the rest, raising my arms, and shrieking. I felt that I could certainly do that. And I suppose I did my part well enough. But it was not what I, nor even the principals, nor the mob did that made that morning memorable. It was the pale, thin girl, with the unnaturally bright eyes who startled everyone.

For she was not playing the part of a Parisian woman of the Revolution; she was that woman. She startled us all; Lemaire was absolutely fascinated. While the camera clicked he watched her, his eyes scarcely leaving her to make sure that everything else went well. And, as soon as he gave the word to break, he rushed to her. For a few moments he talked to her, eagerly. Then I saw him take the script of the scenario he was directing—he had written it himself—and make some hurried changes with a pencil.

"Geel!" said a veteran who was standing next to me. "She's made a hit all right. Bet he's writing in some stuff for her!"

It was true. That girl, utterly unknown, who had had, if anything, less success than I in trying to find work, had been equal to the chance that had been open to all of us, and had riveted the attention of the director upon herself. I shall not tell you her name. You know it well. The rest of us went away that day without a word of praise or blame; she stayed. She is under contract now to the Veronique Company, and is one of their greatest stars. She has been under contract ever since that day; Lemaire arranged the details by telephone before he would let her leave the studio!

That made me think. It brought me up with a round turn. It made me understand that I myself might be responsible, must be responsible, indeed, for my failure. This girl had had a single chance, and had taken it. I had had many, and had let every one of them slip

easily through my fingers.

"She's a genius!" I said to myself, trying to explain. But that was not enough to dispose of the matter. "You're not a genius, that's true," I said to myself. "But, you could do what she didn't need to do, you could learn the rules."

So I talked and argued with myself. And it was on that day that I made up my mind to do something, no matter what, to learn how to act before a camera. I had accomplished something, at last, you see. I had discovered that there was something for me to learn and I was sure that it could be learned. I wasn't envious of the other girl's success; not after the first shock of it was over. I was grateful to her instead.

That was the beginning of my systematic campaign to win success. Unless you are a genius—and the proportion of people who succeed as a result of genius is mighty small—you have got to be systematic to accomplish anything. And that night I sat down in my room and reckoned up what I had to enable me to accomplish my purpose.

The result almost made me give up, then and there, and decide to look for work in a store. Almost, but not quite. Instead I decided to use some of the little money I had left and take a course in a school that guaranteed to teach me to be an actress! There are good schools of acting; I say nothing against them. But the one that I went to was not one of them.

It was not specifically a school for moving picture actors that I selected; if there was such a school at that time, I didn't hear of it. It was the cheapest of all the regular dramatic schools that I chose—and I took it just because it was the cheapest. I soon realized, way down inside of me somewhere, that it was not going to do anything for me. In fact, I think I felt that the first day. But they had my fee by that time, twenty dollars. And so I kept on.

I did learn something, of course. That was inevitable. One or two of the men who were supposed to act as instructors had been actors. They taught me and the other members of the class how to come into a room; how to leave it; how to walk across a stage. They taught us a few stock gestures. And they made a tremendous fuss about elocution, and as soon as they found that I wasn't interested in it laid great stress upon it, claiming it to

be the one thing this school taught better than anything else. I wanted to learn the art of moving about a stage; it was about all I thought I could learn there. And I wanted to learn about facial expression. I wanted to be able to respond intelligently the next time a director looked at me and cried: "Now, then, Morgan, fear! Register fear. There, that is right. That will do!"

I was just beginning, you see, to get a vague idea of the entirely new technique that movie actors had developed. It is just that acting technique, you know, that has been responsible for some of the biggest strides that have been made in the production of



"Say, Why Don't You Forget That Moving Picture Stuff?" Asked Kerns

photoplays. In the old days everything had to be simple and direct, it had to be shown in action. And there are important things in the drama, that can't be shown by action, can't be indicated, sufficiently, in a single sentence or letter flashed on the screen. It wasn't until actors developed sufficiently to be able to make an audience grasp such things by their expression that it was possible to begin the production of real photoplays. There were really competent picture actors who could so register their emotions and their ideas that they could make an audience understand almost anything. But I couldn't get them to teach me what I wanted.

"Say, why don't you forget that moving picture stuff?" Kerns asked me one day. Kerns was the "director" of the school; the man who had promised, when I paid my money, to teach me everything I said I wanted. He was a fish-eyed little man, who could never look straight at you. His eyes went wandering from spot to spot in the room while he talked; they never rested more than a second on anything. "The movies have hit the legit. pretty hard, but it's bound to come back. An' say, I think I can place you, if you want to take small money to begin with."

"On the stage? The regular stage?" I asked, surprised. For I had never believed that there was a chance for me there.

"Sure," he said. "Stock company, greatest training there is. They'll all tell you that. You'll get the stuff you need there. Even if you want to go back to the movies after that it'll help you. That's where most of them movie actors come from, take it from me."

It sounded reasonable. For the first time I felt that Kerns wasn't so bad. I had made up my mind, within a day or two after beginning the "course" that he was just a fraud, trying to collect money from his "pupils" without any intention of making any real return. A good many young girls came to him; most of them struck me as impossible. They were, a great many of them, without education; servant girls and shop girls, who came at night, lured by his advertisements, paying him the money they had scraped and slaved to get together. Some of them were very pretty, and I saw covert glances: looks that Kerns exchanged with purry, flashily dressed men who came to the school sometimes, but who seemed to have no business there. . . . I was not afraid for myself. Young as I was, I realized that I was old with the experience George Converse had brought to me. But there were other girls, young, ignorant! I wanted to tell them what I thought. But I was afraid they would laugh at me.

(Continued on page 38)



"I'll Give You Back Your Money," He Said, "I Don't Want the Money of Anyone Who Calls Me a Cheat"

Ruth Stonehouse

A Modern De Medici

By KATHERINE SYNON

SOME women are, according to Lombroso, born criminals. Others achieve criminality and front page notoriety. Others have crimes thrust upon them. Ruth Stonehouse did. She has killed twenty men, including a father, a brother, a grandfather (venerable old man), a sheriff, a chief of police, and a detective. She has shot, and stabbed, and poisoned, and dropped her victims over precipices. She has accomplished the even more wonderful feat of having committed suicide successfully on several occasions. And yet she never once desired to perpetrate any one of the crimes that stand upon her record. But she couldn't help it. She is the leading tragedienne of the Essanay Film Company, and she works for her title.

She looked very tragic, though not at all homicidal, as she waited a call in her big, cozily feminine dressing room at the Essanay Chicago studios. She had just come from her cell on the studio floor, a structure that the property boys declare was made for her individual use, so frequent have been her appearances in it. She was wearing a black gown of poverty-stricken cut and a wig of inky blackness that should proclaim to some future audience at the movies that her heroine was suddenly, miserably



beautiful mouth assumed a rigid line that emphasized the word. "I wanted to be a dancer, and I'd studied for that when I realized that if I could get work in the moving pictures here in Chicago, I could probably stay at home through the greater part of the year. I found the chance with the Essanay. I was a background woman for weeks and weeks. I didn't have any sort of part for months. I had grown fearfully discouraged when the part came to me quite by chance one day. Some one who had been planned for it wasn't around, and the director called me to take it. I had two days in which to learn it. I hardly slept through those

nights between. When the rehearsal came I threw into that part everything that I had felt through the months in which I had been waiting, and hoping, and losing hope. If it had been

comedy, I should have been a failure, for I should have overplayed it. But it was tragedy, melodramatic tragedy, and so I did the one thing that brought it out just right. When the pictures came out I cried. I had been living that part for days afterward, although I hadn't an idea of whether or not I had failed, except for something within my brain that kept insisting that I had really acted when I'd had the chance. Then the proof came in the pictures, and Ruthie's been a heavy lady ever since."

Ruth Stonehouse had a handicap in starting her work in Chicago that she herself may not have realized. She was one of the most popular girls of the Lake View High school where her beauty, her talent, and her charm had made for her a large circle of admiring friends. When these friends discovered that she was posing for the "movies," they used to haunt

poor. All the brightness of her hair was concealed beneath the heavy wig, but no disguise could hide the beauty of Ruth Stonehouse's brown eyes. They were laughing as she talked of her wardrobe. "The property woman told me this morning," she said, "that she had some splendid clothes that I could wear in my roles. 'They're just the right thing,' she told me. 'The Salvation Army didn't want them any more and so I got them for you.'"

"I didn't take them," Ruth Stonehouse went on, "although finding fit and proper garments for my work is one of its problems. They must look worn and yet I can't keep on wearing the same clothes for a New York Bowery girl and a Russian nihilist. The costuming of murderesses is quite important to the murderess."

"Do you like to murder?"

"Generally speaking, I do not. But there's justifiable homicide, isn't there? Sometimes, if the play's intensely exciting, I grow so wrought up in my part that I honestly enjoy the crucial moment. Conditions are changing, though, and murders are less frequent than they used to be. I'm reforming, you see."

"How did you begin your nefarious career?"

"Determination." Her very



The picture shows in the hope of a glimpse of the girl whom they knew and loved. When the picture of her melodramatic activities was flashed on the screen, the Stonehouse rosters forgot tension in surprise at Ruth Stonehouse's adventures. Her first murder created howls of laughter that the theatre man could find no explanation for; but the idea of bright-haired, soft-eyed Ruth Stonehouse killing a man was too much for the risibilities of the younger set of Lake View. They have accepted the situations since that time with less ostentatious mirth, but they remain the nucleus of the admiring following that Miss Stonehouse has established throughout the world.

Ruth Stonehouse's popularity is founded upon a quality of mind that has to express itself indirectly through the pictures but which is instantly apparent to those who meet her. She has the keenly analytic quality that distinguishes some of the great women of the stage. She is of the stuff of which great actresses are made. For with youth, beauty, charm, and the ability to make her body express her mood, she has the gift of dramatic vision. She knows just exactly how an act will appear to an audience. She knows how a pose will look from the other side of the footlights. She thinks very quickly, and sees very far. She has a high ideal of work, a tremendous ambition, and a fine discernment of acting values. In addition to this, she has the rare quality of refusing to rest for a moment on her past successes.

Her best-known work has been in the intensely melodramatic adventures. She lay for an hour in the icy waters of Lake Superior while the camera man was



Scene from
"A Day of Hope"

photographing her as the victim of a wreck off Isle Royale. She has been thrown from horses time and again, although she is one of the best riders in the business. She has narrowly escaped death in the film pictures that revealed automobile accidents. She has established for herself a really remarkable record of hairbreadth escapes, but she refuses to even recall these laurels because of her belief that the day of the melodrama of accident and extraneous thrills is now past.

"When the motion picture was proving itself to the world, it had to win its way by sensationalism," she explained, "just as every new venture has to invoke sensa-



tionalism in order to make itself known. New periodicals, newspapers, even business enterprises have all used thrillers as the basis of attracting attention to themselves. But just as soon as that object is attained the newspaper, or periodical, or business enterprise seems to swing back the pendulum into the more conservative methods. It's been the same way with moving pictures. We had melodrama first, but melodrama is giving place to the drama of the

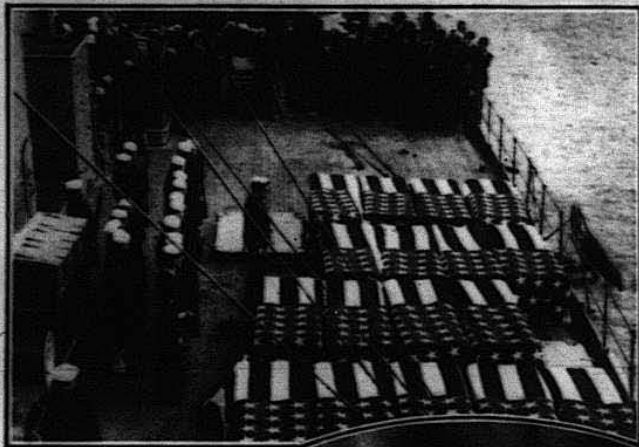


emotions. Instead of accident we are getting incident.

"The drama of the future in the movies is the short drama of tension. This is drama that demands much more work from the actor."

(Continued on Page 36)

HONORING THE VERA CRUZ HEROES



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The Funeral Ship "Montana" Arrives at New York City With the Bodies of 17 Heroes Who Fell at Vera Cruz



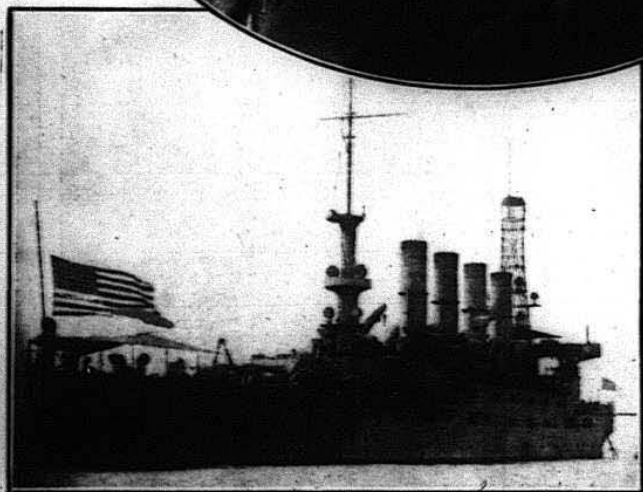
© Underwood & Underwood

Thousands of People Honor the Men Who Lost Their Lives in the Recent Skirmishes With the Mexicans



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President Wilson and Mayor Mitchell Attended the Funeral Exercises. Mayor Mitchell Placed a Wreath on Each of the Coffins



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The "Montana" Arriving at New York City With Flags at Half Mast



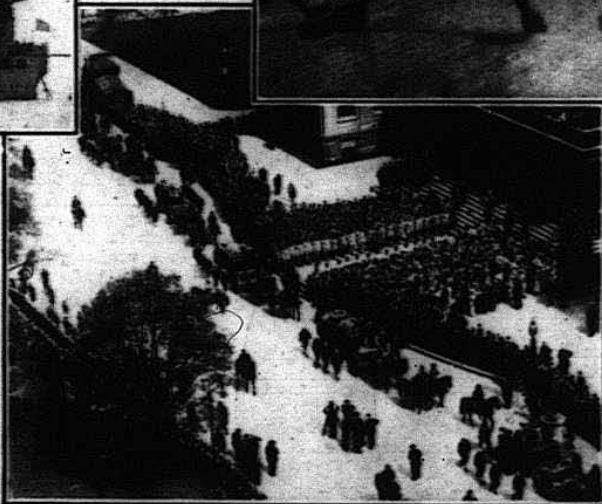
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Lowering the Caskets of the Heroes from the "Montana" to Launches Which Carried Them to Battery Park. From There They Were Conveyed to the New York Navy Yard.



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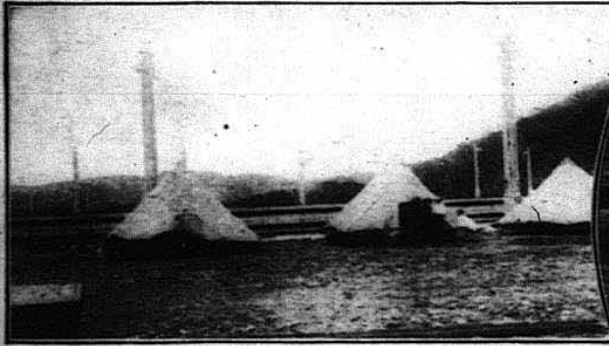
Funeral Cortage Halted in City Hall Park Where 500 School Children Sang "God Is There." The Procession Then Proceeded to the Navy Yard



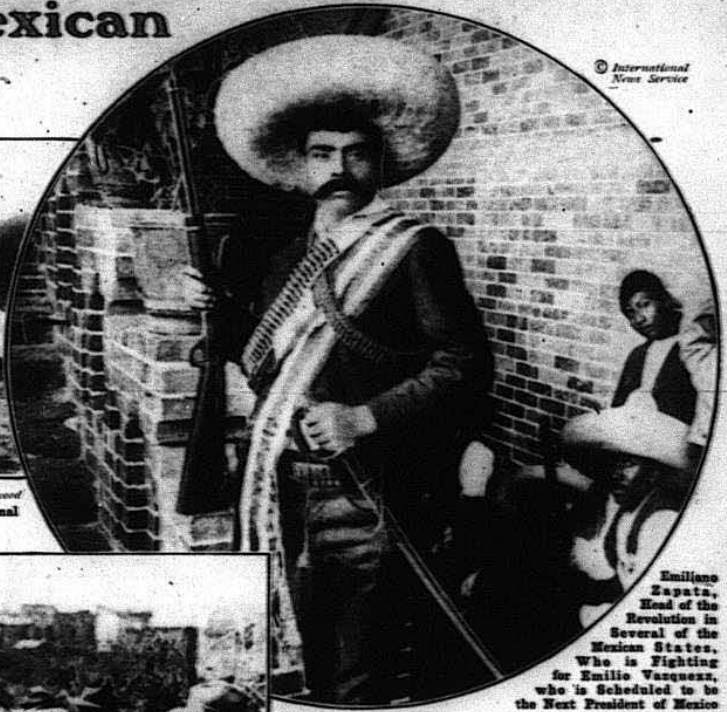
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The Funeral Cortage in Front of the City Hall Where the Dead Were Honored by Church Bells

Concerning the Mexican Trouble



© Underwood & Underwood
A Company of U. S. Infantrymen are Stationed at Each of the Locks on the Panama Canal to Guard Against an Attack by the Mexicans. These Entrenchments Extend for 16 Miles along the Canal



© International News Service

Emiliano Zapata, Head of the Revolution in Several of the Mexican States. Who is Fighting for Emilio Vasquez, who is Scheduled to be the Next President of Mexico



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The American Batteries Moving toward the Outposts of Vera Cruz. The Photo Shows Ensign L. B. Ard's Command Overlooking One of the Main Exits from Vera Cruz



© Underwood & Underwood

Richard Harding Davis, the American War Correspondent was Arrested and Later Set Free upon Condition That He Would Not Try to Enter Mexico City or Send Out Letters or Cables



© Underwood & Underwood

The Tent on the White House Lawn in Which the Business of the United States is being Conducted by President Wilson



© Underwood & Underwood

Company I. 8th Infantry on Outpost Duty in Intrenchments about 15 Miles from Vera Cruz



© International News Service

One of the Aeroplanes at Vera Cruz being Brought in after a Long Scouting Flight over the Enemy

Federal Soldiers at Tampico Defending the City against the Attacks of the Rebels



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The U. S. Army in the Field



© International News Service

U. S. Signal Out-Posts at La Trejor Where the Water-Works Which Supplies Vera Cruz is Held by the American Forces



© International News Service

Initiating a Young Recruit by Means of the "Blanket Ride." The Members of This Company are Encamped at Tampico Plains, L. I. Ready to Start for Mexico at an Hour's Notice



© International News Service

The Chiefs of the Provisional Regiment, of Infantry are Becoming Accustomed to Cooking Meals with the Field Equipment



© International News Service

A Quiet Game of Cards on the "Texas" While Awaiting Orders to Proceed to Mexican Waters



© International News Service

While Waiting for the Time to Come for Active Warfare, the American Soldier is Particular as to His Appearance

Head Cooks Ready for the Noon-Day Meal on board the New U. S. S. "New York" at Brooklyn Navy Yard

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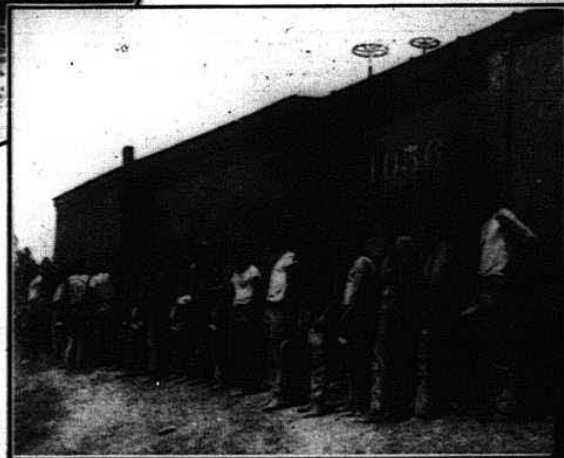
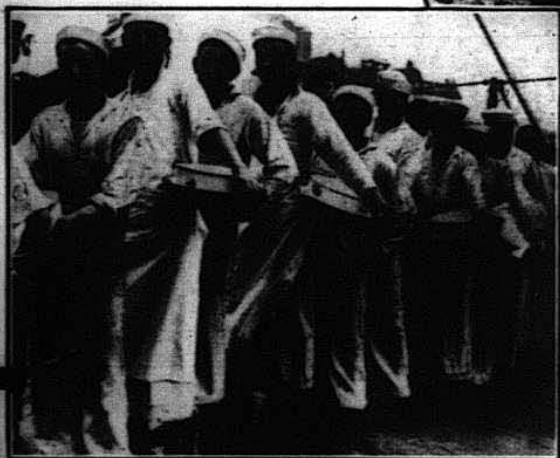


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Wash Day in Camp at Texas City

U. S. Marines Awaiting Lunch from Train While Enroute to La Trejor from Vera Cruz

© International News Service



News Items of Interest

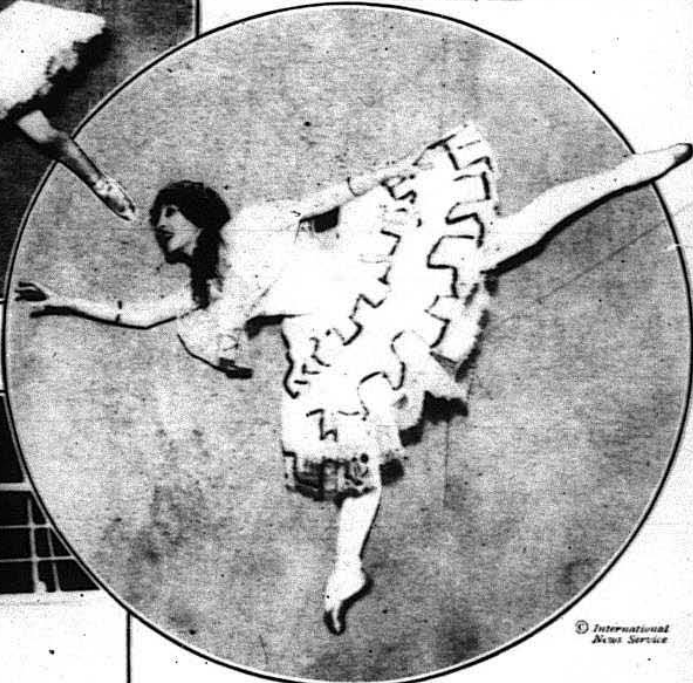
Timely Notes from Home and Abroad



© International News Service
The Dancing Number at the Commencement Exercises of the Metropolitan Opera Ballet School was Given by the Stars of the Class



© Underwood & Underwood
One of the Wellesley College Crews Out for the First Spin of the Season on Lake Waban, Mass.

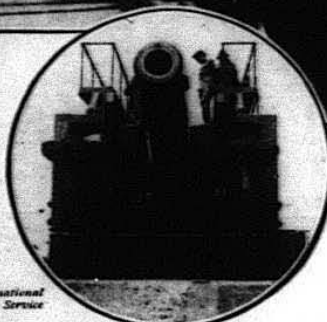


© International News Service
Miss Eva Swain, Premiere Danseuse of the Metropolitan Opera House Performing at the Graduation Exercises of the Metropolitan Opera Ballet School of Which She is a Product



© Underwood & Underwood

Removing the Wounded Marines and Jackies from the Hospital Ship, "Solace" at the New York Navy Yard. They are Taken Care of at the Navy Hospital

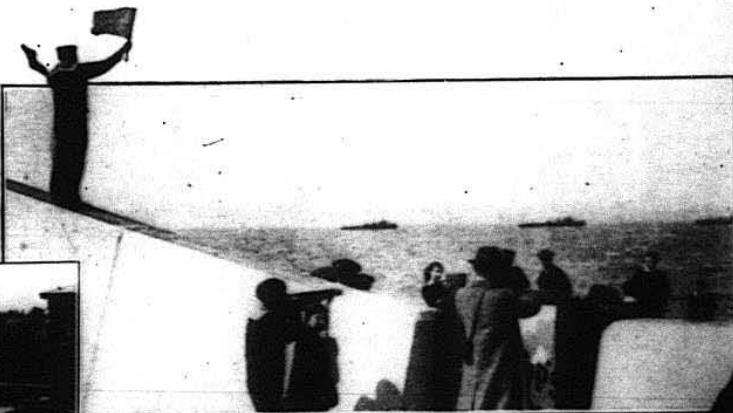


International News Service

The Giant 16-Inch Disappearing Gun at Sandy Hook, N. J. This Front View Shows the Gun before It has been Raised



© International News Service
The Immense Gun at Sandy Hook is Made to Disappear after It has been Discharged



© Underwood & Underwood
English Torpedo Boats and Destroyers have been Stationed at Belfast Lough to Prevent Running to the Ulster Volunteers. The Coast Guards are Sending Wig-Wag Signals to Ships of War in the Harbor

The Star of the Vaal

The Most Intense Series of Mysteries in Years

By LLOYD KENYON JONES

ILLUSTRATED BY ROY BLAKE VAN NICE

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS—J. Trenton Montgomery, motor car manufacturer, purchases, through Herr Rupert von Tenneck, the famous diamond, *Star of the Vaal*. The directors of his company attack him for extravagance. At the Auditorium Theatre in Chicago, Mrs. Montgomery dies suddenly and mysteriously, and the diamond vanishes. Mantel Canfield, fiancé of Grace Chandler, (Mrs. Montgomery's sister) has Harold Victor, Robert Warner, and Daisy Delvare arrested. Fannie Cummings, Victor's sweetheart, is not arrested, but continues her work. By means of a pocket dictaphone, she gets evidence of Canfield's double dealing with Miss Chandler, who breaks the engagement. Clarence Atwell, the district attorney on the case, falls in love with Miss Chandler. On receipt of a mysterious message, Canfield goes to the Montgomery home at night, just in time to see Mr. Montgomery die suddenly, and the jewels he has taken from the wall safe vanish. Miss Cummings sees Canfield go in and sees him come out again. He pursues her. She escapes him and goes to von Tenneck's where she finds Bob Warner escaped from jail. Bob disguises himself in Daisy Delvare's clothes and escapes. Pennock, Montgomery's chauffeur, has a secret door into their library. He plays cat-and-mouse when Chief Moran comes to investigate Montgomery's death. Moran sees his shadow and shoots at it. Pennock escapes. Fannie Cummings finds Montgomery's will. While she is out of the office, Canfield finds it, changes it, and files it in probate. On Canfield's cuff (his laundry has been delivered at the office by mistake) Fannie finds indelible pencil marks, which Miss Chandler says are the combination of the safe. Pennock leaves the house disguised as a letter carrier. Moran chases his machine, overtakes it, and finds it empty. Pennock meets Warner, gives him money and goes to von Tenneck's to discard his disguise. Canfield, in hiding there, dons the uniform, goes out in it and is promptly arrested. Chief Moran liberates Harold Victor, who goes to Warner's house and there demonstrates to Warner and von Tenneck, his new storage battery which is so powerful that it affects the whole outside world. Warner gets an offer for it from an Indianapolis firm.

XVI

THE feminine contingent of the household became restive, and almost unruly. Miss Cummings felt annoyed at not being allowed freedom to interview Harold. Different lamentations racked Daisy. Warner repeatedly, laying it down



"I Have Warrants for All of You," One of the Detectives Stated Without Ceremony

with strict and emphatic force, crying and ranting betimes, entreating and threatening, to stay home till all official danger might pass.

On each remonstrance, he answered her negatively.

At the height of their argument, the bell rang.

Von Tenneck had returned.

His features were flushed and his frame was shaken by emotion.

Before he would speak, he walked about the room stealthily and rapidly, examining the windows, to make certain they were locked, and drawing the shades.

Then he turned out all the lights save one. The others looked askance, but the scientist vouchsafed no explanation until he had arranged the setting to suit his precautionary ideas.

"Now we're in for it," he hissed, raising a warning finger. "Everything goes wrong."

"In what way?" Warner interrogated anxiously.

"In every way. Ah, friends, could we but decipher the signs—could we only train our vision between the lines. Pennock has turned traitor!"

"No!" Then a hush settled on the tense-featured assemblage.

"He no longer acts on orders. He does everything independently. The fool has set to frightening Miss Chandler. She leaves the library (which, alas! she haunts) one moment, returning the next. In the interim, Pennock deposits some mystic scrawl on a pad which he places conspicuously on the writing table. Again, he marks with chalk on the safe or wall."

"The idiot!" Warner ejaculated.

"Worse than a fool, I tell you. Why does he

do it? Can you guess why? Certainly you can not. But be silent, pray. Here is a note that he wrote to her and inadvertently left in his clothing which he deposited at my home. I shall read it."

Von Tenneck unfolded a square of crumpled paper, and read:

"Dearest Grace:

God knows I dare not tell you what has recently come within the domain of my knowledge. Each moment a fearful danger assails you. The library is pregnant with potential crime. Flee. I beg of you."

"You found it where?" Victor questioned closely.

"In the outside pocket of Pennock's coat, which he left this very day in my laboratory, after his escape from Moran."

"Why," von Tenneck, and Victor's eyes snapped with a strange brilliancy, "you forget that Pennock wore a postman's uniform. He discarded that regalia for a street suit,

which he had in reserve in your house. Canfield was in hiding there at the time. Presumably Pennock did not see him. Upon Pennock's departure, Canfield exchanged his own clothing for the uniform, in which he was arrested shortly afterwards."

The scientist nodded reflectively. "That is so," he admitted. "Then Canfield penned these lines. I should not have admitted him to my home, only the poor devil begged and whined so."

Warner indicated that he wished the missive. Von Tenneck complied.

"The writing is apparently disguised," Warner commented. "I judge it is Canfield's chirography."

Daisy Delvare had forgotten her recent mental storm. She sat erect and expectant, with her hands gripping the arms of a chair, and she was gazing fixedly into space.

"Does Canfield still love Grace Chandler?" Her voice was low and well modulated, and she addressed her remarks to herself chiefly.

"He is impelled by stronger sentiments than love," Warner corrected.

"What sentiment could have more potent force than love?" Daisy queried abstractedly.

Her mental processes had reverted to her ambition to save Robert Warner from sorrow and imprisonment, which she realized would be his full meed were he apprehended in his effort to leave Chicago.

"Self-preservation is stronger than love," Warner replied slowly. "Only when we face imminent mortal peril, can we be measured. I believe Canfield is gazing into a similar possibility at this moment."

"How?" the savant challenged.

"He is afraid that the same cause that took the lives of Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery will

its clammy hand of death on Miss Chandler." "What was that hand?" the scientist interrogated further, permitting his gaze to rest on Harold Victor's strange storage battery near his feet.

Victor colored, and turned away abruptly. "What guilty knowledge does Canfield entertain?" The professor was before Warner now, with his piercing eyes searching Warner's very thoughts.

"Let us not mention it again," Daisy pleaded, feeling that her misconstrued sentimentalism had loosed the floodgates of a forbidden subject.

Von Tenneck calmed down, and began to pace the floor, immersed in the stillly depths of reasoning. For some moments he continued his monotonous walking. Then he brightened and laughed, as a man will laugh who is immeasurably relieved.

"Canfield would shift the guilt," he said lightly. "He would do anything to escape the torments of the hemp. Possibly he has qualms about taking Miss Chandler's life. There must be bed-rock even to the most desolately forlorn souls."

Daisy ransacked her troubled mind to locate some avenue of retreat from the ugly topic.

"Robert," she said with a quiver in her voice, "I have changed my opinion entirely—which is a woman's privilege. You would better prepare to leave for Indianapolis. We may find need of vast funds before we are done with our present worries."

XVII

Robert Warner was elated over Miss Delvare's altered attitude toward his going to Indianapolis to negotiate the sale of Harold Victor's storage battery.

It was agreed that they should sell only the battery rights covered by letters patent. The wireless feature of transmitting energy (requiring special apparatus) was to be retained for future sources of remuneration to the battled horde in seclusion in the Warner home.

Early the next morning, Robert Warner was the recipient of a special delivery letter. It ran thus:

130-150-180-10-140 110-140-150-230-190
250-150-210 10-180-50 160-120-10-140-140-
90-140-70 200-150 120-50-10-220-50 200-
30-50 30-90-200-250

"The deuce he does!" Warner exploded. "Well, I'll fool him."

He then convened a council of war, to explain the details of his plans.

Fannie and Harold sat quietly, and in apparent contentment, on a divan, immensely satisfied with one another's company. Daisy preferred the piano stool. Warner remained standing, and puffed laboriously on a black cigar.

"Unless we raise some cash very soon," he said thoughtfully, "we shall be in an unenviable position if we are called upon to defend ourselves against suspicion or accusation regarding the Montgomery deaths. It is needless for me to speak further about those tragedies."

"However," and his voice became high-pitched and vibrant, "there is no telling what might occur. As you know, Nelson and Nelson have examined the patents of this battery. They were satisfied a month ago that it was close to perfection. It will be easy to convince them now as to its completeness. Mr. Montgomery had tentatively agreed to arrange the sale prior to his demise. We shall have no commissions to pay to him, thank Fate!"

Warner chuckled dryly. "And, good friends, it devolves upon me to get out of Chicago today."

He proceeded to give them his ideas, and the others greeted the suggestions favorably, and with evident good nature—not to say amusement.

All of which accounts for a number of hurried 'phone messages from the Warner residence, and the early appearance of three men

of Warner's acquaintance. These individuals were of Warner's stature and physique. Furthermore, they had been schooled in adventure, and welcomed anything that promised surcease from the humdrum of work-a-day realities.

Succeeding certain instructions to these men, one of them departed shortly before noon—and the fat was in the fire.

There had been nothing secretive about the comings or goings of these individuals, which explains why the news was communicated to Chief Moran, with due despatch.

That executive scented intrigue and plot the moment he learned of the omens of impending flight, and he did not propose to grant Robert Warner the satisfaction of manipulating any hoax.

While preparations moved rapidly at Warner's domicile, they progressed with equal agility at Headquarters.

Moran selected three of his most skillful detectives, and talked over his contemplated coup with them.

"Warner has been uneasy ever since we landed Canfield," the Chief explained. "He is up to something treacherous. I have reason to believe that it is his purpose to leave Chicago. Without him, the organization is helpless. But with the balance of them as anchors on his movements, Warner is seriously handicapped."

"I have not wished to arrest him up to this time. There is little to gain by incarcerating him. Besides, the evidence against Warner is circumstantial. But should he attempt to get away from Chicago, I want him held."

The men nodded.

"My strategy," the Chief continued, "is to watch his home. I want just one man with me to view the front of the house, and two of you to keep vigil over the rear. My auto will be in readiness immediately around the corner. It is now eleven o'clock. We shall leave here in thirty minutes."

Miss Chandler Saw the Vanishing Tail of Pennock's Coat and Screamed for Assistance



The day was bright and balmy. The great elms along the drives cast enormous patches of shade. The boulevards were alive with motor vehicles. It was not an ideal day for shadowing an escaping culprit. Too many persons were abroad.

Fannie hastened to her duties at the Montgomery offices. Victor and Daisy remained to assist Warner and his aides.

Peering through the windows, Miss Delvare noted the arrival of the Chief and his men.

"Goodie, goodie!" she gurgled in delight. "One would imagine they were friends of yours," Warner observed.

"On this occasion, they are. I want to see Moran's eyes when he realizes what has been put over on him. Are the boys ready?"

"Pretty nearly," Warner responded. "It is time to summon our taxi."

He telephoned to a garage near the Newberry library, and repeated his orders so they would be understood and obeyed explicitly.

Then he sat down and lighted a fresh cigar. Victor joined him in a smoke.

"Harold," Warner said after some minutes of reflection, "it looks as though our deal would be a go. I shall insist on a substantial cash payment. Our corporation has, as shareholders, you, Fannie, Pennock, von Tenneck, Daisy and me. That is six of us. You and I own thirty per cent. apiece. We shall be financially strong after today; our inside ring of four especially!"

"If your scheme works," Victor interposed. "If you doubt me, boy, just take up your stand at one of the windows. Hello, here are the boys now, and the taxi is drawing up to the curb!"

XVIII

"There's a cab!" Moran breathed in a low tone to his assistant. "Wait till Warner is half a block away, and then hop into my car and pursue him. If he attempts to leave Chicago in any manner, arrest him. I shall remain here to watch subsequent events."

The door of Warner's home opened, and Robert Warner emerged. Harold Victor, hatless and coatless, followed with two suit-cases, bearing various piebald steamship, railway and hotel labels.

Warner was clad in a neat business suit and wore a derby hat. He paused to chat earnestly with Harold, and they then proceeded down the steps to the cab.

There was more or less discussion regarding the disposition of the luggage, but the dispute was settled, and Warner displayed wanton deliberation in adjusting himself in the seat.

He whispered his orders to the driver, the motor whirled, the exhaust coughed, and the taxi moved down Astor street. Before it had proceeded seventy yards, the detective, in Moran's car, trailed after it—and the Chief smiled.

"I have a vision of Bob Warner making his get-away now," Moran mused. "But Daisy may be up to tricks, and Harold Victor will also bear some consideration."

In a calm of vast peace of mind, the officer hummed a popular air. Indeed, the murky approaches to the clearing of the mystery of the *Star of the Veal* were nearly penetrated. His goal was in view.

It is worthy of remark that at the very vortex of one's success, and even in the hour of seeming triumph, events oft go awry.

Moran gulped and sucked in his breath in a dry rasp at what assailed his watchfulness. Another taxi had come to a stop at the curb directly in front of the Warner residence.

Somehow, the Chief sensed what was about to transpire.

The door opened.

Robert Warner stepped out into the sunlight. He was an exact duplicate of his predecessor—hat, suit and all. Directly back of him was Harold Victor, carrying two suit-cases, decorated with gaudy labels and not unlike Joseph's coat.

They tarried a minute in earnest conversation, and then hastened to the cab. There was the same sort of dispute regarding the baggage, similar whispered instructions, and a start down Astor street.

The only difference between this and the first scene was the speed of the taxis. Robert Warner was hastening now.

Moran was almost stunned at the boldness of the plot. Much as he disliked to leave his post, he ran over to Lake Shore Drive, bent upon pressing a car into service. Two motorcycle officers passed and saluted. He called them.

"Follow taxi four-six-eight," he ordered, "and arrest the occupant should he attempt to leave town."

"That will dispose of our friend," the Chief told himself, as he returned to Astor street.

He approached the Warner home leisurely, and pondered the necessity of remaining longer. The official was provoked sufficiently to arrest all of his persecutors, and would have done so had such mandatory action not frustrated his better strategical project.

A taxi-cab sped past him, and drew up before the Warner home.

Moran arched his brows, and paused.

"This time it will be Daisy, I presume," he reasoned.

But Daisy Delvare, was viewing the panorama of comedy from a convenient window.

Once more the door opened, and onto the landing stepped—Robert Warner.

His suit and hat and vexing deliberation were counterparts of the scenes that had been similarly enacted a few minutes previously.

Harold Victor was also present with two suit-cases, which were done in the established poster effects of flashy labels of transportation companies and hostilities.

For fully two minutes Warner and Victor mumbled. Suddenly Victor espied Moran, nudged Warner anxiously and started on a run down the steps, with his friend at his heels.

The grips were tossed into the cab, and Warner shouted, "To the Northwestern Station!" as he sank back upon the cushions.

"No you don't! Hold quiet there, young man!"

Moran was on the running board in an instant.

"We are headed for Central Station on La Salle street; that's where our ride's going to take us!"

"Very well," the third Robert Warner agreed. "As the Chief says, it must be. But—I pretty nearly got away."

As Moran clambered in beside Warner, he detected the latter's clever make-up, and his heart sank.

Without conversation, they continued southward, into Rush street, over the bridge, and west in Randolph street to Headquarters.

Two other taxis were drawn up at the curb in front of Central Station.

And inside were the two other Robert Warners, and four suit-cases with their circus decorations.

"Good work," the Chief chuckled in commendation to his men.

"Now, Messrs. Robert Warner, et al., I must ask you to remove your theatrical appendages. Take them to the wash-room and get them scrubbed up."

Ten minutes later the three prisoners were marched before Moran.

He squawked in helpless dismay.

None of them was the genuine Robert Warner!

XIX

"Well!" Chief Moran roared as he looked over the three counterfeit Warners.

They glanced at him blankly, but professed ignorance of the importance of the drama in which they had played their dubious roles.

Under the severest cross-examination, they remained stolid and gave evasive replies; so much so that the Chief was determined to hold them until the real Warner was located.

That evening there was a rift in the clouds, and the following telegram to Moran restored his good humor:

Indianapolis, Ind.

Chief Moran,
Detective Headquarters,

Chicago, Ill.

I was the second Warner; changed places at North Ave. with another; will be home in the morning.

Robert Warner.

A special delivery letter early the next morning put the heaven of hope into the sodden

rights. To make the story brief, Nelson and Nelson have entered into an agreement, and paid \$100,000 on account. We are to receive \$300,000 more in royalties extending over a five-year period. I will see you a few hours after this letter gets into your hands. You will find five hundred dollars herewith to help relieve the pressure. Yours for a better day.

Rob Warner.

"Isn't he a genuine brick?"

Daisy chuckled.

"Yes, but Harold invented the battery," Fannie reminded her.

So long as there was money in it, Daisy was not at all particular about whose origination made the new-found wealth possible.

Moran had planned on intercepting Warner, but that individual had different notions, which prompted his leaving the train at a suburban station, and proceeding to his home in a large touring car.

"Bob!" Daisy cried in great glee, as she rushed to the door to admit him.

"Well, I have it with me," Warner said excitedly, and he piled up certified checks, drafts and currency on the table.

"Now, let us get Pennock and von Tenneck in tow, and we'll split the plunder according to agreements."

Warner and Victor took thirty thousand dollars apiece, and each of the others were given ten thousand.

"Now," said Warner, "what I purpose is that we shall create a defense fund and secure the services of some capable criminal lawyers."

"And combat a pair of persecuting spooks!" Daisy snapped testily. "Whatever we do, or wherever we turn, the spectres of the Montgomery family must haunt us. I wonder if they will never stay buried!"

"Don't talk that way," Fannie pleaded. "It is hard enough to have public suspicion directed toward us, without slandering the deceased."

Daisy grumbled an inaudible response, but reserved her opinions for herself.

At the height of their discussion, the door-bell rang. The four conspirators looked at each other in alarm.

"I'll go," said Warner. "It doesn't matter much now."

"I'll wager we're landed," Daisy breathed.

Warner walked to the door, and unlocking it, flung it open.

There were four officers on the steps.

"Well?" and Warner surveyed them contemptuously.

"I have warrants for the arrest of all of you," one of the detectives stated without ceremony.

"On what charge?" Warner questioned hotly.

"As accessories before and after the fact in the deaths of Mr. and Mrs. J. Trenton-Montgomery!"

Fannie fainted, and would have fallen to the floor had not Harold caught her in his ready and willing arms.

Daisy became very pale, and leaned heavily on Warner's shoulder.

"All right," Warner replied without spirit, "step inside and read your warrants. We are ready to go."

XX

The library of the Montgomery home was enshrouded in the semi-darkness of a cloudy morning. The window-shades were still drawn. The household was not astir.

Through the swinging book-case in the alcove, Pennock stepped stealthily. He wore the conventional attire of a lawyer. But his dilated



"Miss Chandler, There is Nothing on Earth I Would Not Do for You—No Sacrifice is Too Great to Ask of Me"

spirits of Daisy Delvare, Harold Victor and Fannie Cummings.

It came in time, too, because the monetary store of the clan was scant—woefully slender. And Fannie saw small comfort in the harrowing condition that had confronted her the evening before, when she was discharged from the Montgomery Motor Company.

Fannie had slept but little all night, and her troubled slumbers were distraught and sporadic.

Daisy had sought to comfort her, but Miss Delvare was too busy with her own worries to devote much time as nurse to Fannie.

The letter from Warner contained five new one-hundred-dollar bills.

"I wonder if he made them," Daisy mused, as she ran the velvety paper through her fingers.

"I expect he did," Victor agreed. "At any rate, suppose we read his letter?"

The epistle had been penned hastily, but Daisy dubbed it the first of the six best sellers.

Its contents were brief, pointed, business-like and cheery.

Dear Friends:

The deal went through. Nelson and Nelson had to do something, and that rapidly. They saw the possibilities in the battery, which embodied all the improvements that had hoped for. A powerful banking organization is back of them, and something else also helped: The Hossler Motor Company looked me up, and put in a bid for the

his movements explained that he was prompted by some unholy motives. He paused and for some moments remained transfixed in an attitude of intense listening. Then he motioned to some one still in the shadows, and von Tenneck joined him.

"It is our only chance, Pennock," the scientist whispered hoarsely. "We can pay them back some day, but the cry of the hour is money. I tried to reach Warner yesterday, and then last evening I learned by the papers that they had all been placed under arrest. I guess that's the end of them, but it shall not be the end of us."

Pennock nodded assent, and labored with the combination of the wall-safe.

"I can't exactly connect Canfield with them," he observed, as he whirled the knob in his deft fingers.

"Nor I," the servant replied. "But that is not for us to ponder. Oh, what a fool I was to lend thirty thousand dollars to Montgomery, without a scrap of paper to seal the loan. Why, it was twice my profit on the *Star of the Vost*, and I was needing large sums so much. And now the gem itself is vanished, and how can these scant jewels half repay me? Why, man, I take chances of my life to even barter them."

Pennock had the safe open by this time, and withdrew the tray.

The men stooped to examine the contents, and looked long and hungrily at the wealth within their grasp.

"This is possibly a ten-carat stone," von Tenneck said slowly, as he lifted a brilliant to his eyes and scrutinized it. "I will pay you a thousand dollars for it, Pennock—no more, no less."

"It's worth five hundred a carat, easily," Pennock objected.

"Quite true, my friend, but remember that I must cut it into two or three stones. That reduces its relative value. At best, I can get no more than twenty-five hundred. I stand to get not over fifteen hundred. Here is the money—count it."

Pennock ran the bills through his hands, and examined them, and recounted them.

"Here is a ruby of price," he suggested. "I know Miss Chandler told Clarence Atwood that it had cost Mr. Montgomery not under thirty-five hundred. What is it worth to you?"

"I prefer to adhere to diamonds," the scientist replied.

"Take it for five hundred," Pennock urged.

"No—two hundred," von Tenneck corrected. Pennock agreed.

Then they bartered on various gems, and some of them the scientist refused at any figure. Others he agreed to pay for at rates higher than his bids. At the end of fifteen minutes, the professor was in possession of a dozen or more jewels, most of which were diamonds.

"You will clear fifteen thousand dollars on that deal," Pennock whined.

"Well, you have four thousand five hundred in your pockets. You take no risk. I am only paying myself back what is already mine. Count yourself fortunate, Pennock, because it is not every thief who can find a fence."

"I am no thief!" Pennock corrected. "This is business—nothing but straight, honorable business."

"Have it your own way, son," von Tenneck agreed. Then, with the plunder secreted on his person, he walked around the library in apparent ease, and helped himself to a comfortable chair.

"You can't sit around here," Pennock commanded. "It is nearly six o'clock already, and the help will be up and around any minute. Miss Chandler is given to early rising, also, and the halls are carpeted with heavy rugs, and there is no hearing one till the intruder comes through that door."

"I am weary, Pennock. Things have not gone right at all. They have been amiss. When a man reaches my age, he is out of sympathy with fate. All these years I have slaved without adequate compensation. Why, can you imagine that the directors of the Montgomery company refuse flatly to pay me for my fuel tests I made at Mr. Montgomery's behest? Yet, that is what they have done, although each day their fuel economies turn into their coffers no less than a hundred dollars."

"But you get out of this!" Pennock whined. "I am not going to get into trouble over a foolhardy action like yours. This is no reception. Come along, now!"

They could hear somebody in the passageway beyond, and von Tenneck dropped his indifference, as he raced toward the alcove. Pennock fairly pushed him into the opening, and then recalled that he had not returned the tray and locked the safe. But it was too late. Miss Chandler was entering the room. She heard the commotion, saw the vanishing tail of Pennock's coat, and screamed for assistance.

Pennock urged von Tenneck down the secret stairs, and would have none of his objections, but hurried him through an open window of the basement, and bade him lose himself in the extraneous world.

Miss Chandler was in a state of collapse when she beheld the despoiled safe, and she telephoned at once to the police.

Near her hand, scribbled on the telephone pad, was a note—another of the mysterious cipher messages that had pestered her these past few days with telling regularity. It ran:

wqgyb-mgwor-smeux-pjzru uoewz-mgwor-pjzru-qkasv-rlbtw-cwmeh-lfvnq-cwmeh-keump



"Take a Light and Go in," Moran Commanded. "If You Find Anybody, Shout"

wqgyb uoewz-yslad-qkasv hbrjm-smcux-qkasv-rlbtw fzphk-cwmeh-pjzru-cwmeh

"I wish I knew what all these mysterious missives mean," she sobbed. "I seem to stand all alone, without anybody to whom I might turn for advice. And in my troubles, I rarely retire until the balance of the world is sleeping, and in the morning I am up before the world has awakened."

In the abandon of her grief, loneliness and fear, Grace Chandler buried her head in her folded arms, and wept silently.

XXI

Shortly after eight o'clock, Chief Moran, with a detail of men, came up to the Montgomery residence. The appearance of the police scarcely attracted any attention in the

fashionable neighborhood of the tragedy.

All of the social activity that had once made the palatial home of the Montgomery family the center of the elite, had been swallowed up in the ravenous maw of tragedy—and there was an appearance of neglect about the stately old mansion.

Accompanying the Chief was Clarence Atwood, the young District Attorney, who had followed each stage and step of the puzzling enigma, and whose heart went out in a bond of the deepest sympathy to Miss Chandler.

There was evidence of apprehension in Atwood's step as he waited at the door.

Miss Chandler greeted the officials in the fateful library. Her eyes were swollen with weeping and want of sleep. The ruddy hue had departed from her cheeks, from which the plumpness was already vanishing.

Her woe-begone aspect struck Atwood to the quick. This was different from dealing with the ordinary course of crime. There was nothing squalid or plebeian about the Montgomery affair. Miss Chandler's suffering carried with it a refinement that was so far removed from the realm of things criminal, Atwood's mind was set on finding some solution to the baffling riddles. It was no longer a matter of bringing the guilty to justice, but of lifting the burden of duty that Grace Chandler volunteered to carry around on her frail shoulders.

"I understand some new outrage has been committed?" he questioned softly.

Miss Chandler nodded, and pointed toward the safe. "They took some more jewels this time. I am sorry I did not heed your admonition to remove them to some safety vaults."

"And did you see any signs of the shadow on the wall?" Moran asked her eagerly.

"This time," she replied, "I actually saw part of some person's clothing. But the alcove, as usual, was vacant. However, I did hear a distinct click, and there seemed to be muffled footfalls in the immediate vicinity."

Moran scrutinized every part of the small inclosure just off the library, but, as on all previous occasions, it defied his science.

Despite the ministering efforts of Clarence Atwood, Miss Chandler's impatience grew, and it was apparent that some fear moved her to wish herself rid of everything that bore the official insignia.

"I think you may as well not pursue matters further," said she, going to Moran's side. "I think it is better if we let things rest where they are."

The Chief turned and looked at her curiously, and he and Atwood glanced at one another wonderingly.

"It is needless," the young lady added.

"But why do you say this?" Moran questioned her gently.

"Oh, well, I request it. And you have an idea just how I feel. I learned through friends that the dreadful murderer of Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery is beyond finding. It was a strain

on my nerves to withhold the truth. The verge of hysteria, and thought of complete nervous bankruptcy, cause me to make this request."

There was the look of half delirium in her eyes. She no longer appeared to be talking to the Chief, but to some imaginary person. Atwood was aflame with fear for her mental safety.

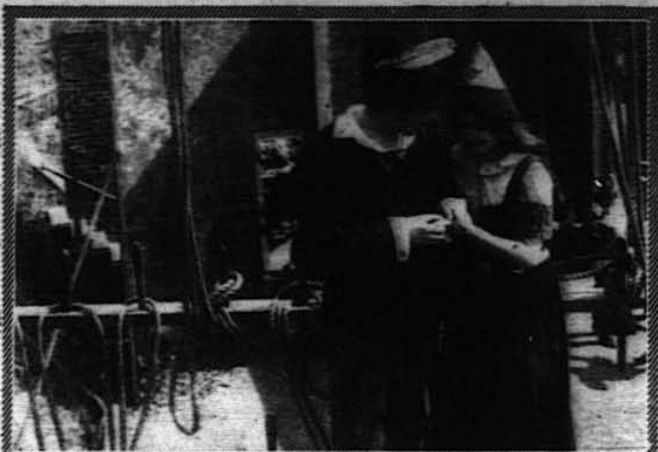
"Miss Chandler," Atwood said hopefully, as he took her by the arm, and led her to the farther side of the room, "don't you think you could make arrangements to leave the city?" She gazed at him blankly.

"Oh, I want to go somewhere," she replied when the question had become plain to her troubled mind. "I must go somewhere. It is as though vultures were hovering over me all times. In the night, I fancy that I hear things. In the day time, I think I see this

(Continued on page 26)



Nina Was Piquant and Pretty, with Fluffy Hair and Sparkling Eyes



Behind the Scenes in the Theatre, Paul Slips a Ring Over the Third Finger of Nina's Left Hand



"Handsome Paul Kenaugh," the Popular Actor and Matinee Idol



Nina Comes Back, in Response to a Telegram, and Finds Her Husband Has Become a Raving Maniac



A Wild Scream Broke From Nina's Lips at the Sight of Fluff on the Operating Table

"Nina of the Theatre"

TWO REEL KALEM FILM

CAST

Nina Alice Joyce
Paul Kenaugh Tom Moore

SYNOPSIS

NINA, a very beautiful young actress, has been engaged to Paul Kenaugh, the leading man of the company, only a day or two when he develops an alarming illness and is rushed to the hospital. Immediately the doctors in charge advertise, offering \$1,000, for some one who will submit to a disfiguring operation by means of which Paul's life may be saved. Nina, unknown to Paul, offers herself. The young surgeon, who performs the operation, saves Paul's life and also saves Nina from being disfigured. But when Paul is ready to leave, all eagerness to get back to Nina, Doctor Brent lets him go without saying a word, telling Nina, later, that Paul did not care to even see and thank the woman who had made so great a sacrifice for him. Paul finds out that he owes his life to Nina only when he gets back to his company. He rushes from the west coast to the hospital in Minneapolis, but Doctor Brent refuses to let him see Nina, and destroys the ardent letter he writes to her. So when Brent makes love to her, Nina agrees to marry him, partly out of sheer physical weakness, partly from spiritual discouragement. After the honeymoon Nina discovers that her husband has a passion for vivisection, also that he is as hard and relentless towards her as towards the animals he tortures. But she does not leave him until a frantic and unsuccessful attempt to save her beloved Angora cat, Fluff, from him, has disclosed to the full Brent's hideous cruelty. Nina goes back on the stage, but in a new company. On the night of the first performance a sudden change is made in the cast and she finds herself playing opposite Paul. Their reconciliation is interrupted by a telegram saying that Nina's husband is ill and needs her. She goes to him only to find that he has become a raving maniac, who pursues her from the room and down the stairs, where he trips and falls headlong, breaking his neck. Nina, shuddering, throws herself into the welcoming arms of her lover.



Alice Joyce, Who Takes the Part of Nina



Tom Moore, Who Takes the Part of Paul Kenaugh

"The Master Mind"

FIVE REEL LASKY FILM

CAST

Richard Allen, the Master Mind.....Edmund Breece
Henry Allen, his brother.....Fred Montague
Lucine.....Mabel Vanbeuren
Milwaukee Sadie.....Jane Darwell
Blount.....Dick La Reno
Diamond Willie.....Harry Fisher
Safe Blower.....Richard Le Strange
District Attorney.....Monroe Salisbury
Creegan.....Billy Elmer

SYNOPSIS

RICHARD ALLEN, known to the police as the Master Mind, was kidnaped when a small boy and trained to be a pickpocket, but he graduates from this petty thieving to the leadership of a gang of daring criminals. He is middle-aged, and known to the world as a wealthy club man when he finds his only living relative, his brother, Henry Allen. Shortly after their reunion, Henry finds his sweetheart in the embrace of another man and shoots him on sight. His conviction and sentence to electrocution is secured by a young District Attorney who is in love with Lucine, a member of the Master Mind's gang. The Master Mind resolves to revenge his brother's death. Lucine is sent abroad to be educated and when she comes back, she again meets the District Attorney and marries him. The Master Mind has sent word that the four aces will mark the steps of his revenge. When the District Attorney makes an unsuccessful raid on the Master Mind's house, he finds an ace on the table. The second ace is dropped into the District Attorney's pocket the night he and Lucine become engaged. The third is lying in the wall safe when they return from the honeymoon. And when Lucine is discovered one night giving money to Creegan, the Master Mind produces the Ace of Spades. But Lucine's unhappiness is more than he can bear. He confesses his guilt and the husband and wife are reunited.



The Master Mind Eludes His Pursuers by Entering His Den Through the Fireplace



The Master Mind Watches in the Mirror, the Developing of the Plot



Jane Darwell as Milwaukee Sadie

Edmund Breece The Master Mind



Worked into a Jealous Rage, the District Attorney Attempts to Kill Creegan



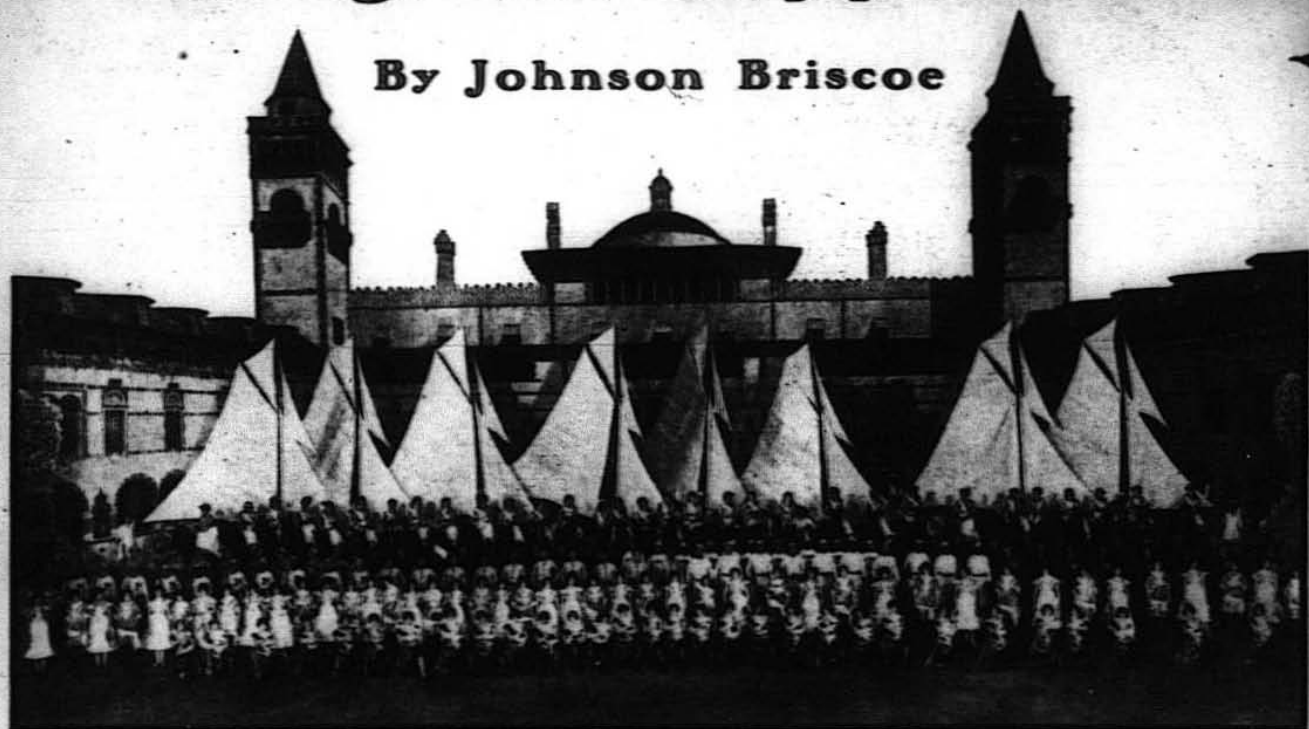
Disguised as a Newspaper Man, The Master Mind Plants a Bomb



The Master Mind Blinds Creegan When Attacked in His Den

Filming the Hippodrome

By Johnson Briscoe



The American Sports Scene from "America," in which over 200 People Appeared on the Stage at One Time

It is now exactly nine years since the New York Hippodrome was first opened and during this time each annual spectacle has exceeded its predecessor in magnitude and magnificence. Finally, it almost seemed as if the very limit had been reached this past season when the production of "America" was made, for it far outshone everything that had gone before, being the very "last word" in pictorial splendor, exceeding anything ever housed within the walls of a theatre.

For several years past the Shuberts have been besieged with offers for the film rights to the various Hippodrome productions. But it was not until "America" was produced that they could be convinced of its motion picture possibilities. The result is one of the most stupendous films thus far manufactured.

To begin with, as may be gathered from the title, "America" fairly breathes the spirit of our country, is redolent of our times, customs and sports, and it will prove, too, a notable object lesson along educational lines. The scenes embrace almost every picturesque section of this country, ranging from New York City to the New Orleans levee, and from Florida to the Yellowstone National Park, not to mention a peaceful New England farm and a New Mexican village.

All in all, there are exactly one hundred and one different scenes, requiring seven thousand feet of film, beginning with a picture of the Hippodrome building itself, and ending, logically, with exodus of the audience from the theatre. The story plot of "America" has been faithfully followed and it so happens that the unraveling of the plot lends itself especially well to screen purposes.

Not the least interesting of the pictures are those showing the various sports of this country, a round dozen in number, which will follow in the order named: golf, basket ball, canoeing, tennis, swimming, yachting, boxing, bicycling, fencing, football, riding, and baseball. There is genuine thrill in the reproduction of the Grand Canyon scene, in which a team of horses and an automobile (the latter filled with passengers) make flying leaps through the air, plunging into the river beneath. This was an unflinching "thriller" at the Hippodrome. And think of the speculation, which will be rife over the water trick, done by the diving girls who disappear and then slowly emerge from the tank, water-soaked, yet tranquil and smiling.

The production, which was originally conceived by Arthur Voegtlin and John P. Wilson, was made into film form under the direction

of Lawrence McGill, assisted by John Pratt, as representing the All-Star Feature Company.

The pictures required about ten weeks in the making, as it was only possible to use the Hippodrome stage during the morning hours, the afternoons and evenings, of course, being given over to the regular performance.

In order to gain the proper lighting effects it was of course necessary to use artificial light throughout and this alone necessitated a working staff of over forty men. Stop just a moment to figure out for yourself the tremendous expenditure required for lighting alone, the mere electric equipment being in the neighborhood of twenty-one thousand dollars. The operating expense for the millions of candle power hit an average of \$7.14 per minute—this for hours a day for about ten weeks. Is it surprising that one becomes dizzy at the mere contemplation of such a financial outlay for one film.

Not since the very first Hippodrome production has any effort been made to send the spectacles on tour, that other cities might have an opportunity to see them at first hand. At that time it was discovered to be wholly impractical, for there were not enough stages of sufficient size to accommodate their bulk. Hence the unique Hippodrome offerings have



A Part of the Staff of Electricians of the Film Pictures of the Hippodrome

This is Only a Small Part of the Electric Lighting Apparatus Used at a Cost of \$7.14 a Minute



Fighting the Flames, Scene from "America"

remained exclusively a New York institution, denied to all save those who resided in or visited the metropolis.

With the release of the "America" films, which are to be shown immediately in the theatres leased and controlled by the Shubert Theatrical Company, practically every city of any importance will have a chance to see a

real Hippodrome spectacle at close range, barring only the spoken dialogue, which, it must frankly be set down here, is always of secondary importance at the mammoth playhouse.

An interesting story is told of how these pictures really came into being. It seems that while the subject was under discussion as to their practical film value, with the dissenters

greatly in the majority, an English film manufacturer declared emphatically that the undertaking was an utter impossibility. "It can't be done," was his terse verdict. Upon hearing this flat statement, American grit and determination asserted themselves and Arthur Voegtlin merely said, "Well, we'll show 'em." And he has!



The Suffrage Parade Scene from "America"

The Star of the Vaal

(Continued from page 21)

Every hand seems to be turned against me."

Atwood steadied her, and then rested her head easily against a cushion of the chair. He found one of the servants, and had him bring a glass of water.

"Have you breakfasted?" he asked, as she sipped the cooling liquid. She shook her head in negative response.

The district attorney gave orders for her breakfast. It was plain that there was scant sympathy for the young woman in her own household. There was dissension among the help. There was an aloofness among the friends of the family. There was the mad public clamor, and the host of morbidly curious who were everlastingly pointing out the house as the scene of a double tragedy.

Miss Chandler ate a slice of toast and drank some coffee, but the balance of her food remained untouched. Thus she had abstained from even the necessary things of life, obsessed by the ghosts of what had been and what was to be.

Miss Chandler's ready money was running low, and though she fought bravely to hide the truth, that was a contributing worry.

For many minutes Grace Chandler looked fixedly into space. At times she sobbed in a mechanical way, as though frenzied weeping were no longer possible.

"Miss Chandler," Atwood breathed fervently, "let me help you out of your dilemma. Permit me to take you somewhere that will be free from all this misery. It isn't a question of law with me any longer. I promise to help solve the riddles of the past—but most of all, I fear for your safety. There is nothing on earth that I would not do for you—no sacrifice is too great to ask of me."

Impulsively, he pressed her hands, and looked tenderly into her troubled eyes.

And for the first time since the tragic moment at the performance in the Auditorium, Grace Chandler smiled—and without analyzing, she felt immeasurably satisfied.

XXII

The Chief was more than merely satisfied to have Atwood take charge of Miss Chandler. The executive was determined to make a thorough search.

The library had been the favorite haunt of Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery. There were many other beautifully furnished rooms in the mansion, but some of them had been unused for months.

All of these truths had been turning over in Moran's mind, and he believed that were it possible to find a clue, it would be gathered together in this room.

The writing table, bearing the marks of antiquity coupled with modern cabinet-making, had claimed the Chief's notice more than once.

"Do you recall," he asked of Miss Chandler, much to the discomfort of Atwood, "where Mr. Montgomery procured this writing table?"

The young woman thought studiously. Then her face brightened.

"It was purchased in London originally, I believe. My brother-in-law had it remodeled by some Chicago cabinet-worker. Both he and my sister were inordinately proud of it."

Then she resumed her conversation with the district attorney, who was absorbed with details other than the delving for mysteries. In fine, he was wrestling with the oldest of all mysteries—one of the four conditions Solomon professed to not understand: "The way of a man with a maid."

Moran studied the design of the desk, and pulled out the drawers, scrutinizing them critically. He tapped the table, and measured, and the more he investigated, the more convinced was he that here was some sinister connection—some uncounted link in the chain of dark circumstances.

Quite accidentally, his fingers found a projection that controlled a secret spring, and a shallow drawer came to view.

In it was a single object—a folded sheet of

heavy paper, of some tough, fibrous texture.

Saying nothing to the others, Moran unfolded the manuscript. It was typewritten and dated—the date being quite recent; possibly one of the last things that Mr. Montgomery had prepared.

The contents caused the officer to gasp.

"I have been oppressed of late," the missive ran, "with unaccountable circumstances. Since the passing of my poor wife, I realize that a tyrannical, retributive justice (or shall I say injustice?) pursues me. Upon my head, although indirectly, must rest the guilt of my consort's passing. I should have impressed upon her more forcefully the plight in which I found myself."

"For months preceding my purchase of the *Star of the Vaal*, fortune had pressed relentlessly against me. For years I had been accounted one of the shrewdest traders on 'change. I had been a factor in several 'corners,' and my judgment was accredited as sound, and my connections loyal. Then matters turned, and I found myself losing, and my stamina incapable of recouping my waning fortune. Within six months' time I was poorer by half a million dollars, and the while my social duties heaped expenditures mountain-high. I feared to inform my wife. Each of us will battle in the face of overwhelming odds, and hopeless losses, believing that the great gods of success are with us still. And once a family has tasted the sweets of material welfare, it is difficult to retrench. It is easy to prate of economy, but a woman's ambition placed in the balance will cause such economical practice to be barren. Understand, whoever chances to read this, I lay no blame at the shrine of my dead wife. I state facts, and those only."

"Of late my associates have held me responsible for all misfortunes—to themselves, to myself, to the world at large. This is the unreasonableness of man. He smiles cheerily when the sun shines, but permit a cloud to cast even so much as a passing shadow, and all is altered."

"From von Tenneck, who has hoarded a little wealth (for what reason I profess not to know), I borrowed the sum of thirty thousand dollars, and with that I liquidated some of my more pressing obligations. My family jewels (exclusive of the purloined *Star*, which I fear I shall never see more) would bring upwards of one hundred thousand dollars in the open market. I have a few scattered interests in the form of stocks and bonds, which would likely double that sum, and I think this would wipe out the accounts of my calamitous creditors. But yesterday I penned a will, leaving to Miss Grace Chandler my estate, with instructions for her to pay outstanding obligations, and retain the residuum. I did not specify exactly what is to be found in my estate, but in the tabulation following, I have written down these facts, giving my resources and my liabilities."

Here followed a list of the property, personal and real, and of the accounts payable, including personal debts, open accounts, notes, etc. This showed that, not counting on the *Star of the Vaal*, Miss Chandler would still possess the home, and about \$35,000—or possibly more. The holdings of Mr. Montgomery in the motor company were to be turned over to the directors and the bank.

Then came the most remarkable part of this ante-mortem statement, for it was plain that this document had been written and sealed but a short time prior to the unfortunate man's passing.

"I have endeavored to fix the guilt of the murderer of my wife, but my suspicions are so vague, I shall not name them here, lest some innocent person suffer unjustly—and in-

The Dainty Lady of Lubinville

THAT is what they call Ethel Clayton out in Philadelphia—"the dainty lady of Lubinville." Perhaps it is because she is so delicately beautiful. Perhaps it is because she has a rose pink boudoir of a dressing room.

Nobody would ever call Ethel Clayton a "mixer" and yet she is one of the favorites of the Lubin company. One reason is that she is so generous. The humblest person on the extra list feels that Miss Clayton, above all others, would help out if the need came. She has given gowns and hats and coats to girls who she thought needed them more than she did herself. Last Christmas . . . But the really important thing about Ethel Clayton is her acting.

The success she is having in the Lubin production of J. Hartley Manners' play, "The House Next Door," has come to her as the result of unusual work not only in other moving picture work but also on the legitimate stage.

Her first appearance was, as is the case of so many others, the result of an accident. E. H. Sothern was presenting "The proud Prince" at the Illinois Theatre in Chicago when two players of small parts were taken ill. In the emergency Mr. Sothern remembered the work of two girls in a performance by a private school which he had just seen. He sent for them. One was Louise Kelly, now in vaudeville, and the other was Ethel Clayton. Mr. Sothern was so favorably impressed with Miss Clayton's work that when the actress whose place she had taken was able to appear again he offered Miss Clayton a more important part for the rest of the season.

Later, Miss Clayton was leading woman with the T. Daniel Crawley stock company for several seasons. She made herself known to Broadway with Edwin Stevens in "The Devil," as leading woman with Wallace Eddinger in "Bobby Burnit" as chief support to Emmett



Corrigan, and in the productions of "The Country Boy" and "The Brute."

Ethel Clayton's first appearance as a star in moving pictures was in the Lubin version of Charles Klein's play, "The Lion and the Mouse," in which, of course, she played Shirley Rossmore.

But I wish it was as easy to tell how Ethel Clayton looked the day I saw her in her dressing room as it is to tell her stage history. You can see in the photograph how delicately moulded her features are. But black and white hardly do justice to such hair, such eyes, and such a complexion.

life in life in the land without adding to it. I can say without hesitation, however, that it is my belief that the *Star of the Vaul* ITSELF KILLED MY WIFE. This code of faith has become almost a superstitious mania with me. Just how a diamond could commit murder, I do not profess to explain. That IT was responsible for this terrible sacrifice of a human life, is my set conviction. But if my deductions are true, then the *Star of the Vaul* still exists, and IS IN CHICAGO AT THIS TIME.

"I shall close here, for fear my executors will judge me of unsound mind. I would not for the world jeopardize the rights of Miss Chandler, for at all times she has been a kind, considerate, lovable girl, to whom should be given a most liberal share of the best on earth. I sign myself,

"J. Trenton Montgomery."

Moran folded the paper, and placed it securely within his wallet, and then his firm mouth became more rigidly set, and a determination shone in his eyes that told that the most noted detective chief in the country was beating hot on the spoor of the culprit. Instead of regarding this document as irrational, Moran looked upon it as perfectly sane.

Indeed, it fitted in with his own notion of the case, and he was elated.

XXIII

Clarence Atwood finally prevailed upon Miss Chandler to get out into the open air. He telephoned for his limousine, and soon after, they were riding along the smooth boulevards that paralleled the north shore.

Atwood could see no duty in the world more pressing than ministering to the care of Miss Chandler, and that young lady was more than willing to permit her handsome admirer to take full charge of her destiny.

Chief Moran was not the sort of person to object. Right at this time, he did not care whether it was Cupid or blackimps that assisted him in going at his vexing duties alone.

He had posted a few of his men at vantage points in the grounds of the Montgomery estate.

Although Miss Chandler had evinced much reluctance as to giving Moran the wall-safe combination, she had finally acceded to his demands, and he now settled down to take inventory of its contents.

Through the half-open book-case door, Pennock spied on the operations, and became unduly perturbed at the Chief's progress.

The combination was yielding, turn by turn, and was nearly completed, when Pennock disappeared in the basement, and shortly afterward (still garbed as a butler), dashed into the room from the hall.

Clearing his throat, and standing at attention, with well-feigned servitude, Pennock addressed the Chief.

"There's somebody at the rear door," he said courteously, "and he wishes to speak to you at once. He is a hilding sort of fellow, and I did not venture to ask him in. From his agitation, I gather it is a matter of some moment."

The Chief arose, perplexed. Without pausing to question, he permitted Pennock to direct him back through the house.

Pennock returned on the run, gave the safe-knob an extra turn or two, opened the safe, and with the tray of gems, vanished through his book-case aperture in the alcove.

Finding no one, Moran hastened back, but he was a moment too late. Then the full realization of the trick came upon him, and he knew that he had been duped.

The moment Pennock peached the basement, he went to his room, deposited the jewels in a bag, that he secreted on top of his clothes-press. Then he divested himself of his servile habiliments, and with a dressing robe on, went to the furnace-room. The janitor looked up lazily and greeted him.

"I wish you would go over to Clark street," Pennock requested indifferently, but with a note of command, "and buy two dry batteries at the garage. Here is the money, and keep the change for a drink or a cigar. Now, hurry."

The janitor, glad enough to escape from the

black pit of the basement, obeyed, and as he left the residence, Pennock locked the door after him.

"I may as well leave a little note for the Chief," Pennock observed, and he penned the following lines:

Vlg Uvct qh. Vlg Xecn ku ykvjpk qpg okng qh aqwt fgm.

Having written this cipher message, he arrayed himself in overalls and jumper, rubbed a quantity of coal dust on his face and hands, and took the janitor's seat near the furnace.

Pennock knew that the house would be searched, and he also realized that the genuine janitor would tarry on the road, and remain absent until he had invested his change in internal libations.

Pennock was quite correct in his deductions as to Moran's activity. Only on one point did he miscalculate.

The Chief had summoned several of his men, and one of them had already followed the janitor, keeping strict surveillance over his every movement.

Moran was more convinced than ever that the alcove was the direct avenue through which the many unaccountable events appeared and vanished. How else could the butler have made his escape? What other answer would account for the shadows that in the past Moran himself had seen, and once had shot at unsuccessfully?

In the alcove were numerous book-cases, and in these were various volumes—some fiction, some historical, some of a technical nature.

With the greatest care, he scrutinized each book-case, and sounded the walls. Twice he made the rounds, and then settled down to more methodical examination.

He began the next time by pressing against each book-case. One after another, they tilted back. Then he came to one that did not tip, but resisted his pressure. This he regarded more cautiously.

There was one group of electric bulbs in the alcove. These were over toward the inside wall. Moran recalled that the shadow he had seen some weeks prior, must have been cast by these lights, and therefore the opening would be between them and the library doorway.

This corresponded with his suspicions pertaining to the case that was firm and unguiving.

After pushing it and testing it for some moments, Moran grasped one edge and gave it a sharp pull. It pivoted and swung into the alcove—revealing the steps leading to the basement. These stairs were carpeted, so as to muffle the sound of feet upon them.

Without hesitating, the Chief raced down them, and found himself in a passage-way connecting with the rear of the cellar.

With drawn pistol, he made his progress cautiously, and came out into the furnace-room, with the bogus janitor in a half doze, placidly smoking a pipe.

XXIV

If all plans carried—if all plots worked out the way they do in stories, both the law and its breakers would find more dramatic settings for their labors.

Only machines work the same day after day. Human beings meet unlooked-for contingencies. Thus it was with both Moran and Pennock.

"Say, janitor," Moran blustered, "have you seen any one here recently?"

Pennock stretched wearily, removed the pipe from his mouth, rubbed his soot-painted face with his grimy hands, and replied, "Not that I know of. I guess I was sleeping, though. How did you get in?"

The Chief did not reply to the question.

"Come on," he ordered, "get up and help me hunt. One of the butlers is down here. You likely know him—a smooth-faced, sharp-featured chap."

"Oh, yes—the new fellow." And Pennock arose, stretched, and then, procuring a candle, lighted it in the furnace-blaze.

"Where shall we hunt?" he asked sleepily. "Bring that light along. We'll look through these rooms. Hello, whose place is this?"

Moran had come to Pennock's own apartment.

"That belongs to the chauffeur."

"Where is he?"

"I dunno. He left a couple of hours ago. Went to some garage, I guess."

Moran glanced around the room casually and proceeded. But the more diligently he searched, the less satisfaction he found.

"Somebody came down here," he said thoughtfully. "Could he have escaped from the basement?"

Pennock yawned and simulated deep meditation.

"I tell you what," and he brightened up with a show of animation.

"Well?" and Moran waited for the exposition of wisdom.

"There's a sort of cubby-hole back of the furnace. The fellow might be hiding there."

Pennock led the way, and opened the small door that revealed a black pit beyond.

The Chief regarded his spotless uniform with some trepidation, and shrunk back.

"Take a light and go in," he demanded. "I will wait here. If you find anybody, shout, and I will take care of the rest."

Pennock hesitated. His plunder was still in the room, on top of the clothes-press. He wanted those gems. If he did not take them, when would the opportunity again present itself?

But his moment of irresolute pondering terminated, and he stepped very cautiously into the abyss.

Moran waited. He could see the flickering rays of the lighted candle, but these became less distinct, and then shone only occasionally.

Becoming restless, Moran called to Pennock.

The voice came back muffled, and apparently far away.

"I'm looking around some old crates in here," Pennock shouted. "There's no sign of anyone yet."

Moran left the doorway a moment, and hastened into Pennock's room. He looked around curiously, and then found the cryptographic message that had been written by the chauffeur.

He saw the similarity between it and many others that had been left in the library, or had been mailed to various persons, and the Chief was now certain that the hunt was nearing its completion.

Outside, after the departure of the real janitor, some of the detectives had become exceptionally suspicious, and were determined to bring the man back and have the Chief question him.

The janitor complained bitterly, but under duress of official pressure, he returned with the men. They found the basement door locked, and they pounded lustily.

Moran heard the knocking, and lost no time in opening the door.

"What's the idea?" he asked warmly.

"This fellow claims he's the janitor in this place," one of the detectives replied.

"Janitor nothing! Why I have him with me now," and Moran waved his hand toward the direction of the cubby-hole.

Pennock had taken advantage of the absence of the Chief, and was planning a final dash for his treasure, when the officers entered the basement.

"It's time this fellow was through," Moran observed, walking toward the place where Pennock had vanished.

"Hello!" he called. There was no response.

"Hey, you!" he carolled again. "Come out of that!"

Only the rattling echo of his own voice answered him.

Then suspicion raced through the Chief's mind, and with his pocket-flash in one hand and his revolver in the other, bending low to save his head from the rafters, he entered the hole.

Long rows of boxes and crates, jammed against the walls, greeted him—these and festoons of spider-webs. But there was no indication of a human being.

Moran hurried along.

His flash-light illumined every portion of the dungeon, the central path of which was clear.

A wheelbarrow blocked his path—and beyond that, he detected a light. Toward this brighter spot, he made progress.

The litter was less pronounced, but the Chief

realized that he had covered a considerable distance.

The necessity of his own illuminant diminished. The light of day was breaking the shades at the farther end of the subterranean chamber.

Moran hurried toward the aperture.

He found himself in a pit beside the Montgomery garage.

Pennock had escaped!

(TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK)

SOLUTION OF CIPHERS IN THE SECOND INSTALLMENT.

A cryptogram of words occurs in the middle of Chapter 7, starting at "Daisy" at the end of the paragraph reading:

"Yes, 'oh' is the word," Warner answered, "but let's forget it and put this one over. Don't object, for heaven's sake, Daisy."

Beginning from "Daisy," count back every sixth and then every seventh word, repeating, this combination. The result is: "Don't forget the big cipher. It occupies an entire chapter of this story, and carries a large reward."

The second cryptogram is one of the lines near the end of Chapter 9, in the note-book Miss Cummings has forgotten. Read every odd line (lines 1, 3, 5, 7, 9 and 11), which results as follows:

"It is a shame that some people are always looking in the wrong direction for evidence of this great crime. The simple things that are found easily anywhere tell the wondering world how to acquire knowledge of a solution of these baffling problems."

The third cipher is the will in Chapter 10. Additions had been made to each line. The genuine testament should read: "I, J. Trenton Montgomery, do hereby bequeath all my property, both real and personal, and the fatal Star of the Vaal, when it is recovered, to Miss Grace Chandler, my sister-in-law, she to then pay all outstanding debts, keeping the residue for her own use."

The Cross Roads

(Continued from page 11)

Kerns kept coming back to the opening he said he had for me. And finally I told him I would take it. I had been trying, half heartedly, for work in the studios while I took the miserable pretence of a course, but the result of the few jobs as an extra that I got only confirmed what I had reasoned for myself, that the "school" was doing me no good.

"All right," I said, "I'll take it, Mr. Kerns. Where is it, and how much will they pay me?"

"Oh, there'll be no trouble about terms," he said. "You'll have to settle that with the manager when you get there. The theatre is in St. Louis. You want to go right out there, and report to Manager Larry Sprau, of the Caledonia Theatre. You'll have to pay me the booking fee, of course; fifty dollars down, and five per cent of your first month's salary."

I just stared at him. Then I laughed.

"Fifty dollars!" I said. "After I pay my railroad fare to St. Louis I'll have about forty dollars in the world!"

His face fell a little at that.

"Oh!" he said. "Well, you're going to make good, Miss Morgan—you've got talent. I'll be generous. Give me thirty-five dollars, and send the rest with the five per cent of your salary! I wouldn't stand in your way for fifteen dollars!"

"No," I said. "I wouldn't dare land out there with no money at all, or with only a dollar or so."

"Well, then, give me twenty-five dollars now," he said.

I registered anger then! If one of the directors who had turned me down could have seen me he might have thought better of me! I had been stupid, slow, I will admit it. But

(Continued on page 32)

The Movie Ball

MANY interesting incidents happened at the big moving picture ball given at the Chicago Coliseum, May 14, showing how great an idol the "movie" players is with the admiring public. The following is one:

Out of the hundreds of interested spectators who thronged the floor in front of the boxes holding the celebrities from the visiting, and also the Chicago companies, a comely, western man stepped up to one of the boxes of The Selig Polyscope Company in which Maibelle Heikes Justice, one of Selig's chief photoplay authors was receiving her many friends, and leaning over the railing said to her:

"Say, I paid a dollar to get in here and dance with some good-looking moving-picture actress. Will you come out?"

Miss Justice smiled and replied: "My dear sir, I am afraid your dollar would still be wasted, because I am not a moving picture actress."

But with twinkling eyes, she nodded to the next box wherein sat Adrienne Kroelle, Selig's beautiful leading lady. The stranger pressed on and made known his mission to the actress: Miss Kroelle was gracious but could not possibly leave the host of friends in front of her box.

Nothing daunted, the westerner still held on to the railing till he espied Miss Hollingsworth, the pretty blond wife of Harold Vossburgh, Selig's leading man. But Miss Hollingsworth was game. She went out on the floor and danced what she considered a dollar's worth with the delighted gentleman. He soon returned with her, smiling radiantly, then joined the throngs again, with a gratified nod toward Miss Justice, apparently satisfied.

Expensive Films

DURING George Terwilliger's operations with his Lubin company at St. Augustine, Florida, he did some pretty expensive and daring stunts. For a picture entitled "A Man from the Sea" an automobile was run off a dock into the ocean; two people were in the machine, Anna Luther being one and the chauffeur who was an expert swimmer and diver. As the machine touched the water, both jumped as the auto sank to the bottom. Miss Luther and the diver reached shore rather wet but received no injury.

Another expensive scene was the total destruction of a yacht by fire and dynamite. The



The Burning of the Yacht

vessel was an old one, stripped of all its interior fittings and painted white. It was then saturated with oil and turpentine and well charged with dynamite. Being anchored away out from shore, several men had to be placed on the yacht to fire it and then jump for their lives into the sea to be picked up by motor boats and rapidly carried to a safe distance. For fully an hour the flames proceeded to devour the yacht before the dynamite was touched. When the explosion took place the craft buckled and in a few minutes sank to the bottom of the ocean.

After several other daring scenes the company arrived back in Philadelphia all safe with the exception of one Pete Volkman who is still in the hospital suffering from a gunshot.

Ruth Stonehouse

(Continued from page 13)

though there is much less risk in it than in the older ways of death and disaster. In the movies it becomes the drama of facial expression. By that I do not mean contortion, nor grimace, nor altogether pantomime, but the drama where the actor must express all the emotions by his attitudes. If he used the same amount of expression in the drama of the theatre, it would be overplay because he has there his voice and the words of the play to help him.

"The new sort of reel drama is going to require much more dramatic ability from scenario writers than did the older style. Any playable plot had a good chance under the conditions of two or three years ago in the 'movies.' Today, however, the tendency is toward studio drama where the play has to be as closely knit as if it were to be produced before an audience of high-browed critics at some little theatre. The rapidity of film production does not hide any defects in structure. The 'movie' audience is quicker to get extraneous matter than any other audience, being trained, I think, in such expert quickness of vision that its mental activity is at higher pitch than is that of a usual theatrical audience.

"If you've followed a play in a foreign language which you did not understand, you'll see what I mean by saying that it is the dramatic tension that must hold the audience. When Kazimova first came to this country—before Owen Johnson taught her English—she played in a repertoire of Russian plays. She was remarkable in all of them because she had the supreme acting ability of being able to get all her points across the footlights without the use of a language which her audience could follow. But only the few plays that were so well constructed that their tension did not break or sag really succeeded in impressing the audience with the work of the other actors in her company, remarkable though these actors were."

"That's where the playwright has the responsibility now. The scenario writer of the moving picture films has to work with the idea that his plot is in a foreign language that will be a barrier to interest and that his success depends altogether upon his ability to give the actors roles in which they can advance the action of his story by bodily expression. It's harder for the playwright than the old melodramatic stuff. There are, I suppose, ten melodramatists to one dramatist. It is harder, too, on the brain power of the actor, for it requires him to acquire either a technique that will be absolutely dependable or else to acquire an art that will let him throw himself into every role."

"Isn't that terribly wearing?"

"Yes," she said, "but it's almost essential. There are some great actors who do not have to assume the emotions they display, so perfect is their technique. That's the Coquelin method, isn't it? But most actors and actresses have to feel at least part of the emotion they portray or else the part will look automatic. This is even truer of motion work. I think, than of regular stage work, for on the regular stage there is color, and light, and atmosphere around the actor's work where on a film the work seems to stand naked. Oh, yes, the changing of the dramas of the 'movies' is going to make acting in the film dramas an art of the most exacting limitations, but, it's going to be much more kind to the actor's body. I don't like falling from horses, nor dying in icy waters, nor being run down by motor cars, nor murdering men. No, I do not like to murder men," mused this successor of Catherine de Medici, "and yet I've killed so many. Never mind," she promised, "I'm going to reform."

"Mourners' bench?"

"No." She shook the braids of her black wig. "Mode," she said, "Even styles in souls change in the movies."

Next Week an interview with Wm. D. Taylor

WHAT THE PEOPLE WANT

True to Life

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MOVIE PICTORIAL.

YOUR request for the public's opinion on what is wanted in motion pictures I think is a very good idea.

The people of today are being educated to the motion pictures, and have begun to voice their opinions and sentiments in the line of what they want. It seems that the "Movie Pictorial" is the first and only magazine to realize this.

I have never yet sat in a motion picture audience, where, if the pictures on the screen were natural and true to life, the very naturalness of the scene and acting did not bring approval from some one. It might be a mechanic or laborer recognizing the familiar movements of his work; the horseman's approval of an exhibition of riding; a brilliant social gathering, with the men in immaculate attire, the women in beautiful gowns; a historical scene; or the particular attention given to costumes, views, and paraphernalia used in a foreign scene. All these things are sure to bring approval whether they affect the plot of the picture or not.

On the other hand the slightest detail which is not either true to life or to the scene, is caught up by those who have unknowingly become movie fans.

My opinion is that natural acting, and the closest observance to details are more essential to the pictures than startling features, gruesome scenes, and absurd or improbable plots. This of course must be controlled by the director or producer.

The film companies would do well to solicit the public's opinion, and encourage them to call their attention to defects in their pictures.

J. EVERETTE W.

Port Dodge, Iowa, May 12, 1914.

Likes and Dislikes

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MOVIE PICTORIAL.

I KNOW what I want to see. If I am an "average spectator" my opinion is of value—otherwise not. I think I am.

Let us begin with what I *don't* like to see:

- (1) The chasing pictures and "rough stuff" of a few years ago.
- (2) Western stories in which the girl arrives just in time to save the hero from lynching by the cow-boys.
- (3) Pictures of such a nature as to be ruined by the cut-outs of the Chicago Board of Censors.
- (4) Stories written (without any logical plot) for the sole purpose of bringing out some sensational feature, as a train-wreck, or airship falling, or ship-wreck, etc.
- (5) Multiple reels beginning with youthful days, usually in Europe, and ending twenty years later in this country, there being no plot connection between the two parts.
- (6) The majority of the so-called "comic" pictures—though there is occasionally a pleasing exception.
- (7) Serials—because if I miss one the series is spoiled.
- (8) The absurdly improbable so-called "feature" films of many reels.
- (9) Stories based on impossible coincidences.
- (10) Reels in which the explanations given anticipate what is coming—or reels in which nothing is left to the imagination.
- (11) The old "triangle"—although recently I have seen some very good twists given to it.
- (12) With a few exceptions, I have always been disappointed in adaptations from novels and magazine stories. The best plays I have ever seen have been plays written for the "movies" in the first place.

Now, what *do* I like to see:

A logical consistent plot, involving a real life crisis. I like to be surprised at what happens to a character—and then thrilled at what the character does. I prefer happy ending—or at least "hopeful." If there is sufficient material for a two-reel, I prefer it—but no padding. I want the meaning clear from the start—the relation of the characters to one another, and what it is all about. At the same time I want something left to my imagination.

Likewise I appreciate good photography—skillful use of lights and shadows, also tints, etc.

To express it in a word (while I don't want a sermon) I like to see a photoplay that contains some life-truth—something that you think about as you walk out—something that makes you remember the play.

And of course it goes without saying that I like a "good" comedy occasionally—preferably with some slight plot to it.

S. A. V.

Chicago, Ill., May 10, 1914.

Suggestions from the Audience

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MOVIE PICTORIAL.

SEVERAL times, recently, I have heard the devotee of moving-picture shows called a "fan." I think that this should be discouraged, since it is belittling to the taste for a form of artistic entertainment which, even in its infancy, certainly is worthy of dignified treatment.

It is said that, in America, the business is so conducted as to place it upon a very high plane, for the most part, entirely unobjectionable, and praiseworthy. This is not to say that there are not some reels which are directed to a rather low order of intelligence. Some of these have a tendency to approach the vulgarities of comic supplements, and it is only such that are properly to be criticized.

Seldom does one attend a high-class show without seeing two or three reels well worthy the attention of any spectator. It is this side of the art that is surest of growth, and all should cooperate to remove whatever works against the shows' success.

As a spectator actuated by the highest good will toward moving pictures and their future, I ask the liberty of making some suggestions. Possibly they are things which are not new to managers, and, again, it may be that the point of view will be helpful.

First, then, let us admit that the general public, even though statistics may not warrant that state of mind, are still a little nervous about the possibility of fire, as connected with this form of entertainment. It would be too much to say that the audiences are panicky, but, at least, they are not fully at ease, as yet. This being so, everything that tends to upset their nerves should be avoided. For example, employees, small boys and attendants, should be strictly forbidden to run about the aisles, either in the auditorium or anywhere near enough so that their hurried steps can be heard. The immediate thought in the minds of certain of the audience is, "I wonder if anything is the matter?" The same caution applies against loud talking by the men operating the projector, or those who go to speak to them, and, indeed, to any loud discussion or colloquy within hearing of the audience.

I think the common sense of this will appeal to all.

In many cases, it would be quite possible to elevate the screen receiving the pictures from one to five feet higher over the stage in the theaters. Careful experiment should be made at the precise place where the line of

sight from the audience, and from each of the audience, clears the heads, shoulders, and other obstructions in front of them. I have been to shows where, if the screen were raised even one yard, it would be in clear view from every part of the house, and even people coming and going would not cut off one's line of sight. This is a simple matter, and yet, I am sure, is overlooked in some establishments.

An even more important reform would be attained by raising the screen; namely, it would make it possible to put up an opaque barrier between the audience and the musician's lights. Though screened from the top, the electric music-lights glare below and on the sheets of music; consequently, there is an irregular row of annoying and distracting lights from which one cannot free one's consciousness. If the screen cannot be raised, the lights should still be blocked off, even if the musicians are turned about so as to face the audience, rather than the screen. I consider this an exceedingly important matter, as these glittering lights have much to do with the eye-tire from which many suffer, and by which many are kept from the shows.

The question of illustrative noises is one to which there are certainly two sides, but it seems that good taste would be able to decide all such questions by the aesthetic test. The whole matter is one of the attention—whether it is more important to keep it upon the screen than to give a petty realism.

Probably the right method will be to use the auditory helps only in series where realism is not essential. Thus, where a reel is comic, the reports of pistols, the tolling of bells, the clattering of horses' hoofs, and so on, rather add to the effect. We know that the story is not a true one, and so do not mind the strengthening of our impressions by means evidently artificial.

But it is far different in serious sets of pictures. Such a view, for instance, as "The Charge of the Light Brigade," is, to a sensitive spectator, almost ruined if the bass-drum man attempts to imitate the Russian artillery. We view such pictures as if they were very definite imaginative visions, lending ourselves to their illusion, but not accepting them as facts. If imitative noises are added, they must not go beyond right limits, and these limits are those of the pictures themselves. They may recall, but they must not imitate, the natural scene. Thus, a subdued rumbling does no harm; distinct taps of the drum, which recall the wielder of the drum-sticks to our consciousness, take us miles away from the scene of battle.

As to the display of legends and lettering, stage directions, and so on, the suggestion is made, in all deference, that they should not attempt the decorative. The simpler they are, the better. In any form, they are a distinct interruption, and the less attention they require or emotion they excite, the better. Thus, it will be seen that decorative frames, fancy coloring, and all such devices, are of doubtful value. Another thing—they should be carefully edited. I have seen some curious blunders in the text of otherwise excellent reels. One sentence I remember, asking the audience to note the " enormity " of some natural object, meaning, of course, its great size. Punctuation is often poor, below the standard of any well edited periodical.

Of course the thoughtful reader will see at once that the principles here suggested forbid all such extras as clocks telling the time, vases of flowers, and similar attempts to make the stage "artistic."

The golden rule for picture show exhibitors is: Keep the spectator upon the stage.

Bronxville, N. Y.

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State

WHOS' WHO In The PHOTOPLAYS

SHORT BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF THE PLAYERS

WALLACE REID or "Wally" as he is called by those who know him best, has had a wide and varied experience for one so young. Born in St. Louis in April, 1890, and with only such stage experience as he had gained from being associated with his father, Hal Reid, "Wally" secured an engagement with the Sellig Polyscope Company in 1909. From there he went to Vitagraph, later to Reliance, thence to Universal, then to American and, finally, back to Universal again. Dorothy Davenport in private life is Mrs. Reid and plays leads opposite her husband



in all his productions. Motoring is the favorite amusement of the Reids.

ALLEN CURTIS, director of the Joker comedies of the Universal, was born in New York City, February 3, 1876, and made his first stage appearance in New York in August, 1895. He has played with such famous stars as Weber and Fields, and Ward and Vokes, has been featured in burlesque, and has appeared in musical comedy stock in and about Chicago. In March, 1913, Curtis joined the Imp Company as a player, later being transferred to the West Coast organization, and assigned to the Joker brand. He is now directing exclusively. He is of medium height, dark



skinned and will be best remembered for his work in "The \$10,000 Bride" and "The Priceless Treasure."

HOWARD DAVIES was among the oldest picture players in the West, for he began work there when but one concern, the Sellig Polyscope Company, had a California studio. Born in Liverpool, England, in 1880, he made his stage debut in 1909 in "The Lights of London," and afterwards appeared in the companies of Wilson Barrett, Forbes Robertson and Louis Morrison. His picture work began in 1907 with the Vitagraph Company, but in 1910 he drew his salary checks from the Bison Company, while the beginning of 1912 found him with Universal. At this



writing he is connected with the Majestic Company.

MIGNON ANDERSON, petite and blond, would never be taken for the daring Thanouser player if you were to encounter her in real life on the street for she seems anything but bold and daring when you meet her. She was born in Baltimore, Md., 1892, and in 1911 she first appeared on the legitimate stage in "Robert Emmett." Following that production she was associated with Joseph Jefferson, Richard Mansfield, Herbert Kelsey and several other stars before she signed a Thanouser contract, where all her work in

films has been done. She will be best remembered in such Thanouser pictures as "David Copperfield," "Nicholas Nickleby," "The Golden Cross," "Robin Hood," "A Daughter Worth While" and "The Elusive Diamond." It was in the latter picture that she made the sensational leap from a window, twenty feet above ground, which brought gasps of amazement from all who have seen the film and resulted in her being cast for more roles of the daring sort in the future. Dancing, motoring, and horseback riding are her favorite amusements.



ing cast for more roles of the daring sort in the future. Dancing, motoring, and horseback riding are her favorite amusements.

RILEY CHAMBERLAIN will be instantly placed as the "funny old man" of Thanouser films, for Riley has been playing "characters" for Thanouser since March of 1912. He was born in Grand Rapids, Michigan, November 7, 1854. As long ago as 1874 Mr. Chamberlain made his debut as a member of the Chicago Academy Stock and scored a tremendous success, though he very soon discovered that character work was his particular forte. He has appeared with Adelaide Neilson, W. J. Florence, Charles Coughlan, John McCullough, May Irwin, "Lulu's Husbands," "Tillie's Nightmare," "Madame X" and "Excuse Me." The Thanouser concern is the only motion picture studio for which Mr. Chamberlain has worked, but such characters as he created in "Conductor 786" will never be forgotten. Fishing occupies all of Riley's time when he isn't working.



in such plays as "The Blue Mouse," "Lulu's Husbands," "Tillie's Nightmare," "Madame X" and "Excuse Me." The Thanouser concern is the only motion picture studio for which Mr. Chamberlain has worked, but such characters as he created in "Conductor 786" will never be forgotten. Fishing occupies all of Riley's time when he isn't working.

PAUL SCARDON made his first stage success in Melbourne, Australia, the city of his birth, in 1894, and for five successive seasons thereafter was associated with the J. C. Williamson productions. Coming to America in 1905 he was fortunate enough to play with E. H. Southern, Digby Bell, Kryle Bellew, and Mrs. Fliske in "L'Aiglon," "Sherlock Holmes," "The Admirable Crichton," "Don Quixote," "Brigadier Gerard" and "Becky Sharpe." In 1910 he joined the Imp company; in October, 1911, he moved over to the Majestic studio; and in January of 1913 he



was transferred to the Reliance Stock Company. He is of medium height, blonde, and is famous for his breeding of English bulldogs, the prize of his kennels being the 1913 champion "Beaming Belle."

MARIE ELINE, the "Thanouser Kid," is much in-demand entertainer at afternoon clubs and teas, and is frequently met on Broadway either going to or coming from one of these functions.

COAST STUDIO JOTTINGS

NEWS OF THE PHOTOPLAYERS IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

By Richard Willis

MONA DART FEATHER is wondering how many children there are in the U. S. She is being overwhelmed with sketches of Indian Maidens submitted by the kiddies in answer to her offer of an Indian toy for the best ones sent in.

It was at first reported that Dr. Lloyd Mace attended poor Kirby, the actor-traffic who died from infection, the result of being mauled by a lion at the Universal ranch. As a matter of fact a Dr. Jackson treated Kirby's poisoned arm and Dr. Mace only saw it 30 hours afterwards, too late to avert the tragic death. The coroner's jury censured Jackson.

"Bull Durham," who used to twirl for the N. Y. Giants, distinguished himself here last Sunday when he threw the sphere for the Keystone team of the Movie League. His followers knocked the Universalites down by 9 to 7.

James Neil, late of Kalem, and for a long time stage manager to the Morosco forces has been engaged by the Lasky company to take the part of the father opposite Thomas W. Ross, and Jane Dawell in "The Only Son," being produced by Oscar C. Apfel at the Hollywood studio.

The latest director to take charge of a company is Tom Sanchi, who is producing photo-plays at Selig's, with Kathlyn Williams in the leading part. He is working at the animal farm near this city.

There was a note of keen satire in a recent production put on by Harry Edwards, entitled "Universal like is Kept from being an Actor." Louise Glaum was irresistible in this rapid fire production.

Jessalyn Van Trump, who has played good parts in Universal and Mutual films, is under the care of a specialist. She is suffering from an attack of some eye trouble, caused by overwork, and as a result she is being kept in a dark room. The doctor says she will be all right soon.

Mrs. Arthur Mackley and her husband "Sheriff" Mackley, went abroad on a visit not long ago. Whilst in Edinburgh, Mrs. Mackley wanted to see Holyrood Castle. "Where do you come from?" asked the courteous attendant.

"Los Angeles," answered the Californian.
"Los Angeles? That's where the women vote. I'm very sorry, we can't admit any suffragettes, Madam." And what's more, no amount of persuasion would alter his decision.

Tom Mix and the Selig animals from Prescott, Arizona, have arrived and are quartered at the wild animal farm here with the rest of the big zoo. The whole organization was transplanted from the desert to this city. Everyone is now busy on a new big picture.

Russell E. Smith, the associate editor and contract author of the Mutual is the writer of 3 plays and over 200 photoplays, besides which he has revised purchased scripts by the hundreds. He has moreover written vaudeville songs, and numerous magazine articles. He said that he works 22 hours out of the 24. He is quite normal with it all!

Johnson has ridden many a time in the saddle, but has just had his first experience in regulation eastern riding costume. He is very smart and says that the uniforms were the ONLY articles to wear in the saddle.

Pauline Bush is taking a vacation and has escorted her mother to Alaska. She won't ever think pictures for a month. The rest is needed for she has worked long and faithfully.

John Steppeling who recently joined the Ricketts company of Americans at Santa Barbara, likes that berg so well that he is sending east for Mrs. Steppeling and the kiddies. He is quite a family man, is John.

Jimmy Atkinson of Bosworth's, made a special trip to Alaska to purchase the valuable collection of furs, boats, ski's, mackinaws, etc., used in the Jack London films. Jimmy had some strenuous experience while in the far north.

The recently organized U. S. Feature Film company started work at San Diego this week. A. R. Pelton is the business manager, Arthur Nelson, late of Frontier, and Hal Clements, recently with Kalem, are the directors. In the company are Larry Peyton, Natalie de Linton, Elizabeth Burbridge, and camera man A. Vallet. The new concern will produce three-reel "Westerns," and one-reel comedies.

Myrtle Stedman, who gave a notable performance in Jack London's "Valley of the Moon," with the Bosworth company, is playing the leads in three other pictures.

William D. Taylor, the Vitagraph player, is the author of a dramatic sketch named "The Mills of the Gods." He put it on with Anne Schaefer for the Woman's Club at Santa Monica recently. The first performance of the playlet was given in New York City.

Helen Holmes of the Kalem company is a beautiful young woman. In years gone by she was a famous artist's model and treasures some good examples of the work of several celebrated artists.

Paul Hurst and George Melford have returned from a fishing expedition to Catalina Island. Asked what luck he had there, Paul announced "Luck? Huh! Caught thirteen fish, and blew out one tire."

May Cruze, who is a favorite at the Frontier studio in Santa Paula, is a sister of James Cruze, of Thanhouser. She intends to be as famous as her handsome brother, if she can.

That beautiful little actress Margarita Fischer is delighted at having captured first place in the Photoplay Magazine Idol contest. Everyone else seems to be as pleased as she is. Margarita is genuinely and deservedly popular.

Earle Fox, formerly of Reliance fame, has left that company. He has had a severe spell of illness and is only just able to be around again. His future plans are not yet determined upon, but he wants to stay in California.

S. S. Hutchinson, president of the American is enjoying a busy "business" holiday in Chicago. He states that the demand for Harry Pollard's Beauty Brand films is growing steadily. It ought to.

Anne Schaefer of Vitagraph fame, has won a place among ten selected photoplayers in a popularity contest conducted by the St. Louis Times. Later the ten will be voted on and one favorite will be selected. Jane Novak, also from the "show-me" state is in the contest.

Forty new steel cages have arrived here and are being set up at the Selig wild animal farm. The animals will now enjoy more adequate quarters while waiting for scenes.

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The Cross

(Continued from page 31)

all at once I saw how I was wrong and all the others. I thought there was no Sprauess Theatre in St. Louis. I learned that I was wrong. Partly because there was a Sprauess, only the penniless girls Kerns were sending to him. That was a wretched game; to make a girl money she had before she started only because they wanted to wanted her to reach a strange cent.

"Say, look here, now," he said, "I'm wrong! Say, you go out and waive my commission. You've got a wrong idea of me."

"I have not!" I said, viciously. "I'm going straight to the police. I may not know, but I suspect a lot. And I guess they can find out whether I'm right or wrong."

Suddenly he fished out a roll of bills. He counted out four five dollar notes.

"I'll give you back your money!" he said, with a fine show of indignation. "I don't want the money of anyone who calls me a cheat!"

I took it. I needed it too badly to have any hesitation, even if he had earned it. And I didn't go to the police. Even if the threat had frightened him, I felt that it would be useless.

That was the beginning of one of the worst periods of my life. There are times of drab, gray melancholy that are harder to endure than actual disasters. There is something about active misfortune that makes one rise and fight back. But what I had to endure now was just day after day of hopeless endeavor to get work. I was beginning to be too well known at the studios. Except for mob scenes, when they took anyone, the directors did not want me. When I went into a room full of waiting men and women now there would be a little titter.

And at last I got an inspiration. I had failed in New York. I was known, in New York, as a failure. Well, why not go somewhere else and start over? Why not do what I had seen so many do, bluff my way? With a few new clothes, with a great deal of assurance and audacity, why couldn't I do what others had done? I did know something now, but I could never make these directors, who knew the old me so well, see it. And then I laughed, harshly, to myself. I had just twenty-five dollars in the world when I came to this decision.

But, I had a plan. And that, it turned out, was worth untold riches. I had regained, somehow, the confidence I had lost. And when Santelman, of the Cornflower studio, played a great joke one morning I turned the joke to my own advantage.

"Hello, you here again, Morgan?" he said. He was a sarcastic, bitter beast of a man, but clever. He loved to pick out some unfortunate soul, like myself, and humiliate her—it was seldom a man, who might have resented what he did—before a waiting crowd. "Well, say, maybe I've got a job for you! You can't act but can you sew? Sew quickly!"

"Yes," I said, biting my lips. Sometimes, if one took his cruel jesting in good part, and let him get a laugh, he rewarded one with a day's work.

"Fine!" he said. "Our wardrobe woman here has just quit. I'll give you fifteen dollars a week to take her place."

There was a roar of laughter. It was a choice insult, to offer an actress menial work. But I saw the chance there was in it. It would not be giving up my chosen field to take such work, I would still be in the game.

"I'll take it!" I said. "Thank you, Mr. Santelman! When shall I start?"

His jaw dropped. But I had him, and I was right away! "He said, 'Glad you got a little sense, Morgan. You've got on as well as an actress, I suppose!'"

I smiled. I was wondering how would take me to save enough for a new life in mind. And right there I decided to live on six dollars a week, and save



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EASTERN STUDIO NEWS

GOSSIP OF THE PLAYERS IN-AND-AROUND NEW YORK

PAUL GEBHART, well and favorably known for his several years' work in Pathe and Reliance pictures and also for his ability as a director, has joined the Ramo company and will direct their pictures hereafter.

Lillie Leslie of the Lubin studio, is one of the best-dressed women appearing on the screen. "If you meet her on the street or in the studio, you will find her well-groomed always," said a director for whom she did some work recently, and he is only one of many.

James Cruze, before launching into the profession of the screen, held the exciting position of "barker." If "Jimmie" didn't confess to it himself, nobody would ever guess it. However, the Thanhouser star does not at all mind telling about "the old days" when he traveled from town to town with a medicine show.

Harry E. Chandless is the newest addition to the Lubin scenario staff. He is now possessor of one of the six big mahogany desks that line either side of the carpeted room where the majority of the Lubin screen stories originate.

Harold Lockwood is the good-looking young man who has played recent leads for the Famous Players Film Company, opposite Mary Pickford. He is now at work in the Famous Players studio on West Twenty-sixth street, New York. His few weeks in the east have already made him a favorite with the film folk he has met at the Screen Club and elsewhere.

Peter Lang is again to be found at the Lubin studio in Philadelphia. For several months he graced the pictures and studio of the Famous Players, but the Lubin plant is "home" to Peter.

Lolita Robinson, late star in "Fine Feathers," is to become leading woman for the Jesse L. Lasky Feature Play Company. She will make her picture debut in "The Man on the Box." Miss Robinson—Mrs. Max Figman in private life and the mother of a clever two-year-old daughter—will be welcomed to the screen as her work on the stage has brought her general liking and much popularity.

Max Figman is to star in "The Man on the Box," which will be made in California in early June. The play by this name was one of Mr. Figman's greatest stage successes. Its scenes, which will require the great out-of-doors as a setting, and will put to use the accomplished riding of both Mr. and Mrs. Figman, are especially, adaptable for filming.

Jim Kirkwood, who returned from the coast a few weeks ago with the aggregation that found its way straight to the Famous Players studio, is beaming with happiness over being back where he can look at Broadway every five minutes, if he so desires. "Lonesome? Try staying away for a while and you'll see!" is his invariable answer, and he starts in to beam all over again.

Richard Tucker—called "Dick" by those who dare—is again at the Bronx studio of the Edison company after "months and months," as he puts it, of work in the south. When it comes to a question of loyalty to New York, Tucker is one of the front-rankers.

J. Searle Dawley, who has been one of the directors of Famous Players films for the last year, is taking a rest from service in this company. He says that when he starts in again it will be with a new directing policy and with a different company.

Flo LaBadie was the wearer of a wonderful new gown in a recent scene from "The Million Dollar Mystery," which is in preparation at the Thanhouser studio. Both she and "Peggy" Snow, playing leads in this film series, have added a number of new costumes to their wardrobe since the making of this series began. They know the value of good-looking clothes. This is one reason for their popularity with the picture public.

Norman Kane, playing leads opposite Mariel Ostriche in Princess pictures is one of the jolliest of the jolly at the New Rochelle plant. His good-looking face and happy manner has impressed screen spectators with the result that his daily allotment of mail is a heavy one.

Alice Joyce is the latest favorite to be announced as lead in a film series, which will be released at two-week intervals. But it is further stated that each picture will be complete in itself, hence there will be none of the tedious waiting which usually attend a continued-in-out-next story. Each picture will show Miss Joyce in an entirely different role. The first release, "Nina of the Theater," will come June 8.

Edwin S. Porter, technical manager of the Famous Players Film Company, and **Hugh S. Ford**, producer, have gone to Europe to film **James K. Hackett** in "Monsieur Beaucaire."

Ella Margaret Gibson of the Western Vitagraph Company is the latest of the many photograph stars to be given the title "youngest leading lady in pictures." She is eighteen years old and has been on the stage since she was twelve.

Claire Whitney of the Blache company out at Fort Lee, N. J., is taking part in "The Lure," which is now being produced by that company with the stage cast which has made its several months' run so successful. Miss Whitney was formerly a musical comedy star and is very, very pretty.

Bobby Connelly, the little Vitagraph boy who has made lovable the character of "Sonny Jim" on Vitagraph programs, has been ill with pneumonia for more than a month. His convalescence will be over shortly and again filmgoers will have a chance to applaud "Sonny Jim" and his curls.

Florence Lawrence wishes she were not so shy. "You may not believe it, but I am, really," she confesses. "I hate to talk about myself—but I'll tell you anything you want to know about my bull-dogs!"

Bert Adler, who has written "ad" copy and dictated publicity for the Thanhouser Company for years, has risen a notch in position and importance and is now traveling representative for C. J. Hite, president of the Thanhouser Company. Those who know Mr. Adler are glad to hear the good tidings and extend hearty congratulations.

Arthur V. Johnson, actor and director at the Philadelphia Lubin plant, has added about twenty pounds to his weight and is accordingly twenty pounds better looking. Some good looks!

Mildred Bright is one of the Eclair company that has found its way to the western Eclair studio. The eastern recruits received a hearty welcome. Some of those who made the trip are: Robert Frazier, "Bill" Schoerer, George Nagle, Gene Horbottle and Burt Hands.

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I will tell you gladly and willingly. Why should any woman neglect an opportunity to escape the pain and heartache of being skinny, scrawny, angular and unattractive in body? Misery is not our heritage. Nature planned that you—a woman—should have the rich, pulsing lines of warm, living flesh molded after the mother of us all, the description of whom perfumes our sacred literature with love and admiration for the divinity of woman's form. For why should there be that pitiful aspect—the face of a woman and the form of a man.

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I don't care how fallen, or flaccid, or undeveloped your bust now is—I want to tell you of a simple home method—I want to tell you how I gained perfect development. No physical culture—no massage, foolish baths or paste—no plasters, masks or injurious injections—I want to tell you of my own new method, never before offered or told about—insuring immediate success and permanent beauty.

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INFORMATION DEPARTMENT

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ABOUT PLAYS AND PLAYERS

MARY W., DES MOINES, IOWA—Mabel Normand, who is certainly the lady you refer to when you say "Keystone Mabel," has not left the Keystone Company and gone with the Universal so there won't be any "first" picture under the new brand to name for you. You evidently have things confused, as it was Ford Sterling that left Keystone to go to Universal. The pictures in which he appears are called "Sterling" comedies.

OSCAR G., COLUMBIA, S. C.—You haven't seen Irying Cummings in recent Pathe films for the reason that he is no longer with that concern. He recently signed a Thanhouser contract and is now at work at the New Rochelle studio of his new employer.

PAULINE W., CHICAGO, ILL.—The Dot Farley you refer to is now leading woman of the Albuquerque Film Company, we understand. A letter addressed to her in care of that concern would undoubtedly reach her.

CHESTER S., LOS ANGELES, CAL.—Yes the Usonia is only one of several new brands of film. We haven't been fortunate enough to see one of their releases in Chicago yet but they probably will be showing them one of these days. Zodiac films are also new to us, but we presume they have a place in somebody's program—or will, soon. The Mace films of which you write, are to be features, we understand, all several reels in length.

MABEL O., HALLS CORNERS, N. Y.—E. K. Lincoln is no longer with the Vitagraph Company. He is now the leading man of the Photoplay Production Company which is filming "The Littlest Rebel." This picture has not been released yet but probably will be in the very near future. Yes, Mr. Lincoln was one of the featured members of the cast in Vitagraph's "A Million Bid."

FOTO FAN, ST. LOUIS, MO.—Yes Gladys Hulette, the little Edison star was on the legitimate stage in "Little Women." In fact we believe this was her last appearance on the speaking stage. She played the role of "Beth."

"SMILEY," HOUSTON, TEXAS—The William Bailey you saw in the role of Harold Routledge in "The Banker's Daughter," released by the Life-Photo Film Company, is the same William Bailey who used to be with Essanay.

CLORETTA H., BISMARCK, N. D.—Fritzi Brunette is not dead, but playing with the Stellar Photoplay Company. Her last appearance was as the daughter of John Diamond in the picture called "Forgiven; or the Jack o' Diamonds." It does beat all the number of popular player-folk who are reported "dead." Hardly a day passes that somebody doesn't start a rumor that John Bunny, or King Baggot, or Broncho Billy has been killed while acting for the pictures. They're all a long ways from being dead however we are thankful to report.

"BRANEY," BOSTON, MASS.—The "Sophie" in the Essanay series of films featuring the remarkable Sophie Clutts is Miss Margaret Joslyn. No, she is not Mrs. Broncho Billy Anderson, no somebody has evidently been stringing you.

ARCHIE M. F., BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Mr. J. Stuart Blackton, one of the officers of the Vitagraph Company, is himself "the Commodore" in "Love, Luck and Gasoline," which you saw at the Vitagraph Theater, and incidentally is actually a commodore.

ANNA O'L., WHITEWATER, WIS.—Charles Ogle is "Biceps" in the Edison film, "The Double Cross." He is far from being a newcomer in the Edison Company, for he has been with that concern for several seasons. You must have seen him time and again if you see Edison films at all regularly.

"BROADWAY," NEW YORK CITY—Yes Gail Kane who was featured in "Seven Keys to Baldpate" has left the legitimate stage to return to the movie studio. She is now working in All Star's "The Jungle," Upton Sinclair's powerful story. She previously worked for this film company, appearing as Bonita in their visualization of "Arizona."

AGNES T., BARABOO, WIS.—Mercy on us, Agnes, where have you been all this while? We supposed every girl in the United States knew all about Warren J. Kerrigan, who is the "Samson" of the film of that title. We know lots of them regard him as a matinee idol but to have a letter arrive asking who the "really good looking player is that appears as 'Samson' and if he has appeared in other films?" is quite an unusual event. If the rest of your letter didn't sound so sincere, we would guess that you were "spoofing" us.

REV. A. D. J., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—Sydney Ayres was the "Christ" in American's "The Last Supper," and we quite agree with you that the part was handled most reverently. We are sure Mr. Ayres would be delighted did he know how much a pastor enjoyed his work in this picture. Why don't you write him? Address your letter to American Film Manufacturing Company, Santa Barbara, Cal.

SUSIE B., DETROIT, MICH.—Edwin August is no longer with the Universal Company, but has formed a concern to be known as the Edwin August Feature Film Company, and will soon be releasing films on his own hook.

"CURIOUS," BUTLER, PA.—We don't recall having seen the particular Pathe Weekly to which you refer and so can't say from personal observation anything about the bit you mention, but we are positive that Pathe would not deceive the public in any way and that the picture was a real reproduction of what it was represented as being. Faking pictures is not as easy as you seem to imagine and a reputable firm like Pathe Freres would never be guilty of such deception as you seem to hint at. Rest assured the photographer was really present and took the picture you saw.

WINNIE C., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—You are mistaken in thinking that because George Kleine's main office is in Chicago the pictures you mention were taken in or near that city. Mr. Kleine buys the films from the Cines Company of Italy (where the films were taken) and then rents them through his various offices in this country.

W. G. T., OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.—Mary Charleston was the reporter miss in Vitagraph's "Her Great Scoop." Yes, Lillian Walker appeared in Vitagraph's "Fanny's Melodrama."

B20, ST. PETER, MINN.—Charles Ray was "Ruskin" and Gordon Mullins the tavern keeper in "The Path of Genius." We can't tell you the names of players in Itala films.

DOLLY L., TUCSON, ARIZONA—Her picture appeared in a recent issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE and there's a jolly feature story about her in the second issue of MOVIE PICTORIAL.

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What others are doing YOU can do. Read these records. N. T. Smith, Ohio, \$90 weekly profit. Meyers, Wis., \$250 first month. Beasley, Nebr., \$35 profit first 4 hours. Newton, Calif., \$60 in 3 days. Mathias, Fla., \$120 in 2 days. Corrigan, N. Y., \$114 in 60 hours. C. H. Tremour, Ind., \$35 profit first 6 hours. W. F. Hincard, New Mexico, \$35 in 2 days. Average men, average sales, average towns. Undeniable Proof of the Big Money to be made by the hustlers everywhere. The Robinson Tub is badly wanted and eagerly bought.

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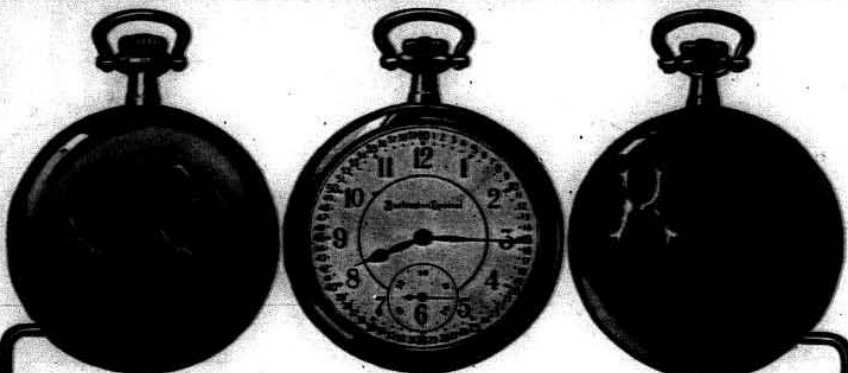
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MOVIE PICTORIAL

Edited by ROY S. HARTFORD

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☐ William Lord Wright is Editor of the Motion Picture Department of the "Dramatic Mirror," former Editor of the Photoplay Department of the "Motion Picture News," Author of "Art of Scenario Writing," "The Reel Thing," "Home Folks," "Last Days of Simon Kenton," "Story of the Blind Man Eloquent," etc., etc. He is one of the most experienced and capable writers in the business.

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- 4—The Tremolo Touch.
- 5—The Plot.
- 6—Plot Construction.
- 7—The Power of Observation.
- 8—Limitations of the Pictures.
- 9—The Value of Technique.
- 10—The Photoplay Classified.
- 11—The Motion Picture Story.
- 12—The Multiple-Reel Story.
- 13—Plagiarism.
- 14—Value of Action.
- 15—A Heart-Interest Story.
- 16—A Refined Comedy.
- 17—Titles.
- 18—Photoplay Characters.
- 19—The Synopsis.
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THE MOVIE PICTORIAL

VOLUME I

CHICAGO, JUNE 6, 1914

NUMBER 5

"MISS RAFFLES"

She Meets Her Match

By RICHARD DALE

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE VITAGRAPH FILM

RALPH LYONS stared indignantly at his chum, Bob Leslie. "Stuff!" he said, angrily. "Just because you've got no taste is no reason for you to think I'm in the same boat! I tell you the girl was a beauty!"

"And she said she lived here—had a summer home here?" said Bob, lifting his eyebrows incredulously. "Ralph, either you're dotty or else she was stringing you! I've got every girl on the reservation ticketed—and your description doesn't fit one of them. There's just the one chance, she may be a maid in one of the houses. 'Glorious eyes, as brown as the leaves in autumn—hair like—' what was the hair like, Ralph?—'lips like cherries—' oh, piffle!"

"All right," said Lyons, morosely. "Shut up and tend to business or we never will get to your place! I hope you're right for once, and that none of your family are there! I'd hate to burst upon their sight for the first time looking the way I do now."

"We'll soon know, anyhow," said Bob, as he turned a corner on two wheels and sent his car shooting along a narrow road, hedged in on both sides by trees. "But you needn't worry. I called Pop on the 'phone, and he said the place was empty. I haven't even got a key; we'll have to make it by the window in the kitchen. But I've done that often enough to know the trick."

They were at the Leslie country house a few minutes later.

"All right, jump-out!" said Bob. "I can find a key for the garage when I get inside. We'll leave the car till then."

"You seem to have house-breaking down to a fine art," said Lyons. "Dangerous business, I should think, having a window that's as easy as that. Why shouldn't a real burglar use it?"

"No reason, except that they don't grow around here," said Bob. "They're mighty particular, the people of the town. And tramps and all such critters know that they'd better give the place a wide berth. They lock 'em up for a while when they stray in, on general principles, and make 'em work. And when they're turned loose, they're glad to hit the trail, believe me!"

Work and tramps don't agree by a long shot."

While he talked he was fussing with a window, close to the ground, and in a few moments he had it open.

"All right, follow me in," he said. He was in a moment later, and Lyons followed, only to slip as he crossed the sill. He came down heavily, and swore in mingled pain and surprise.

"What's the matter, can't you do a simple little thing like that without flunking?" demanded Bob. Then, in real concern: "Say, you're not really hurt, are you?" He saw his friend limp to a chair.

"Not badly," said Ralph, wincing, however, as he sat down. "Gave my ankle a bit of a twist. Same one I used to hurt playing football, of course. I'll be all right after a while."

"Too bad!" said Bob. "But it serves you right, for being such a clumsy goat. Here, lean on me. I'll get you upstairs, and you can lie down. Then I'll run over to town and get some plaster or something. You'll want to bind it up a bit, won't you?"

"Be better, but just now I'm hungry," said Lyons. "How about some cats first?"

"You're on," said Bob. He foraged hastily, and produced a feast. Beer, crackers, a can of

pork and beans, that he heated over the gas stove, all they could possibly want.

"Fine!" said Lyons. "Run along, now. Show me your room first, though. Oughtn't we to clear this

truck up?"

He looked at the debris of their meal.

"Lord, no!" said Bob, indifferently. "Let the servants do it!"

"But they may not be back till spring!"

"What of it? We should worry! Come on!" So, being men, they went!

And Lyons, although his ankle still hurt, was quite content. He heard the car chug off, and settled down upstairs, with a book, to wait. He had smeared his coat getting in, and changed it for one of Bob's smoking jackets. But he soon dropped his book. He was thinking, with a whimsical smile, of the quest that had brought him to Bob's home. It was a girl; a girl he had seen just once, on a train. There had been a little mishap; she had been caught without her purse, and he came to her rescue. Then they had talked, and he had begged her to tell him who she was. And she had smiled at him provokingly.

"Let's make it a little game," she had proposed. "You're to find me. If you win, you get your money back. If not—why you lose it! Our stakes are made to our order, aren't they? Of course, if you insist, we'll exchange cards, and I'll send you the money, and a nice little note, saying how grateful I am, and—we won't see one another again. But—"

"The game, by all means!" he had agreed. "But—the stake is all mine. You ought to put something up, too. You stand to win, but not to lose—and that's no sporting proposition. If you win, you keep the money. If I win, I get it back—and something besides."

"What?" she had asked.

"And—a kiss," he had suggested, daringly.

She had frowned at that, first; then smiled.

"Agreed!" she said. "But now you'll never find me! The stakes are so high, sir, that I can't afford to lose!"

He had been sure that she was one of the colony of summer residents to which Bob's family belonged. But Bob, to whom he had told the story, with res-



A Silk Chad Ankle—Perhaps a Little More!—Appeared over the Hill

errations, had scoffed at him. And he was here, though too late, to find most of the summer people, and had a twisted ankle for his pains! Still he was content.

A sudden noise startled him, and interrupted the current of his thoughts. It sounded as if someone were trying a window downstairs. And, because he was alone in the house, he forgot the pain of his ankle, and crept down. He made for the kitchen; in the door, he paused, astonished. He could not see all of the window, but what he did see was enough to make him back out of sight. A silk clad ankle—perhaps a little more!—appeared, over the sill. A girl, plainly, was climbing in. He wanted to see her face, but he drew back.

"There's nothing romantic about a lady who will do a thing like that!" he said to himself, "even if she has an ankle that's pretty enough for the chorus of a summer show!"

Up he went again, and to the place where, as he knew, Bob kept his revolver. Against the girl, if she were alone, he would not need it, but—was she alone? Was it even likely that she would be alone, on such an errand? He had the revolver when he went downstairs again. He made his way carefully to the kitchen; she was not there. But she had left a way for him to trace her. Her shoes were muddy, and he followed the plain trail she had made, through the hall, to what he guessed must be the library.

"She's deuced careless, I must say!" he told himself. "Or else she thinks there's no chance that anyone will see her tracks!"

As he neared the library he moved cautiously. But, even before he went into the room, a very large one, filled with furniture all muffled for the long winter, he knew that she was there, for there was a light, faint, but unmistakable. And he went in on tip toe, to see her kneeling before the open safe! He was upon her before she heard him.

"Hands up!" he said. "Hands up, Miss Raffles!"

She turned at that, with a frightened cry, her hands going up! And, though her face was streaked with dirt, he knew her at once. It was the girl of his adventure, the one for whom he had been searching.

"Good Lord!" he said. "You! Here! Robbing my friend's house!"

She recovered her wits before he did. "My Samaritan!" she said. "How ridiculous! You are always finding me in the most absurd situations, aren't you? Well, you've won your bet—or our game—"

"Don't!" he said. "I wish to God I'd never seen you again!"

For a moment she stared at him, mystified, he could have sworn. But then he remembered that one of her calling must have her wits about her, if she would live by them, and that she would be, in all probability, a bit of an actress besides. He saw, too, that she was going to change her tactics. A mischievous light sprang into those lovely eyes.

"You've caught me!" she said. "Well, what will you do? Send for the police?"

"No!" he groaned. "But go, for heaven's sake, while there is still time."

"I haven't got what I came for yet," she said, reproachfully. "Look, isn't it lovely? Wouldn't it tempt you? And—by the way—what are you doing here?"

But, before she let him answer that last question, she picked out very calmly and deliberately, a glittering string of diamonds, a necklace that he knew must

CENSORSHIP!

"SHELLY wrote: 'The highest moral purpose aimed at in the highest species of the drama is teaching the human heart, through its sympathies and antipathies, knowledge of itself; in proportion to the possession of which knowledge every human being is wise, just, sincere, tolerant and kind.'

"We wish all men and women whose mental limitations take the form of an itch to censor other adult person's plays and books would cut that out and ponder it until its meaning has, perhaps, illuminated their cloudy minds."

The foregoing is from the SATURDAY EVENING POST. To comment on its application to the censorship of moving pictures were like unto painting the lily, or gilding refined gold.

be immensely valuable.

"You—you must know that that's absurd!" he gasped. "You can't take that. I can't let you!"

"Please sir, I've lost my bet," she said, mournfully. "If you won't let me earn my living, how can you expect to be paid?"

"Good God!" he said. Can't you realize that this is serious, that it's no time for playing?" She straightened up at that.

"Oh, let's forget the tragedy," she said. "You're very clever—but so am I! I tell you what I'll do. I got here first—unless you were wasting your time. Anyhow, I cracked the crib. But I'll be fair. I'll divide with you, fair and square."

"What do you think I am?" he asked wildly. "A thief, of course, like myself," she said.

Her laugh, light, musical, all that he remembered from their brief first meeting, pealed out in the empty room, startling in its loudness. "Well, do you agree?"

"Listen, girl!" he said. "I'm visiting here. I came with the son of the house! For heaven's sake put that back. And then get out, and let me help you, let me lend you money, what-

ever you need, so that you won't be tempted to do this sort of thing again! Here, put it back, and I'll help you to get away!"

"We'll have to talk this over," she said. "You sound as if you might be telling the truth." She stared at him intently, and he saw her whole expression change. "Oh!" she cried. "I believe you are telling the truth, that you're not a thief at all! You're dressed as if you were staying here."

She collapsed, suddenly, sobbing. She seemed to be overcome by shame. Gently, Lyons took the necklace from her unresisting hand, and put it back in the safe. Then he shut the steel door and put his arm about her.

"Come," he said, and she let him lead her to a sofa. "We can talk for a few moments. I meant what I said. I'll do anything I can to help you."

"You say that, knowing that I'm a thief—Miss Raffles, you called me—that I'm unworthy—"

"I don't know that you're unworthy—I'll never believe it!" he said, carried away. "I don't know why you've done this, but it's not your fault. And I want to help you."

"How do you know the necklace was the only thing I took?" she asked him.

"Wasn't it?" he said, weakly. He looked at her, puzzled, not knowing what to do or say.

"I won't tell you—I can't!" she said. "Oh, why are you doing this? Why did you, you of all men, have to find me here?"

"I can't let you go until you tell me that you haven't taken anything except the necklace," he said, ignoring her wild question. "You see that, don't you?"

"You'd keep me here?" she said. "You'd let them catch me, take me off to prison, perhaps?"

"All you've got to do is to tell me you haven't anything else," he said. "That you have nothing else that belongs to anyone in this house. I'll take your word for it."

She looked at him tragically.

"I thought you were different," she said. "That day on the train—oh, you subdued yourself—but you looked as if you—as if I could do no wrong in your eyes."

"Is that fair?" he asked, gently. "Can I believe that what you are doing here tonight is right?"

She stamped her foot.

"You ought. Oh, you're just like a man! You work everything out by your logic. Don't you ever feel things? Why, a woman, in your place, would know, no matter what reason or logic told her, whether a man was really doing something wrong or not!"

"But you don't defend yourself!" he said, helplessly. "And—what am I to think? You come in here, with every appearance of a thief. I saw you, you know, as you came through the window—"

"You saw me?" She caught him up sharply. "And said nothing? You waited to trap me? You were so sure that I was a thief? And you pretended to be surprised when you came up from behind?"

"I didn't see your face," he explained, hastily. "I could only see your—er—your feet."

She blushed at that. Probably she knew what he had seen!

"And—well, your whole appearance," he went on. "Your face, really, you know, it's pretty dirty."

"Isn't it?" she admitted. "I came in a car. And I had to get underneath and attend to something that went wrong. Of course I'm dirty."



"Hands Up!" He Said. "Hands Up, Miss Raffles!"

"By Jove!" he said, admiringly. "You know, I thought you could do things like that! So you can repair a balky engine, can you?"

"In my profession," she said, mockingly, "a girl cannot be as helpless as the old fashioned ladies."

It was his turn to stamp his foot.

"Won't you tell me?" he begged. "There's some explanation—isn't there?" His voice was very gentle now; he was pleading with her against herself. "Won't you explain?"

"No!" she said. "Suppose I—can't!"

Their eyes met. And suddenly, with a deep intake of his breath, he gave up.

"I don't care!" he exclaimed. "I don't care what you are or

what you've done! I've found you and I'm not going to let you escape me again! You're a prisoner, all right, my prisoner!"

And, with a sudden swift movement, he caught her in his arms, and swept her to him. The next moment he had kissed her passionately.

"There!" he said. "I've collected my bet, our bet! And I'm going to do more."

She freed herself after a moment. But she had not really struggled, and now she looked at him oddly.

"You say that, and you think I'm a thief?" she said.



"I Had to Get Underneath and Attend to Something That Went Wrong"

"I tell you I don't care!" he said. "You—you're the girl I've searched for ever since we met that time! I've made an image of you, and if it didn't happen to be the right one, I don't care! I love you! That's all that matters!"

"Oh!" She gasped a little. "You are different! I—I believe you don't care, that you're really letting yourself go, and I thought only a woman could do that!"

He threw up his head suddenly, and his whole expression changed.

"We've got to get out of this," he said. "Here, come on. That's Bob's car. He'll be here in a second. I'm going to take you away—"

burglar. He called me Miss Raffles!"

Bob exploded. But Lyons was back in the room.

"She's the girl I met, Bob, you blind old chump!" he cried. "You knew she couldn't be around here, did you? Well—she was—and I've collected my wager!"

Jane Leslie blushed a fiery red then. But she did not look away when Lyons came to her. Her brother groaned.

"Oh, Lord!" he said. "I knew what would happen if you two met! Go ahead, fix up the date! I'll leave you alone if I can be the best man."—And they promised.

He led the way to a window, opened it quietly, and looked out.

"All right," he said. "He's around on the other side of the house. We can get away this way."

He climbed out, and turned to help her through. But she was sitting down, smiling.

"There's no time to lose!" he said, imperiously. "Hurry!"

But it was too late. Bob Leslie was in the room as he spoke. He stared at the girl; then a smile twisted his mouth.

"Well, for the love of Mike!" he said. "What are you doing here, Jane?"

Lyons gasped.

"Oh, I left my necklace here and I drove back to get it," said the girl. "I met Mr. Lyons and he thought I was a

WHAT THE PEOPLE WANT

For Old and Young

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MOVIE PICTORIAL.

ALTHOUGH writing letters is not my forte, I cannot resist the opportunity which your invitation in the last "Movie Pictorial" gives me to say a few things about picture shows.

First, I believe that everybody would like to see more good dramatizations of standard novels, and productions of standard plays. Take Shakespeare for instance—if we didn't become intimate with him in school days (and do you realize how large a per cent of the average picture show audience never had any school days?) the chances are that we shan't have much opportunity to know him when we have settled down to the business of making a living or a home. Imagine the luxury of making his acquaintance through the medium of good films. "A very superficial one," Mr. Professor-of-English in Highbrow College may say—but never mind, sir! It is better than none, and it may even prompt a few of us to read the play when we get home. One thing is certain most people, especially children, retain a more lasting impression of the play after they have seen it on the screen than after having read it. When I think of what a treasure house is awaiting the film producers in the literature of past ages, not only in English but in other languages, I wonder that they accept so much American "hack" work. Of course I don't be-

lieve that original dramas should be excluded—we might resent the producers' efforts to educate us too extensively in the classics, and the modern photoplaywrights have given us many a good drama, both tragedy and comedy, but it does look as if at least ten out of every thousand Indian pictures might be sacrificed for this cause.

Then I believe that there is always room for more good travel and scenic pictures. The average man at the picture show has traveled very little here and none abroad, and now that the picture show has made it possible to bring the mountain to Mahomet, the cinematographer should set out after it. It is interesting to compare the involuntary gasps with which an audience will greet the overpowering magnificence and beauty of a picture of Niagara Falls with those that welcome the appearance of Indians.

Pictures of various industries both here and abroad are always welcome. Most of us are interested in knowing how such everyday commodities as paper, glass, etc., are made, and the mere machinery in these factories is a fascinating sight for many. One of the most talked-of films we have had here was one showing the gigantic farming machines that are used in the West to dig ditches, pull stumps, and so forth. And we have never had a film to show us how moving pictures were made.

But what I believe that the public wants most of all is some solution of the child prob-

lem. Many a play that is excellent for grown-ups, is such that you don't want your children to see it, and yet in this day and time, particularly in the small town where there is almost no other amusement, it is next to impossible to keep a child away from the picture show altogether. What is to be done? To my mind there is one possible solution: to establish a children's theatre in each town that is large enough to support it where nothing but films suitable for children shall be given, and where a matron (with assistants, if necessary) shall be in charge of the little audience, so that parents need not come in unless they wish. Try to avoid saloons and other degrading scenes, cowboy bravado and swagger, all suggestions of roughness and indecency that occasionally appear in otherwise good comedies, and constant love-making or other acting that tends to cheapen the emotions. Dramatizations of the old fairy tales and folk lore would no doubt be popular with these audiences, as would also productions of some of the Greek, German, and Norse myths. For the towns which could not support a special theatre, two or three matinees a week might be set apart for the children, with the same arrangements as to matrons, films, etc. Then mothers who let their children go at night may do so at their peril. The producer and the manager will have done their part.

E. G. WILSON.

Nacogdoches, Texas, May 14, 1914.

J. R. Walling—Movie Magnate

III—The Knock-About Team of "Failure and Success"

BEFORE J. "Rufus" Walling deserted the *Marvelous Movies* and centered his operations in the "Up-Town," which he had recently acquired, (the larger and logically superior house directly across Amsterdam Ave.) he made certain that no rival would acquire the *Marvelous*.

Hugo Schmidt, delicatessen purveyor, had a friend in the tailoring business, and the new lease to this creator of styles removed the old *Marvelous* forever from the realm of possible competition.

But even his remarkable progress did not lift the leaden weight from Jack Walling's heart.

Little Dolly Ewing was no longer the working girl dependent on her own resources. Since she had discovered her wealthy grandfather in the person of Franklin Cosworth, she was an heiress. Besides, was it not true that the old gentleman had suffered for years from cardiac maladies? Heart failure and two million dollars! What a vista for any heiress!

True, Walling glided in her good fortune, but it was at the same time the fundamental cause of his worry. For, as soon as the gulf of dollars had widened between them Walling knew that he really cared—a great deal.

"It's just big brother stuff," he was wont to tell himself, doubting his feelings the while. Now he knew it was not simply a brotherly feeling, and what was more he admitted to the amazing emotion that was upsetting him.

Right at the very climax of his doubts and fears, Dolly came rushing into the theatre. Her auburn curls clustered saucily beneath a new, and very becoming hat. She was, in fact, very much like a gorgeously dressed French doll.

"Oh, but won't the men just mob one another buying tickets!" Miss Ewing giggled, as she did a little step before the glass.

She seemed immeasurably satisfied with her reflection.

"Guess what!" she ejaculated, as she tried her hat at a different angle.

Jack cleared his throat.

"Tell me," he urged.

"Brother Bobby wants to move back to the East Side. He licked a kid this morning. And Bobby isn't at all well. Candy! Good lands, Grandpa is feeding him to death. Say, Jack, honestly now, how do you like my gown?"

"You're just like the Queen of Sheba," he responded enthusiastically.

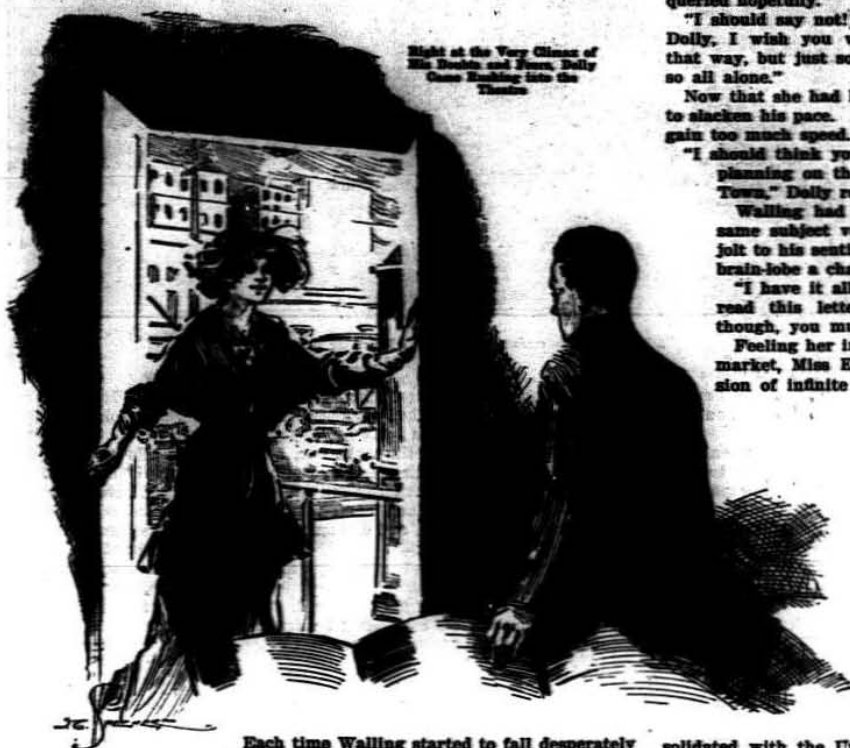
"She didn't have red hair," Dolly objected.

"No, but about eight hundred of Solomon's wives did when she kept the date with Sol."

The girl caught the idea immediately. Indeed, she felt that every married man would come to their show to see her, and that every married man's wife would accompany him as a safeguard against the auburn-haired siren. Of course, Dolly wasn't really a siren, but it pleased her pride to think so.

By RICHARD J. HENDERSON

ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLIXTON SHEPHERD



Right at the Very Climax of His Doubts and Fears, Dolly Came Rushing into the Theatre

Each time Walling started to fall desperately in love with his captivating ticket dispenser, his commercial instincts arose above his tender passions, and he would picture her as the real little queen of the movies. And thoughts of that nature spurred him on to new endeavors in view of the day when he could be a film magnate on his own account.

Mr. Cosworth had secretly informed his joyous little family that he would back Jack Walling as far as the poor-house, but cautioned Dolly not to breathe a word of it. He also told them some interesting truths about his holdings on Broadway.

This inside knowledge rather gave Dolly the "edge" on her hero, and if there is any one thing a girl relishes, it is to entertain knowledge just a trifle superior to that of the man she adores—and then help him to greater heights.

Dolly could have wept for sheer delight had Walling only gone miserably "broke," just so she could come to his assistance. Or, maybe, if he could get sick (not very sick, but just enough to have to depend on a nurse), it would be worlds of fun to become that nurse. Women have some remarkably strange day-dreams, but no one would have suspected that Dolly was thinking such romantic thoughts, as she assumed various poses before the full-length mirror.

Walling's voice really shocked her back to realities, because in the mansion of her visions she had a cold cloth on his fevered brow, and was crying a little sentimentally at his bedside.

The workaday world came bounding to her with a swish and a boom.

"I'm going to have your map charted," Walling insisted.

"What? Why, you talk to me as though I were Vera Cruz or Tampico. Say it again, slowly."

"I'm going to get your picture taken," and he colored apologetically at the very thought of referring to Dolly's beautiful features as a "map."

"To give away to the men?" she queried hopefully.

"I should say not! To keep for myself. Oh, Dolly, I wish you were poor again—no, not that way, but just so I could help you. I feel so all alone."

Now that she had him coming, she purposed to slacken his pace. It rarely pays to let them gain too much speed.

"I should think you would spend your time planning on the big opening of the Up-Town," Dolly returned.

Walling had been thinking about the same subject very seriously. This rude jolt to his sentiments gave his industrial brain-lobes a chance to assert itself.

"I have it all planned, Dolly. Let me read this letter to you. Understand, though, you must sign it."

Feeling her importance rising with the market, Miss Ewing assumed an expression of infinite wisdom.

"This is the letter that went to their mailing list, because Walling insisted that a list of patrons should be as important to a picture house as to any other business. Only recently two ladies had made a canvass of the neighborhood, calling up speaking tubes and asking the housewives if they patronized the *Marvelous*—and informing them that it had been con-

solidated with the Up-Town. The names and street addresses of those who replied in the affirmative were copied on cards, and these were placed on files, alphabetically arranged.

***** UP-TOWN MOVIES *****
 THE GIRL
 with the
 AUBURN
 CUBES
 2117 Amsterdam Ave.
 NEW YORK

To Our Friends—Greetings:

We're not going to permit the Governor of Vermont to hang Mrs. Wainwright.

Nobody saw her kill her husband, even if the circumstantial evidence was strong.

In fact, we doubt that he was killed at all—or even died.

We suspect that he was simply in a bad fix and decided to disappear.

But for all that, the mob wants poor little Annabel Wainwright to hang.

That's just because she was a militant suffragette—weighing only ninety-eight pounds!

The brutes!

Besides, it isn't as sad as it appears. From tears to screams of laughter in three ripping reels!

Come Tuesday evening and see just how it ended.

You'll meet us in our new home—right across Amsterdam Ave. from the place where we made our big hit.

A ladies' tailor has that place now—Mr. Max Sungat. He's a good tailor, and he and his wife are going to attend the Up-Town every evening.

All our old friends are coming, too! Remember—three reels on the Wain-

wright Case, and two other big features.

A dandy show for a dime.

Tuesday, the 16th inst.

I'll look for you—sure!

Sincerely yours,

The Girl With the Auburn Curls.

P. S.—I knew all the time that I was going to write this, only a woman is supposed to add a postscript! We'll give everybody a nice little souvenir!

"Oh, that's fine!" Dolly exclaimed excitedly. She always did like Jack best when she saw him conquering. She no longer had him sick and helpless. He looked much better just as he was.

"Santag pays for 'em—stamps and all," he chuckled.

Dolly's admiration grew apace.

"What about the presents?" she asked dubiously. "Not my photo, surely!"

Walling laughed. He had thought of that, but it wouldn't do. He must keep the cost down within reason.

"You just wait till they get here," he replied, reassuringly. But all the while, he was racking his brains on the gift problem. A souvenir, he reasoned, must be useful or unusual, to be appreciated. Also, it had to be low in price. If it was too expensive, he would lose money and, what was still worse, establish a dangerous precedent. But a tawdry gift, even in a picture house, would be worse than none at all.

Then he hit upon a bold scheme. But why not be bold? Faint hearts never won empires. Secretly, Jack Walling always envied Napoleon—that is, with the single exception of that unpleasantness at Waterloo; and barring, possibly, the St. Helena residence. Down in his home-town, whenever a man did anything distinctive, he was called a "Napoleon." They had Napoleons of finance, the grocery business, barbering and even of peanut-stands. In the face of that calumny, Walling still admitted his liking for the Corsican. At times, when nobody was looking, he would stand the way the artist made Bonaparte pose at Austerlitz, or wherever it was.

The evening of the big opening arrived. But the skies wept a peevish drizzle, and there was a sodden look to the streets that boded ill. A brass band blared its "rag" at the curb, and great floral decorations graced the foyer. A massive horse-shoe bore Hugo Schmidt's card. Hugo was some little advertiser himself, however, and the card was large and conspicuous. It carried this legend:

"Best wishes from Hugo Schmidt, Finest Delicatessen in New York—2142 Amsterdam Ave. Open Sundays."

One mighty bank of American beauties had a large sepia photograph of Dolly Ewing in the center. And another, from Mr. Cosworth, was in the form of an ancient harp. Walling could not determine whether it was to appeal to the contingent from Erin, to suggest heaven, or to brand his scheme with the subtle suggestion of the "lyre." It was that kind of harp, anyway!

Despite the glistening pavements, the crowd surged in, and to each person presenting a ticket at the door was handed a sealed envelope. Inside the envelope was a dainty little folder.

IF

By BERTON BRALLY

If I were a Movie Hero

And you were a Movie Maid,

I'd always be bravely present

Whenever you needed aid;

I'd save you from wicked villains

By strength of my good right arm,

And out of a hundred perils

I'd carry you free from harm.

If I were a Movie Hero

And you were a Movie Maid,

You'd always be sweet and loving

Wherever the scene was laid,

And after our trials and dangers

Were nothing but perils past,

The end of the film would find us

In a lovers' embrace at last!

But I'm only a common fellow,

Uncommonly fond of you,

Who's begging you now to treat me

The way that I want you to.

Oh, love me with sweet devotion,

As though in a film we played,

Where I was a Movie Hero

And you were a Movie Maid!

And within the folder was a ticket to the Up-Town!

The missive read:

Dear Friend:

As a token of good will, kindly accept this ticket. The evening is for you at our expense. The ticket is good any time.

We are as great as our friends permit



"Jack!" Dolly shrieked. An Officer restrained her but she fought and wept.

us to be. We appreciate your presence and want you to come often—just as frequently as our features and treatment merit your patronage.

We thank you for past favors, and we are,

Yours for an Hour of Enjoyment Each Day,

The Up-Town Movies.

The Girl With the Auburn Curls.

There are times when a dime, rightly placed, can do a dollar's worth of shouting. The an-

nouncement of a free show would have brought the undesirable. But now those who attended felt friendly. They had no guessing to do as to the cost or value of their gift. Nor did it come as a charitable, patronizing overture. The dullest mind could take the number of seats (one thousand) and calculate that, at a dime a seat, that meant one hundred dollars; and for four shows, four hundred dollars. Walling was elevated in their estimation. He was a chap after their own hearts. Bankers, merchants, lawyers, doctors, paused on the way out to compliment Walling. He had emerged from the mob and a small part of the metropolis realized it.

"Dolly," Jack confided a few days later, as they met just outside the theatre. "I really want to jam this house to capacity. There's a location a block from Times Square that I can get if I make this win. Say, us for the glad white way!"

"Oh!" Dolly gasped. "Honest and truly can we get down where people live?" She was just going to authorize him to go ahead and plunge, when she recalled Mr. Cosworth's admonition to remain silent, and remembered especially the secret he'd told her about Broadway. But she felt hurt because here was opportunity right before them and beckoning for them to follow.

Right at the point of wavering, something occurred—something quite terrible.

One of the attaches came racing from the theatre, shouting, "Fire! Fire! Help!"

"What's up?" Walling gasped.

"It's blazing—burning! Oh, I was trying to clean my coat with gasoline—and now my coat's gone, and everything with it. The scenery's on fire! Help!"

The young man ran and danced out in the street screaming his alarm.

The message took wings. From the dark abyss of the theatre a quantity of smoke rolled out into the open air. Its volume increased

and it reeked with the acrid odors of oil and varnish.

"Stay here!"

Walling commanded Dolly, as he rushed inside. A few fire extinguishers were arrayed along the walls. But these were as valueless as scattered rain-drops, for the conflagration was on in earnest. Battle as he might, the blaze was gaining and driving him back.

Down the street the fire-horses raced. The street was glutted with a curious mob.

"Jack! Jack!"

Dolly screamed, as the firemen ran toward the entrance. But no sound, save the crackling of the greedy flames, issued from the dead interior.

"Jack!" Dolly shrieked again as she struggled to force her way in. An officer restrained her, but she fought and

wept, because it was no longer an affair of business. She would have offered up a Manhattan Island of picture houses in exchange for Walling's safety.

The fire was gaining. Walling used every extinguisher within his reach. But he was forced to retreat without respect to his feelings or resolves. He was half blinded and strangling on the heavy smoke. Just as the firemen dashed into the house, he fell headlong, and his eyes were closed and his face scorched when they carried him out.

But now Dolly didn't care to have her foolish

little dreams come true. She wanted to see Jack just as he had been before it all happened. She followed close to his quiet form, and didn't mind at all that her hat was awry and her curls fallen down.

"Take him to Mr. Cosworth's," she pleaded. One of the patrolmen recognized her, and seeing that Walling's condition was not likely to be serious, he complied.

The Up-Town's doom was sealed, and what was much more deplorable, the fact that gasoline had been carried into the premises without permission, threatened to stir up no end of trouble. The building itself was not damaged particularly, but the interior of the theatre was a forlorn wreck. And everybody in the neighborhood was saying, "Suppose it had happened during a performance? Fireproof! Pooh!"

Mr. Cosworth, and his daughter, Mrs. Ewing, and Bobby, saw the ambulance stop before the house, and they feared the worst. Walling was carried in on a stretcher, and through the black daubs on his face the pallor was showing like depths of wax. Dolly tagged close at the rear of the procession, sobbing hysterically, and calling Walling's name in frantic little outbursts of terror.

A physician was on hand even before they had Walling in bed, but by that time, Jack opened his eyes wonderingly, and coughed because of the suffocating smoke fumes that had torn at his lungs like fire-brands.

Then the truth came hurtling on him, and he did what Dolly had never seen him do before: He wept, and wept bitterly. After the doctor assured him a few days would mend his hurts, Dolly (with the tear stains still lingering on her blanched cheeks) assumed the role of nurse. And there Walling lay with a cold towel on his brow, and Dolly patting his hand just as she had thought it all out a few days before. The reality didn't seem half so romantic as the image she had builded, because she had not calculated on Jack's suffering either physically or mentally, and now she knew that his pain was severe and his grief was deep.

"They lied to me about its being fireproof!" he moaned. "Suppose the house had been filled with people! I'd never fall for an old building again—never!"

The excitement had again played its old tricks on Mr. Cosworth. His heart trouble came back, although of late it had not been nearly so pronounced. Mrs. Ewing phoned for a physician, not the one her father had consulted all these years, but for the first one she could think of, and that was in the next building.

The doctor looked very grave as he examined the aged financier, and he used his stethoscope, and thumped Mr. Cosworth's ribs and chest thoroughly, even though a trifle roughly.

"Just as I thought," he mumbled in a professional guttural. "Just as I thought."

"Oh, it's his heart!" Mrs. Ewing blurted out fearfully.

"Heart nothing!" the physician replied. "His heart is as sound as a hickory stump. It's indigestion, that's what it is. These old epics will stuff and stuff."

"It's my heart!" Mr. Cosworth insisted petulantly as he straightened up. "It's my heart, I tell you. Why, all I ate for lunch was—let

me see: soup of some kind, a planked steak, mushrooms, a bit of lobster—"

"Enough!" the doctor interrupted. "From this moment on you adhere to the simple life, if you want to live."

"I can't, if I don't work," Mr. Cosworth objected. "I always liked hard work, but Dr. Blank said my heart would finish me some day. And when a man ceases his labors, what is left to absorb his thoughts but food?"

The man of medicine nodded his head thoughtfully.

"Well, get into some sort of enterprise. Why don't you start in the motion picture business?"

Walling did not pause to read any more. He shouted to Dolly for the telephone. In fact, his shout was so lusty, no one would have suspected the injury which his lungs had so recently sustained. In less than thirty seconds, he had the box-office on the wire. A minute later he was talking to the manager. Mr. Cosworth, becoming restless, was on his way upstairs to visit his stricken partner.

"Mr. Deming!" Jack asked eagerly. "My name is J. R. Walling, partner of Mr. Franklin Cosworth. What's that? He does, eh? Then why in thunder doesn't he say so? Oh, I see. Yes, I'm feeling better, thanks. Oh, yes, but

such things happen now and then. Yes, yes. Thanks, very much. Good-bye." Walling handed the instrument back to Miss Ewing, whose eyes were big and very bright, as well they might be, because the Broadway secret was now divulged.

"Oh!" he gasped. "Now what do you know about that? Why, Dolly, Mr. Cosworth owns the King's theatre property!"

"Yes, yes!" and Dolly stumbled over her response. "I knew it—only—but you see—"

"I told her not to tell," Mr. Cosworth broke in as he entered the room. "I have been watching your success day by day, my boy, and I intended, sooner or later, to turn that house

over to you. Now that our Amsterdam Ave. place is done for, I guess, we may as well get busy in a few days.

Walling's mind was aflame with plans for opening the new Broadway house. It seated two thousand. It was within a block of Rector's. The pulse of New York's great up-town district vibrated all around it. Here was a dream about to be realized. Good fortune pressed hard on the heels of misfortune. Out of chaos and despair were arising order and success. Better than all else, here was an opportunity to test big schemes in advertising.

In the midst of his gay calculations, one of the servants brought in a table and prepared for the spread. Bobby Ewing kept close to the base of supplies. The silver and glassware were resplendent—and also in quaint contrast to the krant, pickled pigs' feet, dill-gherkins and similar triumphs of the delicatessen store.

To the accompaniment of much laughter, with Walling in command of one segment of the banquet board, from his propped-up position in bed, they started in enthusiastically.

"Let me read my slip again," Mr. Cosworth observed, as his conscience prodded him.

"Uh-huh," he mumbled awkwardly. "So that's it? In listing pigs' feet, the doctor put the apostrophe after the *g* and before the *s*. That is singular, indeed—pigs' feet. One pig has four feet, not one hundred and forty-four!"

"This is an octopus pig," Walling suggested mirthfully. "And octopus people are dining on it. Here's to pigdom and a hogish ambition!"

"That's so," Dolly retorted. "What shall we name our new theatre?"

"We'll beat George Cohan to it," Walling responded, dropping a well-groomed uncloven hoof. "We'll call it the Yankee-Doodle Movies!"

"Hurrah!" Bobby gurgled, as his cheer died down like a voice in a well.

And they all emulated Bobby's lead, by smothering their own hurrahs in the consumption of Schmidt's choicest offerings.

The next Walling story will appear in the issue of June 20.

In Thirty Seconds He Had the Box-Office of the King's Theatre on the Wire



It offers reasonable excitement."

"I agree with you perfectly," Mr. Cosworth admitted. "In fact, I think it will be essential for me to start in that business. The one I was interested in has just burned out. By the way, can't you ease the rigidity of this diet somewhat? Why, a ditch-digger could afford this fare."

"True," the doctor responded. "Laborers have the health but no funds. Men like you have the funds, but no health. Upon my word, I am curing so many through mere common sense, I'll soon be without a calling. Still, men of your type usually fall from grace—backslide, as it were—on a doctor's advice. You'll call me again."

"Is that possible?" Mr. Cosworth responded angrily. "Well, I'll give you a thousand dollars if you can prove I deviate from this diet even once in the coming month."

Jack's hurts were not as severe as the shock, and as soon as he learned that the insurance adjusters had discovered a clause that did permit a small quantity of gasoline on the premises, and were prepared to settle in full, he took hold of his courage anew. The fear of it having subsided, Dolly rather liked her work as nurse. But as a real nurse, she would have been an utter failure. She smuggled in ice cream, macaroons and enough other sweets to supply a pink tea. And Hugo Schmidt sent up some of his very best delicatessen dainties and also his sincerest regrets.

The novelty of the situation had worn away somewhat by the second afternoon, and much as he enjoyed Dolly's ministering care, Jack longed to be up and doing. Then the BIG IDEA came to him. He found the inspiration in THE HERALD.

It was a small item that was hiding out in a corner of the second page. The intelligence ran thus:

THE KING'S THEATRE TO BE CLOSED

Famous Broadway Playhouse, After Two Years of Indifferent Success, to Go Out of Existence.

Looping the Loop with Beachey

By Katherine Synon

THERE is a thrill in speeding over a motor speedway in a racing car that is whirling ninety-five miles an hour. There is another thrill in holding to the sides of a steel basket hung on an aerial tramway thirty feet above Lake Michigan.

There is a more gasping thrill in plunging down beneath the sea in a submarine.

The memories of the moments of fear and exaltation that these events had held rushed back when PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE gave to me the assignment to "loop the loop" with Lincoln Beachey, then fled into the background with the realization that all their excitements had been but child's play compared to the supreme danger of somersaulting in the clouds with the most brilliantly daring aviator of the world.

Beachey was at the Cicero aviation fields, tuning up for his Chicago flights. His slaves—they're just exactly that—had just pushed his famous machine from the hangar and he was trailing after them with an almost ecclesiastical air of being in procession. He is a quiet, reticent, steady-eyed, square-jawed young man, this Lincoln Beachey who has flipped and flopped into more fame than that of any monarch of modern days.

He was manifestly and naturally interested in the instrument of his remarkable distinction. He turned away from his concentrated supervision of it with the look that the school principal who's reading Harold McGrath's new novel gives to the small boy who has been sent to the school office for discipline. That abstracted glance of "Now-what-am-I-going-to-be-bothered-with?" was disconcerting. But his brusque "You can't do it," was more so.

"Women can't take risks like that," he amended his ultimatum.

"But I'm used to them," I said. "I used to work on a newspaper."

"Lots of girls have done that," said Beachey with some little gloom.

"For an editor who didn't like me," I added. Beachey looked more attentive. "The adventures that Kathlyn had are as naught to what I had to go through for twenty-five dollars a week. I am the original Dolly of the Dailies. I live on thrills. I eat them for breakfast food." He didn't even look interested. "I've aeroplaned before," I bragged.

"Where?" he asked crisply.

"Here."

"How high?"

I pointed to the firmament.

"What did you think when you came down?" he demanded.

"I was sorry," I said and he beamed triumphantly, "that I had not appareled myself in silken hosiery." Beachey frowned. "What else have you done?" he taunted.

"Once," I said, "I posed for the movies."

Lincoln Beachey laughed. Then he held out his hand. "You have your certificate," he said. "That's the most daring thing any one can do."

"Worse than 'looping the loop'?" I asked of him.

"Infinitely," he said. Then he turned quickly to one of the slaves. "Get the papers," he ordered, brusquely.

The "papers"

are not the famous ones that ever go with the "che-lid" to London. They are the conven-



How the "Flip-Flaps" Were Executed

International News Service

tional release from obligation that passengers give to the Aero club for the privilege of riding to the skies. I signed them with pleasure. What mattered it to me who got the life insurance if I'd gone heavenward?

"Get in," Beachey ordered.

Getting into an aeroplane is not the easy process of getting into a motor car. It is even worse than trying to ascend one of the archaic bicycles of the high front wheel and the microscopic hind wheel that used to be popular in my happy childhood days. No one but an English curate trained in mounting pulpit stairs and these weird devices of transportation could get into an aeroplane without aid. Beachey and the slaves furnished the aid. Every boost was an inch to the skyward. Somehow I was thrown into a seat behind the one to which Beachey mounted with absolute ease. He sat there for at least twenty minutes tinkering with various parts of the maze of machinery beneath his hands. Then he cried sharply, "Ready!" and the slaves pushed the aeroplane along the slightly rolling ground until Beachey seemed to "Catch" the engines and slowly, soaringly we began to rise.

The first ascent that any one makes in an aeroplane has sensations that may not be duplicated. The glory of flight thrills magnificently.

The sense of arising above a great city lifts not only the body but the soul into realms unguessed. But later flights seldom bring back that sensation of aspiration, so soon does even the remarkable become commonplace. Flying with Beachey over an air lane already familiar resolved itself into the feeling of shooting the chutes, or riding on a scenic railway of the amusement parks. The big thrill was coming sometime. Its unexpected entrance and the knowledge of its fearful moment of suspense kept you holding your breath. But in the meantime you were enjoying the rushing through air.

Beachey, in the driver's seat, manipulated his machinery with the certainty that a skilled



Lincoln Beachey Ready for the Flight

International News Service

pilot always displays. There wasn't a suggestion of nervousness in his relaxed hold. The tenacity that an amateur regards as essential to success was totally absent from his attitude. Beachey is one of those men who relax their bodies when their brains are at highest tension. They are the masters of crafts, the men. With them their hands are as much machinery as are the levers and wheels beneath them. Watching Beachey work the instruments of his flight gave the impression of seeing a high-powered piece of machinery driven by a certain and tremendous force that reveals itself only in results, conserving its energy from any other exhibition of power. Beachey's passenger comes to the point of giving the pilot's methods no more attention than the passenger on a trolley car gives to the motorman's control over his box and brakes. Flying becomes not nervous tension, but serene pleasure.

We had been going higher and higher, until all the roofs of that part of the West Side of Chicago seemed to be hundreds of feet below us. The course had been diagonally upward, a straight line that took us southward and eastward. Quite gradually Beachey began to swerve from this course, taking a turn almost straight south. We rose at an angle closer to forty-five degrees than we had been ascending. The angle of ascent grew sharper. I could tell that by looking down at the chimneys of a factory a little north of us. Beachey flung a command over his shoulders, "Look up, and not down!" His words sounded hardly above a whisper, and

yet I knew from the strained look round his mouth that he must have shouted it with all his force. But the rushing roar of the wind and the pounding of the engines drowned sound other than their own.

Looking upward, I could not sense the change of angle, but I knew from the way that Beachey's shoulders seemed to be coming down that we were rising almost perpendicularly. I caught my breath and held myself tightly as one does in the shooting of the chutes. We had come to the apex of our height of flight. Now we would descend into the heart-stopping somersault. A phrase, recollection of some other times of strain, "cub" days of reporting, came to my mind, "Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of their party." Over and over with foolish insistence I kept saying that Copyboy's Creed, varying it sometimes with the thought, "We're going to loop, we're going to loop."

Slowly we began to descend, with none of the nauseating feeling that comes from a sudden descent on a scenic railway. It was a steady, soaring sweep that Beachey was taking. I thought that he was getting ready to make the plunge for the somersault. Quite suddenly I saw that the prow of the plane was rising in the air. Somehow my thought was of satisfied curiosity rather than of fear. Beachey's back mounted again. A recollection of a ride in one of the old "Loop-the-Loop" devices in an amusement park came back to me. "Well, I lived through that," was the comfort it brought. This

somersaulting seemed exactly the same. There was the slow rising in circles, the slow approach to the zenith. For one instant we were upside down. There are no words in English, Russian or Chinese to describe the curious sensation of being upside down. Curious it is at any time. When you hang five hundred feet above the earth with your feet closer to heaven than your head, you have touched the zenith of thrill.

There came a second's sensation of floppiness when we struck the other side of the circle whose diameter we were coursing. Then, just as easily as before, Beachey volplaned. When we had come to the horizontal again he looked around, shouting over the roar, "All right!" before he began the descent.

When he helped me out of the plane he was as nonchalantly cool as if he had run a motor car around the square. Expressions of thanks and of admiration fell on his equanimity like hailstones on cement, bouncing back from the hard surface of his manner.

"Had enough?" he asked.

"No!"

He faced me belligerently, his square jaw growing squarer, his steady eyes flaming to wrath. "Now you go home, and never again; as long as you live, dare to try a trick like this again," ordered the man who had steered the car through its daredevil plunges. "I'd never have taken you if I hadn't thought one trip would cure you."

"But—"

"It's a game for one," said Lincoln Beachey.

William D. Taylor

Actor, Athlete, and Irishman

By RICHARD WILLIS



I found him smartly and immaculately garbed as always, yet quite unconscious of his dress, for he suggested the sands for our chat, and the sands it was. We scooped out a comfortable hollow to rest in and, lighting our pipes, settled down to smoke and talk and

for a diversion, to toss pebbles into the restless ocean.

"Well, 'Captain Alvarez,' the first question on my list is: Where were you born?"

"Guess!"

I hazarded England and Australia.

"England isn't half-bad. I was born in Ireland. (Look at my upper lip and gray eyes, man). I had a jolly boyhood and went to Clifton College in England. We call it a public school over there, but here you would dub it a private one. Education aside, it is one of the most beautifully situated schools in England, and it supplies a goodly number of the best scholars and athletes that Oxford and Cambridge can boast, too."

"Did you do anything notable there?"

"I was a fair student and that is about all, except that I was a fine hurdler, made my mark at rowing, and went in for other sports. I shone more or less at elocution and was a leader in college theatricals and entertainments, too, but, although I had visions of the stage, my folks had visions of the army, so I duly 'went up' for the army. My own vision decided against it; in other words, I failed in the eye-sight test. So the army was 'all my eye,' as we used to say over there."

Billy Taylor is forever joking, and he does

it without a smile. That's the Irish in him. But his twinkling eyes give him away.

"Fire away," I said.

"I still had the stage idea and was shipped first to France and then to Germany to study languages, which came rather naturally to me anyhow. The cigars in Germany, which were cheap and harmless, and the beer, which was frequent and harmless, became monotonous, so I sighed for a change—and I did what one or two Irishmen have done before me—I came to America."

"Frock coat, silk hat, languages and all?" I queried.

"No, sir; no frock coat or silk hat. But the languages came in very useful, for I went ranching for a year and a half, and I was able to say things voluble and strange to the horses and steers which scared them into obedience. I went first to an English colony, a big ranch at a place called Runnymede in southwestern Kansas. It was no silk hat job either, but a fine, healthy experience. I enjoyed it."

"That's what you say about everything," I remarked.

"And why not?" he replied. "Life is good and I don't worry—just do my best, treat everybody the same and things go along easily enough. Well, I've got to the stage when the footlights must come in (evidently a concealed pun here). I returned to the old country and, through a mutual friend, I met Charles Hawtrey, the famous comedian. When I told him of my desires, he told me I was an idiot, but that he would give me a chance, and thus the saddle lost a prominent rider and the stage received—well, an earnest worker, if no more. I was not quite nineteen at the time and I acted in Hawtrey's company in the provinces. He is

THERE was a sigh of relief in the studios of the Western Vitagraph at beautiful Santa Monica, Cal., when the five-reel picture "Captain Alvarez" was completed, for the managing director of Vitagraph's western branch was severing his connection with that company and his determination to make his last picture his masterpiece, one that he would be remembered by, had made the production a particularly arduous affair.

He had succeeded; everyone was agreed about that. Edith Storey, who had made a special trip to the coast in order to play opposite William D. Taylor's lead, had packed her trunks and departed for the east. And on all hands one heard enthusiastic comments on Miss Storey's acting and on Mr. Taylor's presentation of the part of Captain Alvarez. In the studios and at the Photoplayer's Club it was the talk of the hour. Therefore, it seemed an especially fitting time to glean from William Taylor some details of his earlier history.

He is Forever Joking and
Does It without
a Smile



official position with the Smuggler mine at Telluride, Colorado, but—oh, you know what the stage bug is! I had it badly, and made up my mind it was mere waste of time trying to keep away from it, so I joined Harry Corson Clarke's company and put in a long season at Honolulu with him. I guess that is about all—let's go and bathe."

I sternly stopped him. "No, sir; you have not once mentioned pictures."

"Eh? No more I have. Well, I wanted a change, and came

He Has Kindly Gray Eyes
and Sensitive Nostrils
and Mouth



a capital fellow and he gave me my innings all right. After that I played in a number of companies, and then crossed the pond once more, when I met Fanny Davenport and joined her company. I was with her for three years, and it was a wonderfully fine experience. I started playing juveniles, but later I transacted much of her business, besides acting some important parts and understudying all the leading roles. You know the class of plays, don't you? 'Fedora,' 'La Tosca,' 'Joan of Arc,' and so on, dramas and tragedies. She was a great actress, if a somewhat eccentric one, but her eccentricities were part of her genius. She was a very hard woman to act opposite to, for she played all over the stage and would accept no pre-arranged positions. It was quite disconcerting at times, as one would have to follow her closely to avoid addressing thin air. But she was a splendid friend to those she liked, and treated me—as a friend. I firmly believe I would have been with her yet had she lived.

I used to visit the old country once a year to see some of my people and to execute commissions for Miss Davenport. On one occasion I purchased the armor for Joan of Arc in Paris. When I first went to her she told me that if I suited her I should have a contract. This contract became a joke in time, and she would ask me if I was ready for it, and I would say, 'Oh, we'll see if I suit you first,' and so it went on for the three years and my salary went up steadily all the while. Fanny Davenport was a good sort, peace be to her ashes."

"What did you do after her death?" I queried. "I went into the stock company at Castle Square, New York, and took Jack Gilmore's place at a moment's notice. Poor Jack broke his shoulder blade, and I got my part on a Saturday and played it at the Monday matinee. The piece was 'Men and Women,' I remember."

"And then?" "I took the juvenile lead in 'Sans Gene' with Katherine Kidder, both in New York and on the road, and later put in some time with Sol Smith Russell on a tour, and then the mining fever got me and I hid me to Dawson with all my savings. I went there three times in all and made plenty of money and lost it all again. I enjoyed it, though! (This last came quite naturally). In between these delightful little financial see-saws, I acted with various stock companies in Seattle and some more or less nearby cities, taking lead, of course. The last time I went to Dawson was with the Guggenheim outfit, a steady position, all right, but not exciting enough for me. On another occasion I took an

to Los Angeles and watched the motion picture companies at work, and it seemed more than interesting to me, so I determined to try it, and get a position with the Kay Bee at Santa Monica, and acted a variety of parts and found I enjoyed it hugely. Then came the Vitagraph and you know all about what I have done with that company. My last part, that of Captain Alvarez, absolutely fascinated me and gave me the chance of a lifetime. I really believe it is the best thing I have done for the screen."

Ask Rollin B. Sturgeon, Edith Storey, Anne Schaefer or George Holt, and they will, without doubt, say the same thing. It was a great performance. However, this capable actor will have many more equal to it, for he has forced

his way to the front in a manner which is irresistible.

William Taylor is tall and distinguished looking, with kindly gray eyes and sensitive nostrils and a mouth which bespeaks humor. He is a delightful companion and his great charm is that he is the same to everyone, king or beggar, company-owner or property man. He has always a friendly word on his lips and a twinkle in his eye.

We had our bath and he swam rings round me—and I pride myself on my swimming! We had dinner at Nat Goodwin's cafe and he has an Irish appetite.

In his own words, "but I enjoyed it!"

The Call of the Movies

By FLORENCE JONES HADLEY

All you can hear the livelong day
At our house is the picture play.
We talk of films and reels and girls
Until pa says his head just whirls.
He wishes he could live once more
Those blessed, peaceful days before
A whole fool town would rush to go
To see a moving picture show.

And ma vows she just knows some night
She'll wake to find her hair turned white;
For when at last she falls asleep
Strange phantoms through the darkness creep.
A countless throng, they press about,
Each one demanding, with a shout,
"A nickel, please! We want to go
To see the moving picture show."

But sometimes ma will up and say
"Now, if you'll all be good all day,
Why, I won't promise, but there might
Be something doing, 'bout to-night."
And like as not, right after tea
Pa'll just lean back and wink at me
And say, "Spose no one wants to go
And see the moving picture show."

At our house, so our parents say
We'd spend their last cent for the play.
And that for us as sure as fate
The poorhouse waits with open gate.
Instead of scolding, night and day
Why don't they just 'fess up and say
They're glad that they've got kids to go
And take them to the picture show?

Dressing for the Movies

By MARY FULLER



many new, up-to-date gowns weekly. We must keep ahead of the styles since our films are taken many weeks in advance of the date of their release for public exhibition. A motion picture actress may purchase a handsome gown suitable to some particular part and which will not be serviceable as a part of her private wardrobe, and therefore, after the first wearing, it

hangs in the closet, accumulates dust, and sometimes goes into that bug-bear—the "to-be-made-over" pile. Sometimes a gown that is not too striking as to style or pattern can be refurbished or changed by accessories to look different, but it is surprising how audiences—"fans" in particular—remember and "spot" a dress

As the Caliph's Daughter, in "How the Earth Was Created," her Eyes Sparkled above a Green Veil that Hung in Soft Folds to the Knees.



THERE are two reasons why "modern dressing" for the photoplay is a great problem. By "modern dressing" I mean present day apparel in contra-distinction to costumes of past generations which are always furnished by regular costumers, although the time will come, I believe, when each costume photoplay will have its dressing made new and fresh for that production.

Here, then, is my first reason:

The constant outlay and, if one is fastidious, expensive choice necessitated by the demand for one or



A Stunning Gown of Satin Brocade and a Leopard Coat Made Her Magnificent in "An Affair of Dress."



worn before.

"Oh, there's that polka-dot she wore in so-and-so picture," they will say.

And woe to the actress who repeats the same costume. As to myself—I have an aversion to wearing a gown or costume twice. The result is that my finances ebb and my wardrobe overflows to alarming proportions.

Now to discuss reason number two.

Any actress who seeks individuality in clothes must keep a dress-maker busy and devote precious time to fittings. For instance, I see in my mind's eye, a crea-



Another Costume Worn
in "An Affair of Honor,"
of Velvet and Chiffon
Tulle, Black Beaded



In a Peter Thompson
Sailor Suit, with Her
Curls Down Her Back,
Mary Fuller has Endowed
Herself in the Great Amer-
ican Fable



distinct lustre and radiation visible to the camera eye as well as the human eye. Yes, it is a matter of "radiation" with me.

"Oh, this cheaper one will do just as well," say repeatedly our directors.

But it never looks the same to me, nor does it feel right, and that "feel" is everything to a sensitive player. The most lustrous satin, the softest velvets, the radiations of the exquisite! Yes!

And I never choose colors according to camera values. I take what pleases the human eye, untrammelled by photographic conventions. This may be foolish, and I know that the screen never does justice to my brilliant or evasive colorings, but I refuse to be disappointed, and seek my reward in the pleasure of wearing my pretty costume even if the camera

One of the
Quietest
Costumes, a
Brown Satin
with an old
fashioned
"Bustle"
Which She
Wore in
The Face
from the
Front.



does not record all its beauty. The intrinsic beauty of a thing enhances the beauty and distinction of the wearer. As a photographic convention, light blue takes white and a

better white than white itself—according to the camera man. But when I see white in my mental fashion creation I want to wear white, not blue. And there you are! Although I have a fondness for pretty, up-to-date clothes, I do not like to be cast in the modern society drama. Rather do I prefer picturesque fisher-maids, poetic wood nymphs. I like the role that demands "thought fire," not a hair-net and pumps.

tion: my imagination conjures all the alluring details of that gown that may breathe of my individuality, or that of the character; I look in all the shops to find it ready-made; in vain I give up the search; the distinction of it still lurks in my imagination; I buy the materials and either collaborate with my dressmaker, or devote evenings to making it myself. If the latter, I do my work with despatch, cutting and sewing with a reckless daring that may accomplish a first-chance success, using, like Nature, such materials as come first to hand for my



fashion visions and feels that irresistible prompting to execute them, it takes the time, money and energy of the busy actress. One vision I executed three years ago has never seen the light of day yet. It still reposes in the tender darkness of my "treasure trunk," awaiting the film character who will suit it.

Of course, where the film company has an expensive and up-to-date wardrobe open to the calls of their members, all the foregoing vexatious problems are eliminated. But sometimes the wardrobe has only a limited supply of stock gowns which are neither individual nor fresh, and an actress who takes her profession seriously can not afford to exercise indifferent taste in dressing.

Only the best of materials are, to me, suitable, as I claim that although all satin, for instance, "takes" as satin, yet the best quality has a certain

A Striking
Feature of
this Emerald Green
Chiffon Dress
Worn in "Dolly of
the Daffies" is the
Jot Ornament
Placed Effectively
Square in the
Middle of the
Front. The
Belt is of
Black Netting.
Combined with
Beads of
Brown
Marble



Mrs. Fuller's
Concern for Detail
Extends even to
Hosiery. The one
shown is of Yellow
Chiffon Silk,
Embroidered with
Fleur-de-lis in the
Natural Colors

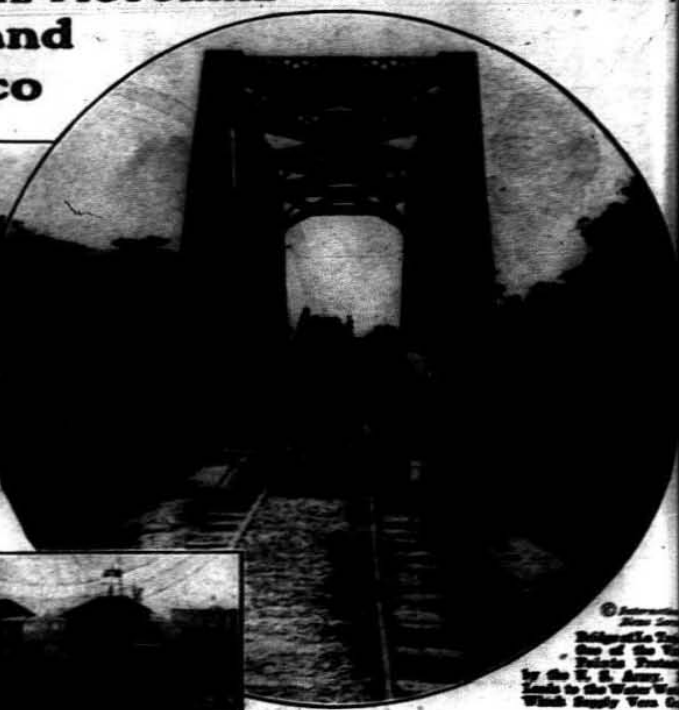


hidden purpose, such as wrapping paper to stiffen cuffs, or iron screw nuts to weight sash ends. But, in the end, it fits; it is individual; and, best of all, is my mental creation, translated into reality. But when one is prolific in

War Correspondents and the U. S. Army in Mexico



© International News Service
U. S. Mountain Artillery on the March near Vera Cruz



© International News Service
Bridge the U.S. Army used to look to the waterway which supply Vera Cruz



© International News Service
Reading 1000 Bags of Mail at Vera Cruz for Delivery in the Interior



© International News Service

U. S. Artillerymen Getting the Guns Ready for Action



© International News Service
War Correspondents and Photographers Jamming the Streets at Vera Cruz. The Men Waiting the News of News in U. S. Uniform of the International News Service, and Immediately Edited Film to Aid Vera Cruz a Horrifying Gunman-War



© International News Service
The Encampment of the U. S. Troops outside of Vera Cruz



© International News Service
U. S. Marines About to Start for the Outskirts of Vera Cruz with Their Artillery



© International News Service

Another View of the U. S. Army Camp near Vera Cruz

UP TO THE MINUTE NEWS VIEWS



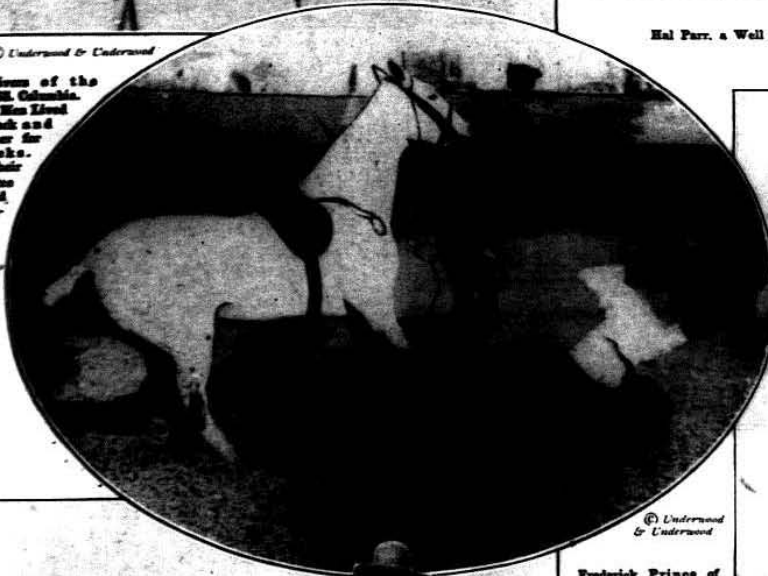
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Four Sailors of the
Steamship SS Columbia.
These Four Men Lived
on Hard-Tack and
Bast Leather for
Two Weeks.
Even of their
Meat Rations
Having Had
After Drinking
Salt
Water



© Underwood & Underwood

Hal Parr, a Well Known Club Man of Baltimore on His Three Miles Walk to Win
a Wager of about \$4,000



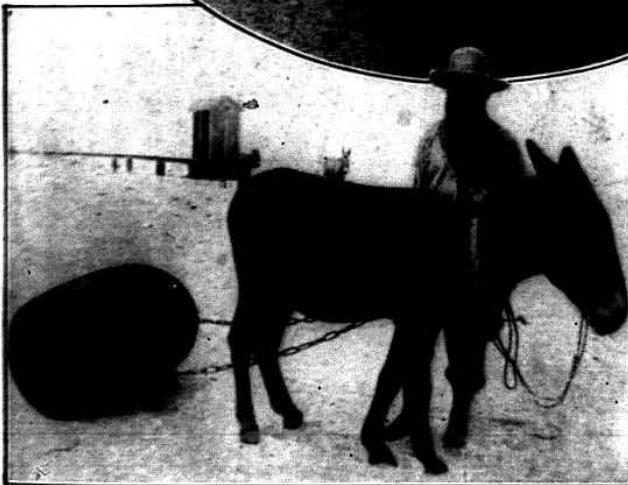
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Frederick Prince of
Baltimore Landing on
His Shoulders when
His Mount Refused to
Take a Barrier at
Pan, France



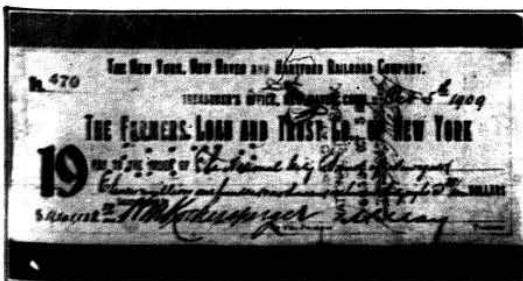
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Colonel Roosevelt
as He Appeared on
His Return from
the Jungles of
South America



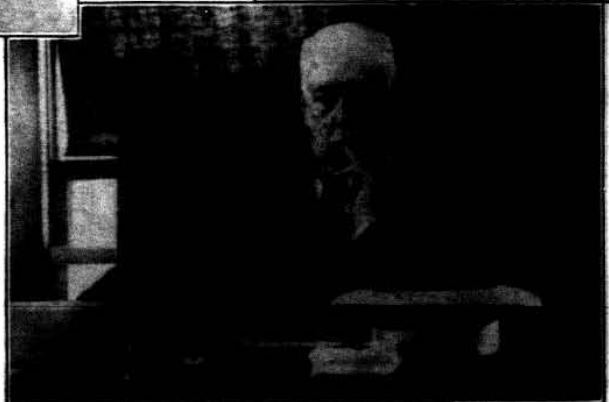
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The Drinking Water for the Inhabitants of Mazatlan, Mexico is Obtained by
Drawing the Water across the Desert as Shown



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Reproduction of the Eleven Million Dollar Check Presented by Charles Mallen at
the Recent Hearing Before the Interstate Commerce Commission



© International News Service

Charles Mallen, Former President of the New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railroad

The Latest News of

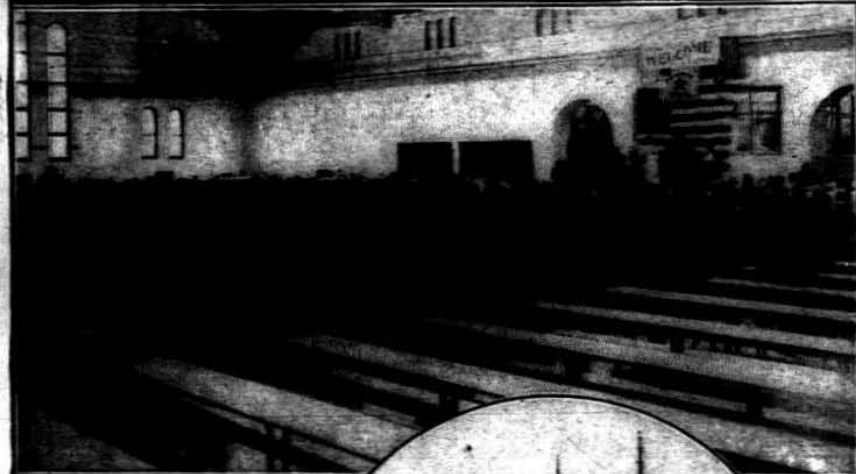


Photo by Pacific Photo News Service,
San Francisco, California

Made Ballington Booth Addressing 1800 Convicts at the San Quentin Prison. Among the audience were the McManis Brothers, the Dynamiters; Alva Ruff, the Former Political Boss of San Francisco; Colonel Pippin, the Former Navy Paymaster, and Charles Dalton, the Former Auditor of Oakland California

For the Convenience of Night-Boats on the Panama Canal, Arrangements Have Been Made to Carry Passengers in a Barge Modeled After the "Rubber-Rock" Autos Used in the Cities

Photo by Paul & Photo News Service,
San Francisco, California



The International Exposition to Open in San Francisco on February 28th, and Close December 4th, 1915, Will Represent an Expenditure of \$60,000,000 and Will be the Most Beautiful and Captivating Wonderland the World Has Seen. The Photograph Gives a Good Idea of the Progress That is Being Made on This Greatest of World Expositions. The Grounds Face North on San Francisco Harbor for a Distance of Almost Three Miles and Are Located Just Inside the Famous Golden Gate. While the Picture Shows Hawthorn Shows the Extreme End of the Grounds on the East It Does not Include the Extreme Western End of the Site Where the Mile Race Track and

Photo by G. F. Roth,
Washington, D. C.



A Load of Buses Recently Attracted by the Honey-Combed Appearance of an Automobile Exchange Took Possession of the Forward Part of the Car. It was Some Time Before the Owner, with the Assistance of Several Others, was Able to Dislodge the Honey-makers

President Wilson Making an Address at the Unveiling of the Statue of the Navy, Relegating the Patrioticism of Mr.

the World in Pictures



San Francisco, California

the Drill Grounds and Athletic Fields are to be placed and which are now under way. The area to the right of these buildings is the Exposition Area on which a part of the \$10,000,000 attractions are now under way. The State and National Pavilions are at the extreme left of these structures. The Exposition grounds are flanked by two United States forts. Fort Mason on the right may be seen but the Presidio and the Batteries of Golden Gate are just out of the picture at the left. On the waters of San Francisco Bay the warships of the Maritime Powers of the World are to lie at anchor after passing through the Panama Canal and the Golden Gate.

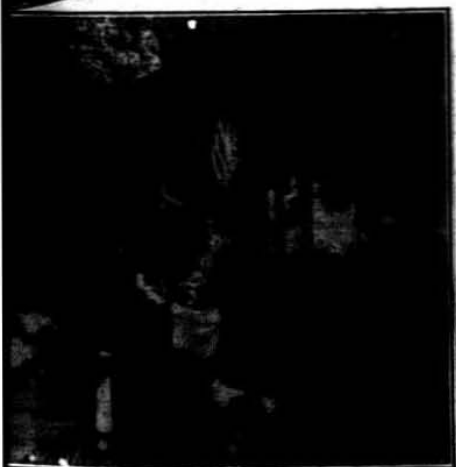


Underground or Underground

Just over the Hedge in the United States Race at Belmont Park Terminal

A Bird's-Eye View of the Naval Station at Guantanamo, Cuba, Showing the U. S. Air-Flot

International News Service



First Commanders of the U. S. Navy and Hon. Joseph Daniels, at Audience Who Assembled to Witness the Ceremonies



Underground or Underground

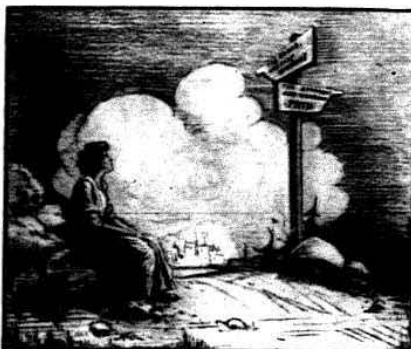
Madame Louise Tetrazzini Breaking Ground for the Festival Hall at the Panama Pacific Exposition. The Cost of This Hall will be Approximately a Million and a Half Dollars and will be the Centre of the World's Musical Interests During 1915

THE CROSS ROADS

The Intimate Confessions of Mollie Morgan

ILLUSTRATED BY VINCENT J. MCGUIRE

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.—Mollie Morgan, the only child of a farmer, so poor that he is forced to be miserly, manages, despite the hard work she has to do, to acquire a love for romance by means of the discarded magazines that she finds and devours. The sudden discovery of oil enables her father to sell his farm for a sum that makes him rich, but he is unable to overcome his miserly tendencies, and, though they move to a small town, Mollie's lot is no happier. Her father becomes a usurious money lender, and she is shunned by everyone, finding her only pleasure in the movies. She meets George Converse, star of the Lodestar company, and elopes with him. He has promised to marry her when they reach the city, but her father pursues them and forces an immediate wedding by means of a shotgun. Then he casts Mollie off. After a brief period of happiness Mollie discovers that George Converse is not her husband, that he had a wife when he married her. She tries to earn a living by acting for the movies, but has one failure after another in New York, until she accepts a mocking offer to serve as a wardrobe woman—planning to save enough to make a new start.



mosphere of the Jupiter studio. But I set my teeth. I wasn't going to be beaten. I hadn't had a fair chance in New York, not because anyone had refused it to me, but because I had not been fair to myself. And I was determined that I would find out, with everything possible in my favor, whether my dream was hopeless.

There were times during those months that followed when I almost went mad, I think. I had no friends; in a way, I wanted none. I had grown accustomed, in the days before I ever met George Converse, to loneliness. But, of course, the sort of loneliness one must endure in the country, where one sees no one, and the sort that is of the city, where one sees thousands of strange faces constantly, are different. Sometimes I did want to know people; to talk to them. There was Mrs. Moultrie, of course, my landlady. With her I exchanged a few words at times. But she was too tired to talk, as a rule. She was old before her time, driven

constantly by the need of work, and of more work, harassed by the hundreds of grievous little details that afflict a woman who must keep lodgers. And at the studio there was no companionship.

Even then, sometimes, I wondered about the other women I saw. Women who did not work, and yet seemed to have everything I lacked; good clothes, comforts, luxuries, friends. . . . But I was still very young. There was strong within me still an instinct that made me abhor all such things. I had been through one terrible experience; in a sense, it had aged me, and given me the outlook on life of an older woman. But only in a sense. Actually I was still young. I was not embittered, although I thought that I was. I still had a certain resiliency inseparable from youth that had nothing to do with my experience.

That is something that few people never even attempt to understand about a woman. They are ready to judge her, always, by standards that may not be justly applied. (I am talking now of men, of course.) And I suppose one reason for it is that the consequences of certain acts are so different; depend so greatly on whether it is a man or a woman who has done the thing. A man may yield to a mood of desperation. He may do some wild and reckless thing and escape all consequences, or almost all. But not a woman. It is made practically impossible for her to recover.

But I did not really suffer temptation in those days, hard as they were. I meant to take my chance. I had still the reserve force of my youth in me, that even George Converse hadn't been able to kill. And I suppose the reason was that I had never actually built any definite, fixed hopes of a life with him. That had been a wonderful episode, nothing more. He had swept me off my feet. But there had always, from the first moment, been something unreal about it.

In the end I hastened my emancipation by taking a chance that it has often frightened me, since then, to recall. I happened, one day, to overhear two of the men in the Jupiter company talking. They were discussing the races that were being held in Canada, and one of them said he had a sure tip on a horse that was to race the next day. I didn't understand much, but I could see that Bruce, the star, to whom he was talking, was vastly impressed. And that impressed me because Bruce had an extraordinary reputation. He was well paid; as well paid, then, as any star who worked before the camera. And to get him to spend a dollar was a feat to boast of. He was one of the jokes of the studio, and the men—and the women, too, for that matter—used to spend a good deal of time in inventing tricks that would get the better of his stinginess. They seldom succeeded! I remember that Marie Sinclair trapped him one day so that he had to ask her to lunch and he took her to one of those white-tiled places, where you help yourself from a counter!

And so, when I heard Bruce say, with an eagerness he couldn't keep out of his voice: "All right, Hedden, put up this fifty for me, will you?" I caught my breath.

If he could risk fifty dollars. . . . I calculated rapidly. And in the end I went to Hedden, one

THERE wasn't anything easy about the period that followed. A dozen times I was on the verge of throwing it up, giving up my dream. I tried, sometimes, to argue with myself that I need not abandon my plan altogether; that I might get some other sort of work, and still holding my purpose steadily in my mind, work toward realizing my ambition. But I could always beat myself in that argument. For I knew that if I ever definitely parted from the work I had begun, if, no matter with what intentions, and for what reasons, I tried anything else, I would never get back.

There was nothing logical, of course, about such an attitude on my part. A man, placed as I was, would have turned his hand to anything, and would have been able, when he was ready, to resume what he really wanted to do. But—I was different. Call it feminine folly, if you like—it was so. And, as a matter of fact, when I began to think it over, I realized that there was not one chance in a million that I could get other work which would pay me even half as well. It just happened that I could do what the studio required of me.

I had always been able to sew quickly. That was one thing that helped me. Then, too, I knew exactly what was wanted. I did not, as many professional sewing women would have done, try to finish everything; I realized the need of haste, and I contrived matters so that when a costume was wanted in a hurry, I threw it together in a way that, while it would not have given long service, was all right for the purpose.

But, though I didn't mind the work, and did, indeed, find that by keeping my eyes and my ears open I could learn a good deal, it was hard—cruelly hard. Girls who had made the weary round of the studios with me looked down on me now. Few of them seemed to feel at all sorry; they looked at me with sneers. That was partly due to the general at-



It Wasn't Quite the Same Mollie Morgan Who Looked Back at Me from the Mirror



"This is Only a Provisional Arrangement," I Said. "Neither of Us Wants to be Bound by a Contract."

of the few men there who treated me like a human being, and gave him twenty-five dollars to bet for me. If it were lost—well, it meant three weeks more of drudgery. But if the horse won! And it did! I got back my twenty-five dollars—and two hundred and fifty beside, for the odds were ten to one. It was a fortune. I had even more than the maximum amount I had dreamed of for my new venture. I resigned my place at once. Two days later I was on my way to California.

It wasn't quite the same Mollie Morgan who looked back at me from the mirror in my hotel room at Los Angeles—a good hotel, although a quiet one. I had skimped on my journey, but, once I arrived, I acted as if I had money. My hair was done in a new way. My dress was in the latest fashion: even a little daring. I had not disdained to learn the use of things that I had regarded, in the old days in the country, as evidences of a lost soul.³ I shall not confess what they were! But they made my eyes look brighter, my lips redder . . . I was not beautiful, and I had wasted none of my money trying to acquire beauty. But I had spent it freely for style—and I had achieved it. I knew enough now to be sure of that.

I had come to a new country. The failures of my probation in New York were behind me. I meant to make a different sort of fight here. And yet I didn't know what I meant to do! I had been so obsessed with the idea of getting to this promised land that I had never, until I was actually on my way, thought out a plan. Even had I done so, it would have been useless. I had to be there first, and to learn the new conditions. And I had to create, first of all, a new state of mind for myself.

Southern California, as I had known, indeed, before I reached it, was the movie paradise. Everything helped to make it so. The wonderful clear air, that make the pictures stand out, with every detail clear and sharp; the glorious scenery, that provided, without any aid from art, settings of a beauty unimaginable in the cold and formal east; the climate, with week after week in which there was no rain; everything worked together.

And, in the end, it was nature itself that gave me the hint I needed. I happened, one day on a tiny little house, nestling among roses, where two girls from the east served tea to motorists and others. There was nothing remarkable about the place, nor, indeed, about their story. One of them had been ill; a sufferer from some rather obscure disease of the nerves, and she had been ordered to this climate. Somehow they had worked out this way of living, and when I saw them it would have been impossible to tell which sister had been

the invalid.

There was nothing unusual about all this, as I have said. But even while they talked to me, I was scarcely listening. I was visualizing another story. And when I went back to my hotel room I was ready. Before I went to sleep I had worked out, very roughly, a story in which things that they had told me and things I had imagined for myself were entwined. I could see myself playing the part of one of those girls, making a living as she had done, but with motives and consequences that I invented for myself. From that simple suggestion I evolved a real story, with dramatic possibilities that surprised me.

I had never thought of trying to write scenarios; I didn't think of it then, even when I finished one. It was simply a means to an end. And now I no longer had any doubts as to what to do. The first thing was to move from my hotel, and find cheaper quarters. I didn't need the hotel just then. Then I sent out my manuscript to the scenario editor of one of the smaller companies, but one that had, I knew, a reputation for fair dealing. I left the hotel address, and, explaining that I was going to visit friends for a little while, I arranged to call there for my mail.

In about two weeks, during which I was as patient as possible, I got an answer, a check, and a request to write more plays, signed by the editor for the Smilax company! I suppose anyone else would have been delighted to jump at that chance! But not I! The strange, obstinate streak in me came to the surface at once. That wasn't what I

wanted; I had made my plan, and I meant to carry it through. So I telephoned to the editor, and asked him for an appointment.

"I'll be glad to see you, Miss Morgan," he said. "Come any time."

"Oh," I said,—lifting my eyebrows, because I thought it would help to give my voice the proper tone, even if he couldn't see me—"really, I'm so busy! Couldn't you come to see me at my hotel?"

I suppose they had to use restoratives. But he evidently decided that I must be worth seeing, and he said he would come. I was ready for him, back in the hotel. And I received him downstairs, in my prettiest gown and my brand new manner.

"Miss Morgan?" he said, and I could see he was surprised. "We like your script. We want you to do more for us."

"So glad, Mr. Caldwell," I said, sweetly. I held out the check for fifty dollars they had sent me. "I will, if we can agree on terms."

He looked rather dazed as he took the check. "Terms?" he said. "This is as much as we ever pay."

"I'm not anxious to be paid for the scenarios at all," I explained. "Of course, no one but myself can play the part of the eastern girl in this play."

"Oh, you're an actress," he said, blankly.

I was proving it, if he had only known it! To hand back that check when I had money enough to last just about ten days! And to look as if it were a matter of complete indifference!

"Of course," I answered. "And my only idea in writing this scenario was to assure myself of a part in which I could do myself justice."

"I don't know," he said, doubtfully. "It's most unusual!"

As if I didn't know that—and as if that had not been my only reason for doing it!

"I really haven't any authority," he said, after seeming to think it over. "You'd have to see the director, Mr. Cole. But I don't think—I doubt if it could be arranged."

"Then I'm afraid I'm wasting your time," I said, smiling at him. "If you'll just send the script back to me?"

"No," he said, very decidedly, at that. "I'll see Cole. I'll get him to see you. Perhaps you'd let us send a car to bring you out to the studio?"

I consented to that, provided Mr. Cole turned



"Mrs. 'C' Died Suddenly Last Week," It Runs

out to be willing to listen. And Mr. Caldwell went away, a sadly puzzled young man—which was what I had intended he should be. My plan was working! New York and my series of failures and rebuffs there had taught me one thing. The only chance for me was to make people come to me; I could get nothing by going to them. I had to supplement what little skill I had with audacity and something a good deal like trickery. And I meant to do it.

I had selected the Smilax company because they had no woman star. They were featuring a young actor called Ross White in their coast company, and I had reasoned that, if there was a chance for me at all, it would be strongest with them. There was no one in their present company particularly suited to the part I had written for myself, and, naturally, it was better suited to me than to anyone else, I had written it that way. And so, while I was properly thrilled when Mr. Caldwell called me up the next morning to say that Cole would like to see me, I wasn't altogether surprised. I had worked everything out so carefully that it seemed to me no more than reasonable that I should be getting my chance at last.

Of course, all that my maneuvering could possibly give me was a chance. I had to make good and in doing that there could be no trickery, no bluffing. The few anxious moments I had, between the time when I got the telephone message and my arrival at the Smilax studio, were the result of my knowledge of that. I was going to have a chance. But then I had had chances, of a sort—as good a sort as I deserved, too—in New York. And I hadn't made good. Had the directors, Haines, Le Marie,

Santelman and the rest been right? Or had I really been learning, slowly, all the time, and developing what I was sure I had, in some degree, a capacity for acting? This man Cole, whom I had never seen, was going to tell me, before long. I was going to meet a real crisis.

Mr. Caldwell was waiting for me.

"I had quite an argument with Cole," he said. "But we both like your scenario and we want to produce it. I guess maybe you and he can make some arrangement. Miss Frances—she's been our leading woman—is leaving us in a few days, and Cole's been looking around for some one to take her place. You'd be willing to work regularly, I suppose, and in other plays beside those you write yourself?"

"I've no doubt we can make some arrangement, Mr. Caldwell," I replied. "I'd not made any definite plans—and I like it out here."

I liked Mr. Caldwell and he had been very nice to me. But I couldn't think much about him. I was wondering about the director, and picturing him as an ogre. He wasn't anything of the sort. He was a nice, clean-cut, youngish man, who smiled very pleasantly as he shook hands with me.

"Miss Morgan?" he said. "I don't think I know your work?"

"Quite probably you don't, Mr. Cole," I said. "But I'm not an amateur, if you're afraid of that."

He began to ask me a lot more questions. I couldn't answer them, of course, but I had expected them, and I was ready.

"Really, Mr. Cole," I said, "I think we're wasting time. You are considering letting me try to play in some pictures. All you want to

know is whether I can do that, or whether I can't. Telling you what I've done won't help you to decide. The only way you can do that is by seeing me work, isn't it?"

He looked a little baffled. But he was very pleasant.

"I suppose so," he said. "Very well, then, suppose we try the beginning of your own play. The eastern scenes, the interiors. You play those with White, if you do the part. I was planning to produce this picture at once—I wanted to get Miss Frances into it before she left us. But—"

I had often seen the pictures in which Ross White had been featured. And so I was familiar with his methods, and we got along swimmingly from the start. He was a quiet, business-like chap, not at all conceited, and willing to let some one else figure in his pictures, which some stars are not. And from the moment we began to go through the first scene I felt that I was an entirely different person from the frightened me that had tried so hard to please Haines in the Yonkers' studio when I had failed for the first time.

For one thing, I knew exactly what was to be done. Cole had made some changes, of course, and I did not protest against these, because, even if he had not been right, I felt that I had asserted myself quite enough already. I wasn't stiff; I didn't have the helpless feeling of having to look constantly to someone else for guidance that had bothered me in the beginning.

"All right," said Cole, when we had finished. "Now we'll do that before the camera. Very good, so far, Miss Morgan."

(Continued on page 32)

CUPID and the MOVIES

A SHORT while ago, not quite two years, to be exact, a dark-eyed, laughing-faced little miss applied at the Eclair Studio in Fort Lee and announced in a childlike voice to Director "Bill" Haddock that she wanted to "pose for the movies." Thinking merely to grant the "whim of a child," he sent for her to pose as one of the extras in a Mexican picture. Director Arnaud noticed the bright, vivacious little face away back among the crowds of "extra ladies" and instructed Director Haddock to put little Miss Bright in a position nearer the principals.

He watched her ever-changing expression and it did not take him long to decide that this was the girl they needed for American ingenue roles. Here was the "American type face" they had been looking for. At this time Mildred was playing in a musical comedy at the Casino theatre called "The Merry Countess." Being fond of music and dancing she was loath to leave the lively atmosphere. But finally she gave notice to Lee Shubert, and started to work at the Eclair Studio. This was in October, 1912.

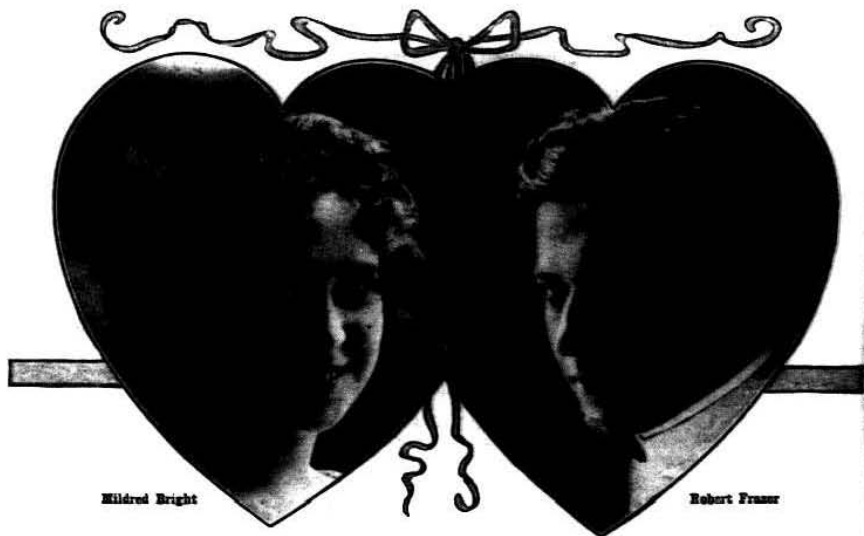
All went along smoothly enough until about April of the next year. Mildred played her "bits" and played them well. For diversion she sewed—I mention this as a "diversion" for with her it was pleasure more than duty. She learned to ride horseback; she went to a swimming pool and learned to dive; but up to that time she enjoyed the peaceful serenity of an untroubled mind until—handsome Robert Frazer joined the Eclair Stock Company.

At first Mildred tilted her upturned nose a little higher, when Helen Martin, her chum and companion in the pictures whispered: "Isn't he handsome?"

"Humph, maybe—but I'm not interested in men!"

"You live for Art only?" smiled Helen, but she wisely kept her peace and watched, and what she saw was this:

Director Arnaud soon detected in Mildred the makings of a real emotional film actress. Therefore he cast her for larger and larger parts, until, as might naturally be expected, she played big love scenes opposite "Handsome Bob." She



Mildred Bright

Robert Frazer

still remained indifferent, however,—or thought she did—but the little blind god did not miss this opportunity. Dear me, no! He got busy with his little arrow; he shot once, twice and his aim was sure.

Then it was that Mildred commenced to feel that malady fatal to serenity, "falling in love." At first she did not understand it, or even admit it to herself.

Bob accompanied her on her rides. They went swimming up in Palisades Park right near the studio during the summer months. They visited art museums together (they are both amateur artists more or less) and finally Mildred discovered that wherever one went the other was "sure to go" and they became inseparable.

During all this time, let it be said that "Handsome Bob" considered himself "immune from the charms of femininity" and was often heard to exclaim in tones of great vehemence that he was "positively opposed to the state of matrimony for artists." But "them what knew" smiled and looked wise. Both at this time declared positively that they were not in love, just "pals," but Cupid knew and said "They'll not put anything like that over on me."

One day in early February, 1914, they were out walking, when Bob said: "Let's get married, Mildred, right now. Shall we?" and she said "Let's." And then, without letting any one in the world into the "terrible secret" they rode down to City Hall and were married!

When the ceremony was over they looked sheepishly into each other's faces and admitted, for the first time, that they were in love.

They kept their secret for a long time, but one day word came that a re-enforcement of artists was to be sent out to the Eclair Western studio in Tucson, Arizona, and Millie and Bob were asked if they would like to go. "O Bully!" exclaimed Mildred, and Bob also, but in his most dignified manner said it would be "delightful." And then they realized that it was "up to them."

Reports from Arizona are very favorable. Handsome Bob and Pretty Millie have won the hearts of all the Western company and letters from that quarter show they are spending a very happy honeymoon. They write it is so wonderful out west that they hate to come back ever. As for Cupid, he's busy on another case.

"A Terror of the Night"

A Page in the Active Life of "Dolly of the Dailies"

Two Reel Edison Film.

CAST.

Dolly Desmond.....	Mary Fuller
James Bolivar, President of the Union Realty Company.....	Charles Sutton
James Malone, managing editor of THE COMET.....	Charles Ogle
Mrs. Winslow.....	Florence Coventry
A Director of the Union Realty Company.....	Robert Brower
A Clerk.....	Bruce Eytling

SYNOPSIS.

WHEN Mrs. Winslow, a young widow, inquires of her agents, the Union Realty Company, why the rentals for a piece of property called "Beach House" have shrunk to almost nothing, she is informed by President Bolivar that no tenants will stay because it is haunted. He shows her some newspaper clippings about the "haunted house," and advises her to sell it to his company. They will pay her \$10,000 for the property, which, however, is worth \$50,000. Mrs. Winslow consults Dolly Desmond, star reporter on THE COMET. Dolly decides to investigate the matter and goes to live at "Beach House" alone for a week. She sleeps the first night on a couch in the hall, armed, not with a revolver, but with a garden hose, which is connected with a water faucet! When she awakes to see a ghostly white form descending the stairs, she turns the hose on it. It halts, wavers, and then rushes out of the house and into the arms of Malone, who is watching outside. The ghost proven, of course, to be Bolivar, who has chosen this means of attempting to get Mrs. Winslow's property at a low price.

Dolly, the Intrepid, Arrives at the "Haunted" House

Dressed for Her Vigil, Dolly Descends into the Great Gloomy Hall

Charles Sutton as James Bolivar

Mary Fuller as Dolly Desmond

With a Garden Hose Her Only Weapon of Defense, Dolly Sleeps on a Couch in the Hall

Bolivar, on the Theory of Dolly's Calls on Him at "Beach House"

Dolly Convinces President Bolivar That His Love-Making is Futile



Anna Little as Myra Goodwin



Villard attends the Ball and Successfully—But Not Secretly—Steals the Papers



William Worthington as Polari the Hypnotist



There is Promise of a Romance to come Between Myra and the Handsome Young Lieutenant



A Scene Between Pedro Villard and His Brother Juan, Both Mexican Spies

"On The Verge of War"

The Strategy of a Mexican Spy Proves Fatal

Three Reel Bison Film.

CAST.

Col. Graham, U. S. N. Harry Schumm
Lieut. Freeman, U. S. N. Herbert Rawlinson
Pedro Villard, a Mexican spy Frank Lloyd
Professor Polari, a hypnotist William Worthington
Myra Goodwin Anna Little

SYNOPSIS.

PEDRO VILLARD has been sent by the Mexican government to get the U. S. plans for their base of supplies and their operations on the west coast. He discovers that Lieutenant Freeman has been detailed to make tissue tracings of the plans, but is unable to devise any means for securing them until he happens to drop into a theatre and sees Professor Polari, a hypnotist, working with Myra Goodwin, whom he advertises as his daughter, for a subject. Myra, hypnotized by Polari, secures a position as seamstress in the Freeman household. Controlled from a distance by Polari's marvelous powers, she steals the tracings and sews them into the lining of an evening cloak. The terrific strain of keeping up telepathic communication with Myra kills Polari, but not until he has gasped out to the waiting Villard, "At the Charity Ball, Mrs. Freeman—" Villard attends the ball and steals the papers, only to discover that they are false ones placed there by Lieutenant Freeman, who has discovered everything. Villard's accomplices are captured, but he himself escapes to Mexico, where he is put to death for failing in his mission. Myra is adopted by the Freemans, and there is promise of a romance between her and the young lieutenant.



Frank Lloyd as Pedro Villard



Anna Little as She Looks in Real Life



A. W. Filson as Judge Dunn



Anna's Fiery and Bright Eyes While She "Sole Success"



Lillian Hayward as Mrs. Dunn



Anna's Mother Challenges Judge Dunn to Investigate the Lives of His Wife and His Daughter, Before He Condemns Her Child



The "Bridge Hands" with Whom Mrs. Dunn and Her Daughter Amanda, Dress Extravagantly and Play for Large Stakes



When Judge Dunn Discovers the Loss of His Diamond Studs, His Wife Casts the Suspicion on Anna

"Judge Dunn's Decision"

"Pride and Prejudice" War With Justice

Two Reel Selig Film.

CAST.

Judge Dunn.....	Al W. Filson
Mrs. Dunn.....	Lillian Hayward
Kate Dunn, their daughter.....	Lilly Clark
Mrs. Gregory.....	Eugenie Besserer
Anna Gregory, her daughter.....	Stella Raseto
Frank Barton.....	Guy Oliver

SYNOPSIS.

JUDGE DUNN, whose social position and standing as a magistrate are of the highest, is quite unconscious of the fact that his wife and daughter dress extravagantly, play bridge for stakes and carry on outrageously with the men they meet. When Anna Gregory, second maid in the Dunn household, leaves, Mrs. Dunn pays her with a lot of expensive clothes instead of money. Anna gets a position as salesgirl where her finery makes her unpopular and also casts suspicion on her character. So, when Judge Dunn discovers the loss of his diamond studs he is easily persuaded by his wife—who has pawned them—that Anna stole them. Anna is arrested, whereupon her mother goes to the judge and challenges him to investigate the actions of his own wife and daughter before he convicts her daughter. He becomes suspicious only when he arrives home early one night and sees his wife taking some jewels from the safe. He follows her to the pawn shop, and as soon as she leaves, goes in and verifies the transaction. The next day Anna's case is called, and she is acquitted. But Judge Dunn is not through. He publicly unbraid his wife and daughter, who are in court, and forces them to apologize to Mrs. Gregory and Anna. Mrs. Dunn and her daughter acknowledge their fault and promise to reform, and Anna and her mother are free to take up their lives with renewed courage and an unstained name.



Lilly Clark as Kate Dunn, Publicly Upbraided by Her Father

"Kiss Me Good Night"

When Temper Meets Temperament

Two Reel Lubin Film, Featuring Arthur Johnson

SYNOPSIS.

WHEN Bob Summers discovers that his brother Jack's condition is due to a habit which Betty, a spoiled society girl, has of becoming engaged solely for the purpose of getting rings to hang on her fan as trophies, he determines on revenge. He makes love to Betty, and successfully. She breaks her engagement with "Cissy" Howell, her latest victim, adds his ring to her string, and accepts one from Bob. But in a few days, although by that time both are genuinely in love, she turns him down. On the night of her birthday party, Bob rounds up her victims and a minister, and goes to her house. To avoid embarrassing her guests, Betty leaves the ballroom with Bob, who forces her to give back all of the rings and to marry him on the spot. Immediately after the ceremony Betty escapes in her limousine, boards a train and gets off at a small way station. Bob follows in Cissy's machine, races the train, and sees her get off. Two crooks, who have spotted Betty's jewels, are also hot on her trail. They all come together in the house of Jake, the town constable. Jake, instigated by Betty, arrests Bob and Cissy. The crooks attack Betty in an upstairs bedroom. Bob rushes to the rescue, knocks them down, takes their revolvers and covers them and Jake, as well. Betty is thus compelled to clear Bob and Cissy. Jake handcuffs the burglars, and as he is about to march off to the town jail, Bob tears Cissy away from a great slab of home-made apple pie and forces him to drive them back to town. As Betty nestles close to Bob in the machine, she turns her mouth up to his and whispers softly, "Kiss me good night."

"Kiss Me Good Night"

Miranda, Sister of the Town Constable, Takes Charge of Betty

Ethel Clayton Made as Adorable Betty

Arthur Johnson as the Masterful Bob Summers

Cissy's Dismay is Manifest When Bob Forces Betty to Leave the Ball Room With Him

Bob Presents the Wedding Letter From Betty, Breaking Off the Engagement

Constable Jake is at a Loss When He Finds the Man He is to Arrest, Armed with Two Revolvers

The Star of the Vaal

The Most Intense Series of Mysteries in Years

By LLOYD KENYON JONES

ILLUSTRATED BY ROY BLAKE VAN NICE

ALTHOUGH Chief Moran sent out a call to the various stations to be on the lookout for Pennock, the erstwhile chauffeur made good his escape. But in evading the clutches of the law, he found himself practically penniless.

He had made great haste in dropping the disguise of the butler and assuming the disreputable garb in which he had posed as furnace-tender. And in so doing, he had neglected a detail—not a trifling matter at all. He had forgotten the currency that von Tenneck had passed him in exchange for the stolen gems!

The other jewels were likewise left behind. Pennock was in a frame of mental fury. He had not learned of the ten thousand dollars that awaited him at Warner's, but even though knowledge of this wealth had been in his possession, he would still be helpless, for Warner and his cohorts were in jail pending a hearing.

Had he entertained the remotest hopes of recovering his money in the Montgomery home, those hopes were futile, for Moran had searched the uniform of the butler, and retained the money for safe-keeping.

But Moran had not found the diamonds and other stones, and these might yet form the corner-stone of a new fortune for the hapless Pennock.

The day had dragged out its weary length, as all days must do when one waits.

"I must certainly do some quick thinking," Pennock mumbled.

"You surely ought to know what to do, James, and how to do it. The sooner you figure out the right way, the broader will be your chance, and you should have at least read the handwriting on the wall," he told himself.

When one waits—and particularly when hunger grips and bites—time is not fleeting, but grossly laggard.

But all things must pass eventually, and the eventual brought the long shades of night. The early evening melted into the midnight hours, and Pennock crept through the shrubbery of the beleaguered grounds of the Montgomery estate.

At times he paused to listen. But only the purring of motors on the drive greeted his aural efforts.

The great mansion was enshrouded in darkness. No light illumined a belated window-pane.

Pennock was fearful of trusting to the passage-way. Should a watcher be stationed within it, then no trap could be more certain of its prey.

There was a window with a shattered sash, through which Pennock had entered on pre-

vious occasions, and out of which he had helped von Tenneck the morning before.

Creeping on hands and knees—at times lying flat from sheer terror, he hastened slowly. The strident throbbing of his heart seemed to him not unlike the reverberant thumping of a drum.

Gaining the window, he held his ear to the opening, but only the measured crackling of the furnace fire answered his watchfulness.

There was little choice left for Pennock. He was as well off imprisoned as at large without proper raiment and no funds.

He left himself into the nether darkness, and expected a hand to reach out and grasp him at every step. But no one was astir.

Pennock knew every foot of the way, and he was shortly within his own room.

Then he became suddenly bold. He closed the door and turned on the light.

A detective stood immediately before him.

Neither spoke. Pennock's oozing nerve gave way all at once, and he sunk to the floor, with his thoughts racing tandem, hope following despair.

"I thought you would come," the officer observed. "They have a habit of coming back."

ance was too low to warrant an encounter. Pennock had played his final card, and he faced the inevitable with a feeling akin to resignation.

After a consultation among the officers in charge, the employe was permitted to bathe and dress in more presentable garments, and then he was hurried off to the station.

"What is the charge?" the sergeant queried. "An accessory to the murder of Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery."

"What?" Pennock asked sharply.

The statement was repeated.

"Oh," said he with a show of relief. "I thought it was burglary. Why, I didn't kill those people—I should say not. Go ahead and lock me up. I will prove everything I say—everything!"

But the officers winked at one another, for in the annals of crime, the innocent and the guilty all protest in much the same words—and who is to know until the law and the facts have been heard?

XXCI

Contrasted with the dreary array of criminal events, the affairs of Miss Grace Chandler stood out in strange relief. She was beginning to live again. But this was due to

Clarence Atwood, who had insisted that the young woman leave the scene of terror and take up life in a cheerful little hotel on the North Shore.

Miss Chandler, despite the wealth of her sister and brother-in-law, had been held in unreasonable restraint.

They had been kind to her so far as actual goodness was concerned, but they had also narrowed her sphere, and thrust upon her the company of such men as Canfield.

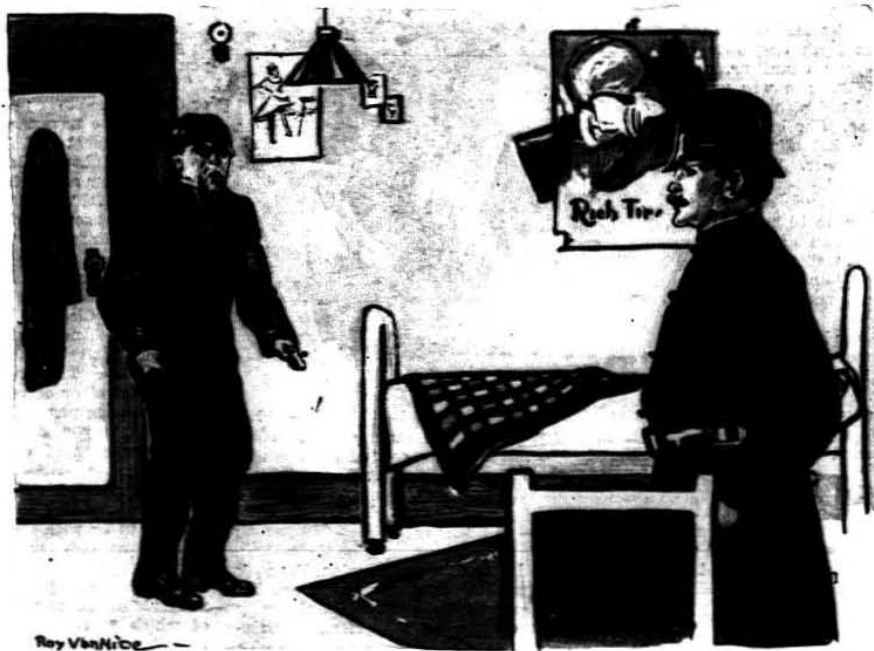
Secretly Miss Chandler was beginning to look with willing dependence toward Atwood—and as the realization of her new-found joy dawned fully upon her, she recalled that had it not been for Fannie Cummings, she might even now be bound in the thrall-dom of her engage-

ment to Canfield.

Atwood had called on her, and they sat on the portico chatting. The attorney was careful to not mention anything connected with the tragedies that had forced themselves into the girl's life. He told her about the brighter things in life, and was happier when he was in her company.

Miss Chandler permitted her suitor to let his conversation follow his will, for a time, and then she entered the borders of a forbidden subject.

"Miss Cummings is still imprisoned," she ven-



"I Thought You Would Come," the Officer Observed. "They Have a Habit of Coming Back."

And you have proved no exception."

Pennock still lay on the floor, unable to voice even the pleadings that every coward finds in his heart.

"I guess this makes the final arrest," continued the other. "There are other officers on watch above. Come, get up, and march ahead of me."

The chauffeur arose, and the bloodless hues of his features were visible through the smudge of black.

There was no avenue of escape. He had walked into the trap, and his force of resist-



tured. "Do you mean to tell me, Mr. Atwood, that this is either right or necessary? Irrespective of what guilt may point to the others, that girl is certainly free from its taint."

Atwood's eyes were averted, and he would have avoided replying, had he dared.

"The truth is," said he after deliberating the substance of his thoughts some moments, "she is not in prison. She was liberated on bonds before she so much as saw the cells."

Miss Chandler was elated.

"But no mention has been made of it in the papers."

"I know it," the district attorney admitted. "We preferred to keep the matter quiet. You see, there is a strong attachment between Miss Cummings and young Victor. She will do as he says—and every move she makes is shadowed. Yesterday she put forth desperate efforts to find Pennock—your chauffeur, who was arrested last night. But she was unsuccessful. Today she started to look up von Tenneck. He was not at home. She has assumed another name, and under that alias, she has secured rooms not far from here. Why, that is she coming along the walk!"

Fannie did not pause, but came straight up to the hotel. This happened to be her hostelry also. When she saw Atwood and Miss Chandler, she attempted to escape, but they had nodded to her, and invited her to join them.

Her face had reddened, and she was extremely agitated.

Miss Chandler grasped her hands and smiled pleasantly, and Atwood bowed in a dignified manner to indicate that he did not wish to be regarded as too friendly.

"I met Chief Moran a short time back," Miss Cummings ventured. "He says that I need not worry—that he has fastened the guilt on the right person."

"Which means?" and Atwood lifted his eyes.

"Why, I don't know," Fannie responded, with the color racing to her temples. "But I do not believe any of us would know the name if we heard it. Of course, it is not Harold, and it is not Warner, and it is certainly not Miss Delvare."

Atwood frowned slightly.

Fannie pretended to pay no heed to his displeasure.

"You know, we are all rich now. Mr. Warner sold Harold's patents on his storage battery for a million dollars!"

She glanced at them frankly, and noted their looks of surprise.

"We never had anything to do with those terrible crimes at all. The apparent mystery we all displayed was to protect our secrets about Harold's inventions—and, if you are at all interested, when he is free, we are—well, we are going to get married. We became engaged in the patrol-wagon, on the way to the station."

The humor of such a courtship appealed to Atwood, and he moved closer to Miss Chandler.

"I wish somebody would arrest us," he remarked ingenuously. "In the ordinary run

of events no such golden opportunities are afforded."

Miss Chandler blushed, and Fannie smiled. "Well, it is only when young people are tossed about in the storm of circumstances that they really know the importance of full comradeship."

Atwood nodded assent. He quite agreed with Miss Cummings, and found himself liking and believing in her, in spite of his official self.

"I suppose some such romance will develop between Warner and the actress?" he questioned.

Fannie laughed.

"What do you suppose?" and she beamed in radiant good nature. "Why, they have been married more than a year!"

"Oh!" Atwood groaned. The expletive was not one of surprise so much as the result of a realization that, under the statutes, Daisy would not be able to testify against Warner—even if Atwood fancied she would anyway!

"It is too bad to have a cloud hanging over one's character," he said thoughtfully. "I do so hope that your fiancé will be able to prove his innocence."

"Why—he will," and Fannie looked just a trifle defiant. "Besides, Chief Moran told me that he expected Harold would be free before night."

Atwood nodded in wonderment, and



Miss Chandler clapped her hands—which placed Atwood more and more on the defensive. It was not merely a case of the clash of love and duty; it was love governing and shaping duty.

XXVII

After seven hours of moral suasion, Pennock told Moran everything he had ever known. He was actually eager to talk. The Chief finally had to put a damper on the prisoner's volubility.

Pursuant with Pennock's confession, the gems were found on top of the clothes-press in the basement room. They were brought to the Chief for inspection.

"You stole how many, all told?" he asked casually.

Pennock counted mentally, and then with the aid of his fingers.

"Twenty-one," he replied.

"Then, according to the final will and testament of Mr. Montgomery, there is a discrepancy of a dozen—just twelve!"

The chauffeur stoutly denied all knowledge of them.

The officer who had brought the fortune into the Chief's office was plainly disturbed.

"There was a hole in the sack," he explained. "See for yourself; it was burned. I looked all

around, but they are all there—every one that had been in the bag."

Moran scrutinized the sack carefully. It was made of chamolins, and about a third of the lower portion was scorched, as though a hot iron had been passed through it.

"And the bag was perfectly good at the time you placed it in hiding?"

Pennock nodded a stern affirmation.

"And you," turning to the detective, "you are quite positive this is precisely as you discovered it?"

"I have been in the service twenty-six years," the officer responded, "and I think my assurance on that point is good."

Moran's brows knitted in deep thought.

"That will be all," he said suddenly, and directed that Pennock be taken back to his cell. For a long time the Chief sat pondering matters. He was troubled, but his perturbation was gradually melting before a greater truth that thrust itself upon him.

He summoned a dozen of his best men.

"I shall have work for you tonight," he said sharply. "It will be big work—and I want you to be prepared to cope with dangers such as you have not met in the ordinary run of crime."

They nodded gravely.

"You will meet in this office at a quarter past seven. Hold yourselves subject to this order. Now, call in Harold Victor."

The detectives departed, and Victor was brought in to the Chief.

The young inventor stood rather irresolutely before the official.

"You have been putting over some big inventions of late," Moran began carefully. "Your storage battery was the principal one of them all."

Harold bowed, but his lips fashioned "yes" without uttering the sound of the word.

"And you are working on your dictagraph, I believe?"

Victor admitted this to be the case.

"Harold, do you think you'll succeed," the Chief queried.

"Well, it looks as though I have succeeded in good measure. Did Fannie say anything to you about our recent success?"

"Yes," Moran replied, "but don't mislead me or dare try to cover up the facts. All I ask for is merely the unvarnished truth, and is it too much to request it? There is just one trifling point more about this invention that I must insist on your answering fully."

"What is it?" Harold asked doubtfully.

"With that sort of wireless attachment, would it be possible for your storage battery to kill a person?"

"I am not sure."

"Did you use that attachment the night Mrs. Montgomery died?"

"No. I had not perfected it up to that time. I had not perfected it up to the time Mr. Montgomery died. The first time it was ever used, in experiment or otherwise, was the day I was liberated from prison by you."

"And have you invented anything similar, or even experimented with anything of that nature?"

Harold shook his head.

"Not only that, Chief Moran, but I have had nothing to do with these crimes. If you found connections between the several members of what might be regarded as a 'gang,' recourse to the records at Springfield will prove that we were shareholders of a corporation, the object of which was the marketing of these inventions."

"Suppose I were to bring a man before you who would accuse you of the crimes?"

"I'd like to meet him!" and Harold felt of his muscles, and wondered if he could give a fair account of himself after such prolonged restraint.

Moran laughed.

"I'll not introduce him now. However, Victor, the grand jury goes into session tomorrow, and it is highly probable that you and your confederates will be indicted."

Harold hung his head. He was thinking about Fannie, and feared that confinement in prison might prove disastrous to her, because she had weakened physically under the stress.

"And, again," the Chief added, "it is also possible that you will not be held. It depends upon what occurs tonight."

XXVIII

Much as Clarence Atwood wished to remain in Miss Chandler's company, his official obligations pressed upon him. On the morrow he was to present to the grand jury such evidence as he had gathered against Warner, Victor, Pennock, Canfield, Miss Delvare and Miss Cummings.

He was particularly bitter against Canfield, which is not strange, when the previous position of the latter in Miss Chandler's heart is considered. It is the habit of most successful suitors to detest and vilify their rejected rivals. Why this should be so, even the most learned fail to fathom.

Still, underlying Atwood's aversion to Canfield was a broader sense of justice, and when the miserable prisoner sent for the district attorney, he answered the call—not after the manner of a feline gloating over a rat at bay, but with professional alacrity.

The conference lasted the major portion of an hour, and Atwood's attitude toward Canfield was less tense than it had been before.

The lawyer started at once for the Montgomery mansion, but in his car on the way over, he read snatches from an extra newspaper, and determined upon a line of independent research.

Most of the servants had been dismissed. A few somnolent patrolmen were at ease on the premises.

Atwood devoted considerable time in the library, now dust-laden and bearing the marks of its heavy usage and scant care. The shades were all drawn and the room was dark, damp and cheerless. It was in this apartment he had first beheld the beauty of Grace Chandler, and irrespective of its repellent attributes and blotched history, to him it was a sacred shrine he purposed to ever cherish.

He set his sentiments aside as best he could, and continued his labors.

Canfield had told him that the library still harbored damaging evidence, but beyond directions as to how and where to locate such facts, remained noncommittal.

That Canfield had learned some dark secrets was patent. Where he had encountered them was still a conjecture.

"Has any one been in here?" Atwood asked of a police officer on watch.

"No one."

"Are you certain?"

"I am sure I've seen nobody. The grounds have been watched."

"Very well. I am going to open this safe."

Following the numerals of the combination, the prosecutor soon had the door swung back.

The interior was obscured in shadow. He lighted a match. The rays were reflected in a blaze of crystalline brilliancy.

Atwood questioned his vision.

Then he turned on the electric current, and the glow of many incandescents verified his sight.

There were twelve diamonds—the exact number Moran had missed on checking up his count.

Beneath them was a note, scrawled in a bold hand. Atwood's experience told him that considerable effort had been exercised to disguise the penmanship.

The top of the sheet contained this cryptographic legend:

14-6-1-13 1-13 14-6-4 L-1-13-14
C-I-N-6-4-R 14-6-4-R-4 16-4-R-4 A-E
O-14-6-4-R-13 1-L-L 14-O-L-3

Beneath were these broken sentences:

"I return unto Cesar those things which are Cesar's, and go my way, infinitely more sinned against than sinning. Years ago, I came close to being the life-companion of the woman whose existence corporeal was offered up as a blood sacrifice on the altar of vanity. But now, with my past buried, I go my way. It is useless to pursue me, because as I have been the author of much wrong, so may I still originate the manner, and name the hour, of my own passing. The cause for which I fought and sacrificed has succeeded. My need terminates with that success. Give a man an ideal and he lives. Rob him of his most cherished hopes, and he withers, like the most sturdy, hardy oak perishes when its tap-root is severed. I commend that all official procedure be dropped, for here is the trail's terminus, and beyond that is naught—only oblivion—chaos—mockery—the end."

Atwood's brows fairly bristled. Here was a challenge to his prowess. What would Moran say to so brazen an effort against the police?

"The cause for which I fought and sacrificed," the prosecutor repeated. The words found some half-concealed response within his mind. Then an obscure article in the extra newspaper he had partially perused, was recalled.

He extracted the publication from his pocket, and traced the headlines.

"Can this be it?" he asked himself.

The despatch was dated from a European capital. Its story was brief:

"Prince C——— of the royal house of Hanover was assassinated by an unknown person early today. The prince was most unpopular, and was accredited with the wilful ruination of many persons. The principality in which he lived regards his passing merely as a long anticipated incident. Popular approval has given the murderer ample time to escape across the border. The prince had few friends and sympathizers among even the royalty."

"It may have no association," Atwood muttered. "But it dovetails perfectly with the tone of this epistle. I shall take these gems to Moran and notify Grace of my success."

Then, on the way out, Atwood again interrogated the policeman.

"Are you sure no one came to this house all morning?"

"Only a plumber," the patrolman replied after some thought. "But who would suspect a plumber?"



"Who wouldn't?" Atwood responded dryly, as he noted down the description of the visitor, as given by the officer.

XXIX

At seven-fifteen that evening, the force of picked detectives assembled in the Chief's private office.

They were a sober-appearing assortment of men—not at all like the sleuths of tradition.

Moran gave his instructions in short, clear statements.

A warrant had been issued for the latest suspect.

The last of the afternoon crowds were hastening home. The wind was off the lake, carrying on its breath the shroud of a gathering fog. It was one of those nipping nights, when the cold gets inside and clings—and yet not the kind of chill that especially warrants heavy clothing.

The plain-clothesmen scattered, and took divergent routes.

Moran and Atwood rode in the Chief's car, and were soon in the old section immediately north of the river, where towering warehouses and factories obliterate the ancient dwellings that still struggle for a position and tenants.

Leaving the car in a by-street, they proceeded on foot up an alley, and finally let themselves into a diminutive court through a gate.

From a first-floor window, the dim rays of an oil lamp were discernible.

Very cautiously, they pressed nearer, and paused at times for fear their footfalls might frighten their quarry.

The fog-horn boomed its monotonous and clamorous warning over near the estuary.

"He's at work," Moran whispered gleefully. "See his shadow on the dun-colored drapes?"

Atwood scarcely dare venture a reply.

"We can gain a better view from the steps. I will go up first."

Very slowly the Chief brought his weight to bear on the wooden stairs. He took each step in unison with the fog-horn's blast, thus submerging the lesser creaking in the greater noise.

At the end of the landing was the light-wreathed window.

Following the officer's lead, Atwood essayed the ascent, and shortly the two representatives of the law were side-by-side.

The shade did not quite reach to the sill. A space of about two inches gave them a clear



view of the interior. The men dropped to their knees and peered through the aperture.

A man of muscular, angular frame was bending over a retort, beneath which a gas flame shed its blue light. Some substance was boiling in the cauldron.

Near it was what appeared to be a large hydraulic press, and various molds were spread upon a table, together with test tubes and other apparatus, some of which tubing led to the kettle. Upon closer observation they detected electrical wires, and connections with the lamp-sockets above, accounting very likely for the employment of the kerosene illumination.

At the farther side of the apartment was a contrivance that resembled a calcium spot light, with its sinister hood, gas-tanks and piping.

On the floor were heaps of coal-anthracite, bituminous, and even lignite. A peculiarly fashioned oven was angled in a distant corner.

Each man was conjuring up the same fancies. The scene before them had all the appearance of the laboratory of an ancient alchemist, with modern equipment and settings.

From the cauldron, lambent flames were rising, much like the prismatic vapors that ascend from the molten metallic serpent that creeps down its sand stairs from a matte furnace.

The colored mists wafted toward the ceiling and disappeared, and at times the lone laborer would stop and grasp at his chest, while he underwent a paroxysm of violent coughing.

Then, still staggering from the effects of his attack, he would return to his duties with renewed fervor.

Occasionally he would peruse a memorandum-book as though studying some formula for his weird brew. He made notations at times, carefully blotting his writing.

Moran and Atwood spied until their limbs ached and the chill of the fog caused them to strangle many a cough.

The alchemist finally extinguished the flame beneath his cauldron, and with long tongs brought to view a black, plastic mass. This he immediately placed in a mold, which he closed and adjusted in his hydraulic press.

After connecting and examining the different electrical connections, he turned on the pressure, which became greater as the moments passed. He was squeezing his pattern with its jet contents some thousands of pounds to the square inch.

Satisfied with his progress, he returned to his diary or recipe book, editing many of his entries.

At length, he released the pressure of his mechanism and extracted the mold.

With trembling, expectant fingers, he loosed the clasps, and rolled the contents upon his table.

Glistening in indescribable brilliance was an enormous diamond!

The old fellow gloated over it, fondled it, bared his horrible yellow teeth in a diabolical grin, and wept for joy.

And then, for the first time, his face was turned directly toward the watchers.

It was von Tenneck!

When Atwood beheld the uncanny scientific spectacle, he could have cried out. The truth came racing to his brain. Once more, the impossible had become a reality.

Moran gripped the prosecutor's arm and cautioned him to remain silent.

Von Tenneck now crossed the room and wheeled his spot-light into position. In a moment the intense rays were focused directly on the titanic gem.

Five, ten, fifteen minutes drew their endless lengths along. The doubt that had set upon the seven's features was softening to hope—and then broadened into belief.

With the rays still beating upon the bauble, the scientist walked over to the table and grasped it in his hands. Then he drew up a stool and, seated before the table, he stooped over the thing of his creation. His eyes protruded in hungry triumph.

Moran and Atwood were spell-bound. Had any person so much as suggested a drama like this, either man would have branded him with contumely and ridicule. Yet here before them,

(Continued on page 31)

Players' Birthday Calendar

By JOHNSON BRISCOE

JUNE 6

FRANCES STARR, who in September will begin her eighth consecutive season as a David Belasco luminary, presenting her success of this past year, "The Secret."

EDNA PENDLETON, who had a busy time of it in musical comedy last season, appearing in "The Prince of Pilsen," "Iole" and "The Little Cafe."

BETULAH POYNTER, the actress-playwright, most happily remembered in "Lena Rivera," and whose most recent offering was "Dear Doctor," which had a trial in vaudeville.

GABRIELLE REJANE, the distinguished French actress, who is returning to this country next season, to appear in our leading vaudeville theatres.

JUNE 7

WILLIAM WADSWORTH, the clever young character actor, beloved by all patrons of the Edison pictures, being specially successful at the moment in the vastly amusing series of the Wood B. Wedd pictures, in which he plays the name part.

RALPH STUART, who recently added to his popularity through his work in the leading part in the Mohawk Film Company's initial offering, "Hearts of Oak."

CORINNE CANTWELL, who has been graduated from ingenue into leading roles, the past season assuming responsibilities with the stock company at the Bijou Theatre, Fall River, Mass.

BEATRICE MORGAN, whose name will long be held in affection with Harlem theatre-goers through her lengthy term with the Keith and Proctor Stock.

JUNE 8

GEORGE A. LESSEY, the well-known director and leading man of the Edison company, one of his recent and most important pictures being "The Mystery of the Amsterdam Diamonds."

LEUCUS HENDERSON, one of our best-known picture directors, late with Thanhouse and Majestic, and now prominently associated with the California Motion Picture Company.

W. J. FERGUSON, the clever character actor, lately seen in "Madam President," and more recently engaged to appear with Leah Baird and Alexander Gaden in the Imp picture, "His Last Chance," a newspaper story.

EDNA MUNKEY, the blonde beauty, late in "Everywoman," and vaudeville, and now under contract to Klaw & Erlanger to appear in "The Little Cafe."

HAROLD DE BECKER, who for the past three years has been playing in the support of Walker Whiteside in "The Typhoon."

ALAN MURIE, lately seen with Julia Sanderson in "The Sunshine Girl," and who next season is to support Hazel Dawn in "The Debutante."

JOSEPH HART, who has figured most successfully in late years as a vaudeville author and producer.

WILLIAM SELLENT, who recently stepped in Tom Lewis' shoes in the cast of "High Jinks."

FRANK KINGDON, late with "The Garden of Allah," and who is to appear in San Francisco this Summer in a series of comedy revivals, at the Columbia Theatre, under Wallace Munro's management.

JUNE 9

RICCA ALLEN, the talented character actress, lately with the Biograph and Reliance companies and now happily situated with the Stellar Photoplay Company, appearing in their first picture, "Forgiven."

WEDDON GROSSMITH, the distinguished English actor-manager, known to us here through his work in "The Night of the Party" and "Mr. Preedy and the Countess."

LEONORA VON OTTINGER, who has, temporarily at least, abandoned pictures and is now playing with the Jessie Bonstelle company, Buffalo.

DUDLEY DIGGES, who for the past three years has been playing with George Arliss in "Disraeli."

MARIE R. QUINN, who also for the past three years has been playing with George Arliss in "Disraeli."

GENE GREENE, who enjoys great popularity with vaudeville lovers upon both sides of the Atlantic, being equally as popular through Europe as in this country.

JUNE 10

MRS. LESLIE CARTER, whom we are shortly to see upon the screen, she having spent all of last Winter in France where she acted her great success, "Du Barry," for the George Kleine company, a picture which has not yet been released and one in which the greatest interest has been manifested.

LITTLEDALE POWER, who for the past two years has been playing with Annie Russell in her revivals of Old English comedies, notably "She Stoops to Conquer" and "The School for Scandal."

SIDNEY HERRICK, happily remembered in the Daly company and in more recent times a valued member of Charles Frohman's forces, appearing last with John Drew in "Much Ado About Nothing" and "The Will."

MARGARET FAIRLEIGH, who for the past three years has been identified with "The Blue Bird," in which she played the role of Water.

BILLIE TAYLOR, the singer and song-writer, who is generally to be found either in vaudeville or musical comedy, most often in company with his wife, the talented Stella Mayhew.

JUNE 11

PAULINE, who with his hypnotic tricks has been signally successful in our leading vaudeville theatres, where there is always a steady demand for his services.

WILSON MELROSE, whom we saw on Broadway in two unsuccessful productions last season, "Shadowed" and "The Last Resort"—not that one means to intimate that he had anything to do with their failing!

VIOLET VAXBURGH, the distinguished London actress, who appeared here many years ago with her husband, Arthur Boucher, both of whom are now playing in the London halls in "Find the Woman," the Charles Klein drama which we know as "The Third Degree."

FRANK SHERIDAN, who has been signally successful in vaudeville in the Richard Harding Davis sketch, "Blackmail," which is shortly to be expanded into a full evening's play.

ALVA YORK, the English serio-comic, lately seen on Broadway in "Peggy," and probably better known as a vaudeville favorite.

ROBERT MACKAY, who had two unpleasant experiences last season, appearing in the short-lived productions of "Miss Phoenix" and "What Would You Do?"

JUNE 12

GEORGE LOANE TUCKER, the actor-producer, who has staged many pictures bearing the Universal brand and who was responsible for the "Traffic in Souls" films which attracted such notice last Winter.

HEDWIG REICHER, the beautiful German actress, who has found it rather up-hill work in getting a firm footing upon the English-speaking stage, though no one has met with more artistic appreciation than she.

FRANK LOSER, the sterling character actor, lately seen in "The Five Frankforters" and with Edith Wynne Matthison in "The Deadlock."

IRVING FRANKLIN, who sings songs as no one else can—just ask any vaudeville patron.

ROE COOPER MERRILL, the play broker and who is rapidly branching out as a dramatist, being part author of those two new successful plays, "Under Cover" and "It Pays to Advertise."

KATE LESTER, the actress of grand dame roles, who has retired from the stage, at least for the time being.

ARTHUR ROW, who divided last season between "The Five Frankforters" and with Doris Keane in "Romance."

GRACE GOODALL, whose most recent appearance behind the footlights was in the production of "The Reformers."

WEST COAST STUDIO JOTTINGS

NEWS OF THE PHOTOPLAYERS
IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

By Richard Willis

FRANK MONTGOMERY of the Kalem Company has a new Indian actor on his staff, one Robert Paddi, who comes from New Mexico. He is young and lithe and, like many Indians, is able to act with complete naturalness. He takes the place of Art Ortega, who left the company recently.

G. Mackenzie, J. P. McGowan's camera man, is the author of an entertaining book, "Rambles in Many Lands." Mackenzie was one of the very first men to engage in the moving picture business and tells of interesting adventures in many countries. He is a man who takes a genuine pride in his work.

Poor "Jackie" Saunders of the Balboa Company came in contact with some poison ivy when doing a forest scene, and her pretty face has been swollen to double its size. At one time fears were entertained for her eyesight. However, she is much better already.

George Melford of Kalem is engaged on another of his eastern pictures entitled "Hindoo Vengeance." A very large cast is being used.

William Worthington of the Universal Company is an immensely popular member of the photoplayer's club, to which he belongs because of his really exceptional baritone voice. That is to say, that Mr. Worthington is an accommodating person also.

T. A. Woods and H. H. Hawkins, president and general manager respectively of the Pasadena Film Producing Company, which will start work shortly, are both well known Pasadenans. A location has been selected and work started on a studio: Leon De Kent, late of Lubin, will direct and take leads. Three-reel features in particular will be made here.

A crate of rattlers caused much excitement at the Laaky Features studio the other day. One of the stingers got loose, and it was up to de Mille to catch it. Fred Kley, busy in the manager's office, jumped a fence in escaping, and the telephone girl mounted the exchange board!

Universal Ike Carney had a difference of opinion with his director, Harry Edwards, and packed his duds and departed, and Edwards will now produce comedies with pretty Louise Glaum and a clever youngster, Bob Furer, who will be known as Universal Ike Junior. I understand that Carney on several occasions objected to some of the things that he was called on to do.

Wallie Reid has purchased a new car, a "Forty," and his excuse is a new and novel one. "The Missus (Dorothy Davenport) wants to learn to drive a car, and my old one did not have a self-starter."

Joe King, lately playing leads with Selig, has joined the big "U." at Hollywood. He is an excellent actor and likes this location; besides it brings him near to his wife. Who is she? Well, her first name is Hazel. Now guess.

The former manager of the Vitagraph at Santa Monica, R. S. Sturgeon, will soon be on his way to New York. He says he is going on a pleasure trip, but we have ideas of our own as to the pleasure, unless he calls it fun to start new companies, and to work at about 30,000 voltage pressure.

Kalem fans will probably be interested in knowing that all the Ruth Roland and John Brennan comedies are directed by the youngest producer in the game, Marshal Neilan. He is a boy from Frisco, who has made a name for himself in directing this company. He is also manager of the studio in Hollywood, Cal.

Donald Crisp, well known actor with the Reliance, has blossomed forth as a director, his first offense being a satire on the New Woman and her independence, with Dorothy Gish and Robert Harron in the cast.

"The Script" is the title of the monthly bulletin to be issued by The Photoplay Authors League and Russell E. Smith. W. M. Ritchey and Marc. E. Jones will jointly edit it.

Fred Gamble has a new way of getting into jail. In a recent play he is guarding a cell when his daughter comes along and pushes him so that he falls inside, whereupon she locks him in and goes to get married. Gamble says he has heard of a man being thrown, having walked or being pushed into a cell, but it is an entirely new stunt to break in instead of breaking out.

Otis Turner of the Universal is getting ready for the promised feature done on a big scale of "Damon and Pythias," in which William Worthington will be Damon and Herbert Rawlinson, Pythias. Anna Little will be in the cast, also.

Douglas Gerrard, prominent member of the Photoplayers' Club and leading man with George Melford at the Kalem studios, who gave such an excellent performance in the part of Shannon in "Shannon of the Sixth," is an Irishman all the way through with an "illigint" brogue and dark curly hair. He is known as "Jerry" to his friends. Before his work with the old Majestic, Universal and Pathe companies, Gerrard was prominent on the stage, being associated with Ethel Barrymore, Viola Allen, Grace George, and many others.

Young Paul Willis, who so successfully played the part of Kaintuck in "Little Kaintuck," the Vitagraph story of the poor lad who went away from the cold city to the beautiful free country, is a schoolboy at Santa Monica. Between scenes he studies hard and is a diligent student. His latest film play is "Pore Folks," another story of the slums, in which he carries the part to perfection.

Busy Balboa! Henry W. Otto is putting on a three-reeler of his own writing, although he has just completed another three-reeler entitled "The Seeds of Jealousy" with Henry King and Lucille Young in the leading roles. Bert Bracken has taken his whole company to the mountains and will produce two stories while away.

Can anyone fancy Billy Garwood as a country boob? That is what he plays in a circus production at the American. As a matter of fact Billy is an excellent character actor and likes to play an eccentric part for a change.

Cleo Madison recently jumped from a burning bungalow, her clothes afire, and with a wild run and a great leap, went down a sixty-foot embankment. Oh! The lives of these photoplayers.

If you were a motorist near Los Angeles, and were driving slowly along the smooth boulevards to Santa Monica, you might perhaps suddenly see a flash of color pass you on the roadway. That would be Charles Ray in his classy racer going to the Broncho camp at Santa Monica. He is some speeder.

within a space of an hour, a diamond of tremendous size (easily eight hundred carats) had come into being. It was not a black mass of carbon, but a blue-steel crystal. What Nature had required was to perfect, man achieved in the fleeting space of a few moments.

But as they watched, a film seemed to have stolen over the face of the stone. Each spy fancied it was his own faulty vision, wearied by the prolonged vigil and the excessively strong light.

Scarcely had this thought prevailed than a puff of vaporous substance, like the Jew's passing spirit, arose, enveloped von Tenneck's head and then cleared away.

The diamond had disappeared!

In the palms of the rigid hands were two seared spots—as though a heated iron had been pressed upon them—the same tell-tale marks that had disfigured Mrs. Montgomery's throat!

Von Tenneck's eyes blinked once, and then became transfixed. He gulped, gasped, and fell forward on the table.

Before Moran, Atwood and the reinforcements had battered down the bolted door and gained access to the laboratory, the scientist had expired—the final victim of his own unhallowed machinations, as though Dame Nature had branded him a dangerous counterfeiter, and executed her toll.

The following excerpts are taken from the memo-book found by the officers at the defendant's right hand, under sequential dates:

"I have negotiated the sale of the ill-fated *Star of the Vaal* for J. Trenton Montgomery. Consideration \$180,000. My profit, \$28,500. I learn M. is in financial straits.

"Stone delivered. Cast kept.

"Quality of coal inferior. Consumers Co. has ordered special lot, higher in carbon.

"Montgomery repents folly. Has borrowed \$30,000 from me. I was a fool to lend it. I need it to help exterminate Prince C—— of Hanover. Had he not ruined my business earlier in life, the present Mrs. Montgomery would have been the Countess Ten Eck.

"Coal much better—carbon extraction high. Have cultivated Pennock, who is indebted to me anyway.

"I shall need funds. Tonight, with Pennock's aid, I shall act.

"We succeeded in getting safe combination. What a fool M. is to keep his jewels in his home.

"I have achieved my most remarkable triumph. The *Star of the Vaal* is duplicated; all but cleavage planes.

"Pennock and I substituted spurious gem for real one—attached bogus *Star* in original setting. The necklace remained unharmed.

"I have fashioned numerous smaller stones and traded those for some of the Montgomery solitaires.

"My God! How shall I ever be forgiven? The ultra-violet rays of the spot-light in the Auditorium must have been responsible! I am desolated in my great grief!

"My greed has been submerged. Instead of cutting up the genuine *Star*, I have given all facts about it to Cairns of *The Tribune*, thereby frustrating my well-laid plans for gain.

"I have entered Montgomery home through secret passage in alcove and made further substitutions. Pennock assisted. He is clever, but rapacious.

"Montgomery is dead! I am doubly a murderer! What have I done to merit all this? Pennock saw him die—was in the alcove hunting for a work on gems at the time, for M. Canfield entered but Pennock escaped through secret passage.

"I fear to sell the gems we have pilfered from the M. home, and still I need funds. Prince C—— is more arrogant than ever, I learn.

"Pennock worries me. He is writing cipher notes to Miss Chandler, poor girl. He wishes to frighten her away and purloin the remaining gems.

"My contributions to Harold Victor's company may involve him and his associates. He is a genius. Pennock forced me to divide my stock interests with him.

"Canfield sought refuge at my home. I dislike him, but half pity him. I hope Miss C. does not marry the weak brute.

EASTERN STUDIO NEWS

GOSSIP OF THE PLAYERS IN AND AROUND NEW YORK

BELLE ADAIR'S knowledge of athletics is not limited to that of spectator. She is a skillful boxer and as a swimmer and track athlete is above the average. It is hoped her work in Eclair pictures will utilize these accomplishments.

Jacob P. Adler, who is playing the leading role in "Michael Strogoff," a feature film made at the Lubin studio, is the best known Russian-Jewish actor on the stage. He was born in Odessa, Russia, and left that country without permission. Such an offense would mean being exiled to Siberia, were he to return.

Charles Maude, a cousin of Cyril Maude, the English actor, and a grandson of Jenny Lind, the famous singer, has a leading role in the London Film Company's first release, "The House of Temperley." Mr. Maude is in New York where he starred during the winter in "The Philanderer," at the Little theater. Though thoroughly English, he has a keen sense of humor which makes him an entertaining talker.

Flora Finch, whose eccentric portrayal of characters in Vitagraph films has made her one of the best known comedienne in pictures, takes a keen interest in "new thought" and suffrage. Also she has a splendid voice and takes three singing lessons a week, so it might be well to remind you that when Flora is making you laugh by her ludicrous attempts to sing, in some funny, "Bunny" picture, she may have furnished a real musical treat to those who were present when the picture was made.

Miriam Nesbit and Marc MacDermott were chosen by H. G. Plimpton of the Edison company to represent the Bronx studio at the picture ball held in Chicago's Coliseum.

Eleanor Blanchard, who was for several years at the Essanay studio in Chicago, is now at home at the Lubin studio in Philadelphia, where she is putting her talent for comedy to worthy use.

Pearl White, who is "making good" the opportunity for daring work in the Eclectic "Perils of Pauline" series, says that almost more thrills attend the making of the "Perils" than those that are shown the public on the screen. The fifth series, which were made in Chinatown, was completed only after a misunderstanding with the Orientals which resulted in Crane Wilbur's receiving a scalp wound, and after the utter ruining of a beautiful wrap Miss White had hoped to wear in the restaurant scene.

E. K. Lincoln, who, when he left New York for the Photo Play Production Company's studio on the coast, expected to be gone for only a few weeks, has been out there now for two months and writes back that "Broadway should see his sunburn." Broadway thinks so, too.

Arthur Johnson, who has just finished a three-reel picture, "The Last Rose," breathes freely again and for this reason: "In the picture I play the part of a clergyman. I'm superstitious about any picture with a clergyman role in it and I'm glad I'm through. It's a dandy story, though. I would have enjoyed it more if I could have been a little wicked."

Miss M. B. Havey of the Lubin scenario staff is the author of "The Last Rose." Lottie Briscoe, who plays the feminine lead in it, has asked her for another such "gem."

Lillian Logan, who formerly played leads in Selig pictures at the Chicago studio, is appearing in the London Film Company's "The House of Temperley," made in London, England. Miss Logan was an operatic student who gave up her study of music for film work.

Valentine Grant, leading woman for the Sid Olcott Players, is in New York making the acquaintance of people in the film industry. Until three months ago Miss Grant had not the slightest knowledge of films or film work. Mr. Olcott recognized her potential ability and is greatly pleased with his choice of her as leading lady. She is delighting every one she meets with her personal charm and tactful manner.

Sidney Olcott is renewing old acquaintances among the many he has in New York. He added about twenty pounds to his weight in Florida, but the general opinion is that he has never looked better.

Mr. and Mrs. Max Figman and their daughter "Bunny" have said good-bye to the east until early fall. They have gone to the Lasky studio on the coast, where they will play leads in "The Man on the Box" and other productions.

Dixie Compton has been selected to play the lead in "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," which is being made by the Broadway Picture Producing Company.

Fred Mace, in the east again after his months out at the coast, spent several days out at New Rochelle resuming pleasant acquaintances with many former companions. By them, as well as by the public, he is spoken of as "Funny Fred Mace."

William Russell, who recently transferred his popular work from Thanhouser to Biograph productions, suffered the loss of his mother recently. Mrs. Lerch-Russell is but a stage name—was known by many of the friends of both William and Al Russell and her death occasioned genuine sorrow.

Alice Joyce has added a third name to these two which are known the world over. Her new name is Moore—Mrs. Thomas Moore. The marriage of the two leading players of the Kalem Film Company will but bear out the wish of the film public, as the match has so long seemed an ideal one. However, it was a romantic and abrupt decision and came as a surprise to the admirers of both Mr. and Mrs. Moore.

And now comes the announcement of the engagement of Mignon Anderson and Irving Cummings, both of the Thanhouser company at New Rochelle. They confirm the announcement with the news that the marriage is scheduled for early June. Both of these screen stars are widely known for their work and their personality. Their friends are many, and they all wish them luck.

Miss Lillian Walker, Miss "Dimples," of the Vitagraph company, says she is counting the days until she can begin her daily swims at Brighton Beach. "Only twenty more days," she has decided, "the water should be warm enough by then. Mr. Blackton has asked me not to get all burned up as I did last year, so I guess I'll have to go mornings or late afternoons, though I like the sunniest hours best." Being obliging, however, she has promised to "cut out the sunny times."

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I Will Tell You How—FREE

I will tell you gladly and willingly. Why should any woman neglect an opportunity to escape the pain and heartache of being skinny, scrawny, angular and unattractive in body? Misery is not our heritage. Nature planned that you—a woman—should have the rich, pulsing lines of warm, living flesh molded after the mother of us all, the description of whom perfumes our sacred literature with love and admiration for the divinity of woman's form. For why should there be that pitiful aspect—the face of a woman and the form of a man.

Write To Me To-day

I don't care how fallen, or flaccid, or undeveloped your bust now is—I want to tell you of a simple home method—I want to tell you how I gained perfect development. No physical culture—no massage, foolish baths or poultices, marks or injurious injections—I want to tell you of my own new method, never before offered or told about—insuring immediate success and permanent beauty.

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Just write me a letter—address it to me personally—that's all. I believe you will bless me through years of happiness for pointing the way to you and telling you what I know. Please send your letter to-day to the following address:

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INFORMATION DEPARTMENT

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ABOUT PLAYS AND PLAYERS

THESEAN, SPOKANE, WASH.—Yes Howard Crampton had several seasons of stage experience before joining the Imp Company. He was cast for one of the leading roles in B. C. Whitney's "Isle of Spice" and for two years was with Sam S. Shubert's "The Belle of New York." He has also appeared with Frank Daniels, William Hodge, Eddy Foy, and James O'Neill.

"BUEBLE," PHILADELPHIA, PA.—No we can't tell you what make of automobile Ruth Roland drives. If you wrote her, enclosing a stamp for reply, Miss Roland would probably tell you all about it.

EXHIBITOR, FT. WAYNE, IND.—You are correctly informed. Marie Dresser is soon to be seen in Keystone comedies. Mack Sennett will be her director and already some of the pictures have been completed.

"A. B. C.," ST. AUGUSTINE, FLA.—You've got it wrong. Marshal Neilan is with Kalem not Selig. It must be Marshal Farnum you're thinking of—he's with Selig as a director.

JACK A., EVANSTON, ILL.—Mona Darkfeather is not a real Indian, though she has specialized in that style of roles for so long that you can scarcely be blamed for thinking she is one. Carlyle Blackwell is with Famous Players now, instead of Kalem.

BESSIE R., HOBART, IOWA—Kathie Fischer of the Beauty Company is Margarita Fischer's niece, not her daughter. Mercy, Margarita isn't old enough for that.

"SPORT" D., QUINCY, ILL.—Yes, George Fields of America is married. Winifred Greenwood is Mrs. Fields in private life.

CONSTANT READER, GREEN BAY, WIS.—The Gene Gauntier films are made at the Gauntier studios in New York City. Norma Phillips is the creator of "Our Mutual Girl" and her real name is Norma and not Margaret.

ANDY, PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Mabel Green, formerly of the Lubin Company in your city, is appearing in productions being put on by the Historical Feature Film Company of Chicago. Florence Lawrence is still with Victor.

G. C. B., SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH—Augustus Carney, better known as "Alkali Ike" or "Universal Ike" is no longer with the Universal. We can't tell you what company he has signed with yet. He has only just left the Universal.

I. H. J., GARRISON, MONT.—Yes, we believe Cleo Madison has a sister, but we can't give you her name. Pearl Sindelar, though appearing in "Potash and Perlmutter" in New York City is still to work whenever she finds time in the Pathe studios.

MARK N., NEW ORLEANS, LA.—We can't tell you when the twelfth part of "Kathlyn" will be shown in your city. Why not call up the General Film Exchange and ask where it can be seen. The manager will probably gladly tell you just what theater it is being shown at the day you call him up. Ethel Clayton is the heroine in Lubin's "The Lion and the Mouse."

CARYL N., ST. PAUL, MINN.—Victoria Forde was the wife in Nestor's "Could you Blame Her" and the role of the dressmaker was enacted by Stella Adams. The two ladies are not related.

MRS. D. E. KEELER AVE., CHICAGO, ILL.—The Questions and Answers department was changed from the PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE to the MOVIE PICTORIAL some weeks ago and will in the future appear regularly as a department in the weekly publication. After you get used to it there you will be just as well satisfied and find that you can get replies to your questions much sooner than was possible under the former method.

DOROTHY R., MARSHALLTOWN, IOWA—We suggest that you subscribe for THE PHOTOPLAY SCENARIO, the monthly publication, handled by the publishers of THE MOVIE PICTORIAL and PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE if you are seeking instruction on how to write photoplays and where to sell your scripts after they are completed. Mr. Thomas, who edits the photoplaywright department in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE has lengthy articles each month on script writing in THE PHOTOPLAY SCENARIO.

S. B. FOX ST., NEW YORK CITY.—Muriel Ostriche and Morris Foster were the principals in Thanhouser's "The Strike." Others in the cast are Fan Bourke, Morgan Jones, Eric Jewett, Joseph Sparks, George Welch, Claude Cooper and Mrs. M. S. Cooper. We presume Mr. Sterling was induced to shift bosses for the reason that so many other persons do—more money, though we can't say positively that that was the principle reason. Thanks for the suggestion made. You will find THE MOVIE PICTORIAL improving with each issue.

CHESTER E., AVE. H., CHICAGO, ILL.—Although we don't make it a practice to publicly reveal the names of those writing in for information, since many are inclined to take offence at the publication of their full names and addresses we see no harm that can result in this particular instance and so will say that Anna M., whose question was answered in the second issue of MOVIE PICTORIAL is Miss Anna Maloney of 9312 Anthony Ave., South Chicago, Ill.

MISS R. M., GRAND AVE., CHICAGO, ILL.—The complete cast of Broncho's "Shorty Escapes Matrimony" is as follows: Shorty—Shorty Hamilton; Budd Simms—Charles Swickard; Tom Crowne—Thomas Chatterton; Nell Holden—Rhea Mitchell; and Mrs. Simms—Miss Midgley. Your other questions we cannot answer at this time.

OSCAR D., EL PASO, TEXAS.—May 5th was the release date of Beauty's "Eugenics versus Love."

MRS. ROBERT J. R., DENVER, COL.—Fan Bourke and Ethyl Cook were the two girls who worked for "May" in Thanhouser's "A Woman's Loyalty." The Thanhouser studio is located at New Rochelle, N. Y.

"MOTHER," ST. LOUIS, MO.—We have never heard of a "Ruth Wheeler," who is a motion picture actress, and so cannot say what company your niece may be with. It is possible of course that she is only "suping" for some film concern, in which case, her name would not appear in the cast sheets we receive. If any director has a "Ruth Wheeler" in his employ and will send her address to this office we shall be glad to convey the information to the St. Louis party who made the above inquiry.

PEARL J., ST. PETER, MINN.—Ralph McCoombs was the sheriff in the Joker comedy entitled "Mike Searches For His Long Lost Brother."

CLARA MCQ., CLEVELAND, O.—Sallie Crute was "Marion" in Edison's "Mother and Wife."

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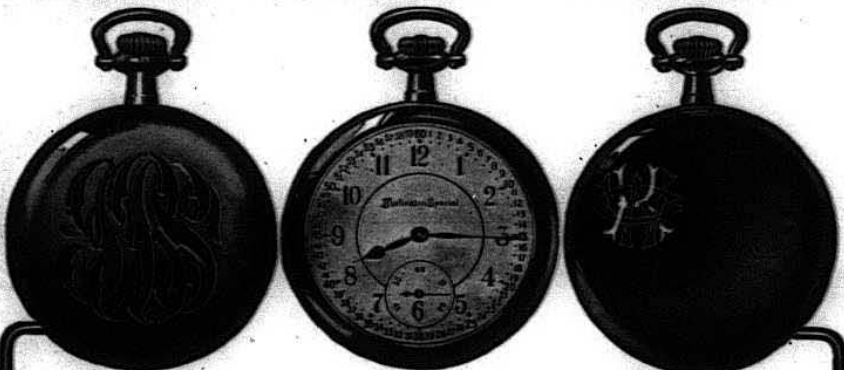
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Edited by ROY S. HANFORD

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 - 13—Plagiarism.
 - 14—Value of Action.
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THE MOVIE PICTORIAL

VOLUME I

CHICAGO, JUNE 13, 1914

NUMBER 6

"DUTY" The Word Acquires a New Meaning to An Erring Wife

By ROBERT KERR

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE ECLAIR FILM

DR. ALEXANDER had just come in. He sighed wearily as he dropped into a chair in his library. For a moment he closed his eyes, and sat there, silently, going over the day. He was trying to recall everything; to make sure that he had not left anything undone. He sighed again, after a moment, but with relief, and relaxed still further. He was fearfully tired; he contemplated, with luxurious satisfaction, the prospect of stretching out in bed. But, for the moment, the stiffer comfort of the soft chair held him. Even for the delight of sleep he could not give it up quite yet; could not summon his aching legs to the last brief task of carrying him upstairs.

There was much illness in the city. All the doctors had been under an unusually heavy strain, but it had told most on Alexander. Not an old man, he was still a veteran among the doctors of the city. There were many who felt unsafe in the hands of any other physician. And, in the face of an epidemic or diphtheria, knowing how great an aid confidence often is, he had not felt justified in pleading his own exhaustion as an excuse for throwing some of the work on other shoulders. He had answered every call which it was physically possible for him to attend.

Now, as he sat there, the front door opened again. He looked up, startled; then he frowned, as he heard laughing voices outside; among them, his wife's.

"Thank you so much for bringing me home!" he heard her cry. "It's stupid for you—it was awfully nice! I couldn't have stayed if you hadn't."

There was a brief reply; then the door closed. And a moment later his wife stood in the door, looking at him. In sharp contrast to his own worn appearance, she looked like a great butterfly, in her evening gown, her white shoulders gleaming above the silk, as her wrap slipped down. "Frank!" she said. "What are you doing in there?"

"Resting," he said, dryly. "I've had a hard day. My dear, should you be out so late—at any rate, without me?"

"Should I be out at all—if I waited for you?" she flashed at him, resentfully. "Really, Frank, I don't think you have any right to criticize me for my pleasures when you do so little to contribute to them!"

"That is not my fault," he said, patiently. "I've tried to explain the situation to you, Isabel, and that this strain will not continue."

"You needn't work like a slave!" she said. "We have plenty of money, both of us. Even if you gave up your practice altogether, tomorrow, we would be more than comfortably well off. As it is, you spend more than you earn."

"I am not working for money," he said, slowly, choosing his words carefully. "I have a duty to these people who trust me. Sometimes, Isabel, I fear that you have no understanding of that word duty. I think you realize neither my duty as a doctor, nor your's as my wife."

"Perhaps I don't," she said, angrily. "In that case, it's a great pity you didn't marry a differ-

had been a love match, pure and simple. Seeing him from afar, so to speak, she had admired his courage and his fortitude. She had regarded his profession of healing as the noblest in the world. But her marriage had

disillusioned her. She found that trifles she had never recognized as likely to exist, certainly never allowed for in any way, were spoiling her married life. She found that she had to share her husband with a whole community. Things that, in the abstract, had seemed noble, proved in practice to be only a nuisance.

Every marriage involves a certain period of adjustment. The happy marriages survive this. Man and wife grow to understand the allowances they must make for one another, the dovetailing that is required to make their jarring and separate individualities merge into a harmonious and contented whole. It is when this adjustment is unduly delayed, or never comes, that unhappiness and the ruin of the marriage results.

And now, in the case of the Alexanders, the period of adjustment was not working smoothly or well. Alexander himself, more nervous and high strung than he was quite ready to admit, really suffered because he could not occupy himself wholly with his wife. He wanted her entirely to himself, and yet he could not give all of himself to her. And Isabel, in her turn, could not grasp the high conception of his duty that constantly drove him, and animated all his actions. Young, high spirited, very much alive, she had always had what she wanted. It irked her, hurt her, to be deprived of it now.

And the inevitable consequence was a certain drifting apart. That, in itself, led to another consequence. Isabel craved love, attention. And, what her

husband could not, or, as she soon began to put it to herself, would not give her, she began to accept from others, almost indiscriminately, at first, taking admiration and attention everywhere—but that phase could not last. She was in a dangerous mood. It brought her, inevitably, into the intimacy with Jack Welby that was nearly to prove her undoing.

Welby was a painter who, at this time, presented such a sharp contrast to the image of her husband that Isabel had evoked, that she was especially attracted to him. He was an



Welby Wanted to Paint Her Portrait

ent sort of woman! Good-night!"

She swept up the stairs then, without waiting for his answer. And he, after a little time, followed her. But he did not go to the room they were supposed to share. He had been sleeping in another room for some time, where the telephone, likely to ring in his ears at any moment, might sound without disturbing Isabel's sleep.

Isabel Alexander felt herself a very much abused young woman. Her marriage with the doctor, although he was considerably older,



"Gad, Isabel," He Said, One Day, "You've No Idea of What an Inspiration You Are to Me"

artist; he had the artistic point of view in many ways. Duty to him was only a word. It chanced that they saw a great deal of one another. And the friendship that sprang up between them was about as natural as anything of the sort could be. It began innocently enough; Welby wanted to paint her portrait.

She was of a type that appealed especially to him. He had no need to depend upon his painting for a living; he could afford, therefore, to gratify his frequent desire to paint a pretty woman. Indeed, it was almost his conventional opening. When he wanted to make an impression, his first move was to suggest a portrait. A subtle sort of flattery, that! It worked admirably with Isabel.

Isabel's husband thought nothing of the matter of the portrait. He wanted Isabel to have a good time, within certain rather liberal limits. He was a broad-minded man; he recognized, although not as clearly as he might have done, that his absorption in his work was hard on her. After all, they saw very little of one another. And in the beginning Isabel did not take Welby very seriously. She told her husband of the sittings, at which Welby's cousin, Marcia Fairbanks, was usually present to play propriety.

But it came to be more than a matter of sittings for a portrait. That was inevitable, too. The new craze for dancing swept Isabel off her feet. And her husband, of course, had neither time nor inclination for the not too easy task of learning the new steps. Isabel had both; so had Welby.

And all those who assiduously follow the lure of the tango and the one step find it pleasanter, it seems, to dance with the same partner pretty often. It was not long before stories began to come to Alexander that disturbed him; stories of tango teas, of gay little parties in restaurants. True, Marcia Fairbanks was usually one of the party, and there had been rumors of an engagement, once, between the painter and his cousin. But the presence of Marcia did not altogether nullify the effects of the stories in the doctor's mind. She was a sinister sort of girl; he had never liked her, nor, altogether, trusted her. And the upshot of what he heard was a sharp little scene between him and Isabel.

"My dear," he said, "I think you don't realize that there is a good deal of talk going the rounds about you and Welby."

"What?" she said, furiously. "About Jack and me?"

"Yes," he said, troubled, but firm. He passed his hand across his eyes. He was very tired; as he was most of the time in those days of

widespread sickness. "I—I think you'd better stop seeing so much of him, Isabel. In fact—I—I'll have to insist upon it."

Isabel flushed dangerously.

"What right have you to insist on anything of the sort?" she demanded, indignantly. "You leave me alone—to go around alone—all the time! You never go out with me! You won't learn to dance! Do you want me to be shut up in a cage, to get about as much fun out of life as a mummy? I'm young. Do you want me to give up, and be an old lady right away?"

He sighed.

"I don't mean to be unreasonable, my dear," he said. "But it is my right, as well as my duty, to interfere if I find that the woman who bears my name is causing it to be bandied about in the mouths of gossips—"

"Your duty!" she mocked, fiercely angry by now. "You're always harping on that! You can remember all your duties except one, to make me happy! That doesn't exist for you,

it seems! Well, I will be happy, in spite of you!"

They were at a deadlock then. Angry words followed, on both sides, but they brought them no nearer a solution.

Isabel, awakened not to the idea that Welby was not just a good friend, still continued to see him. For the first time she allowed herself to think of a possible breaking up of her married life; for the first time Welby found her responsive to the hints he had for some time been dropping that he was aware of her unhappiness. In a word she was prepared to look upon him as a lover, as a man to whom she might fly for relief from the man she had married, whom she now was sure she hated. Duty! The word nauseated her!

The portrait was finished. But Welby, inspired by the fact that the conquest of Isabel was not the easy task it had been in the case of most of her predecessors in his fickle affections, was really in love with her by that time. He prevailed upon her to accompany him on sketching expeditions into the neighboring country.

"Gad, Isabel," he said, one day, "you've no idea of what an inspiration you are to me!"

And Marcia, who was with them that day, although it was for almost the last time, frowned bitterly as she heard. There had been a time when he had told her that. She hated Isabel with the unreasoning hate of jealousy.

Those sketching expeditions became a matter now of daily occurrence. And before long Welby was making love openly, ardently, and Isabel, reluctantly at first, was listening, and finding it easier every day to do so, harder to remind herself of her duty to her husband and—herself. In her home the breach between the doctor and herself had widened. They spoke little now. Alexander, struggling with the work that was piling up, had to keep himself in hand. He could spare none of his vital force to argue with Isabel, and try to win her back. That must wait, he told himself, with a groan. His duty came first. But he loved her, and he felt that she still loved him, and that in the end things must come out straight between them. Isabel, however, translated his utter weariness into indifference.

And in the end, Welby's pleadings won her over.

"Why should you stay?" he urged. "He's taking the roses from your cheeks, the fire from your eyes! Oh, Isabel, come to me—let me teach you what love is! Let him get a divorce; then we can be married, and live for one another! Come—don't wait—don't delay—come today!"



She Leaned over the Porch Rail and Gave Him Her Hand

And half an hour later, when he had seen her to her home, it was arranged. She leaned over the porch rail and gave him her hand.

"You'll come?" he said, jealously.

"I'll come," she said. "To the studio, first, Jack? You'll be there?"

"I'll be waiting," he promised.

With an eager nervousness, now that it was settled, Isabel made ready. After all, she felt, she was justified! Her husband had cheated her of the happiness she had looked for when she had married him; had she not, then, the right—was it not her duty, even, to seek it wherever she might hope to find it? She was busy in her room when, suddenly, she heard her husband calling her, in a strange voice.

"Isabel!" he cried. "Come here! Quickly! I've a child here—in my office. There's just one chance. I must insert a tube and draw out the poison. You will have to help me. The nurse isn't here, and you know what to do."

"But—I'd have to give up an appointment!" she said, weakly.

"I may give up my life," he said, sternly. "Come!"

There was that in his voice that drew her to him, despite herself. He was awake now, and alive, passionately, throbbingly alive. She obeyed. In his office she found the patient. In a daze she helped to make the few preparations. And then he did his duty—his duty to a nameless stranger child, that might demand from him the ultimate sacrifice! And in that moment Isabel knew the truth. While the peril was at its height, while she knew that his life was in the balance, all the troubles of the last weeks fell from her. And she knew—knew, with a sudden rush of love, that he was her man, the man she had married, the man she loved! And this was what he called duty! It was something real, then, something for which he was prepared to give his very life. A man who could do that had earned the right to talk of duty!

And when it was over, and the life saving task was finished, she flung herself into his arms with a burst of tears.

"Frank! Frank!" she sobbed. "I've been a wicked little fool, but I'll be better now! I will—I promise you I will!"

He patted her, soothingly.

"It's all right, all right," he said. "I've got to hurry over to the hospital now. But to-night I'll rest—and we'll have a talk, dear. Shall we?"

"Yes," she said. And then she stopped, short. She had just remembered her mad promise, and the man who was waiting for her, even now. Somehow she must tell him that she had changed her mind. Luckily, Alexander was too preoccupied to notice the change in her manner.



"Give Me Some Bandages—an Antiseptic!" She Cried

In a moment she was alone. She wrote a note to Welby; then, afraid to trust it to any messenger, carried it herself to the studio.

It would be better, after all, she decided, to see him. She thought he would not care greatly. But when he opened the door to her she had to ward off his eager rush to seize her in his arms.

"Wait!" she said, in a strangled voice. "This note—read it!"

He tore it open. She saw his face go white. "What?" he said, chokingly. "You're going to back out?"

"I must!" she said. "I can't—oh, I can't do it—"

"All right!" he said, wildly. "Here goes!"

And, before she could stop him, he had snatched a revolver from a drawer near his hand. She managed to throw up his hand, but the pistol went off as she did so. She saw the blood spurt from a wound in his shoulder, and he fell, heavily. Then she screamed.

From adjoining studios two or three girls, also painters, came in. One of them, more sen-

sible than the rest, rushed to a nearby drug store.

"Give me some bandages—an antiseptic!" she cried. "Mr. Welby has shot himself."

Marcia Fairbanks was in the store. She turned like a flash.

"Is he alone?" she cried.

"No—Mrs. Alexander—" said the girl. She seized the bandages the druggist gave her. And as she did so Marcia was calling into the telephone. Her eyes were evil with triumph and it was Dr. Alexander's number that she called.

The doctor was there within ten minutes. At the sight of his wife he groaned aloud. But he pulled himself together. Sternly, looking away from her distracted face, he did what was necessary. And then, almost idly, his eyes fell on the note she had written. He knew her writing and he read the note. And then he took her arm, gently.

"Come," he said. "I think I understand. My duty now is to you. His wound is trifling."

The Rivals



Mabel Normand and Her Bear Cat Stutz

EVER since the day when Marie Dressler gave up being a queen of the stage to become a Keystone comedienne, she and Mabel Normand, the Queen of the Movies, have been bitter rivals.

It began, they say, with dressing rooms. There is only one "first" dressing room, and while Mabel Normand ought to have it by right of priority of occupancy, on the other hand, Miss Dressler ought to have it by right of superiority of size. From dressing rooms it graduated—fostered and featured by all the local papers—to salaries; from salaries to maids; from maids to Pomeranians; and from Pomeranians to motor cars.

Everyone breathed easier. Here at last was something that might be settled. When it was rumored shortly afterward that Miss Normand and Miss Dressler had decided to demonstrate the merits of their respective cars—also their driving—by racing against each other at Ascot Park at Santa Monica, the various members of the company began drawing their salaries in advance to back their favorites.

The day arrived. Miss Normand was there with her high power "Bear Cat Stutz," while Miss Dressler drove a Fiat. Many fans were there, but the weather made a postponement necessary.



Marie Dressler in Her Big Fiat

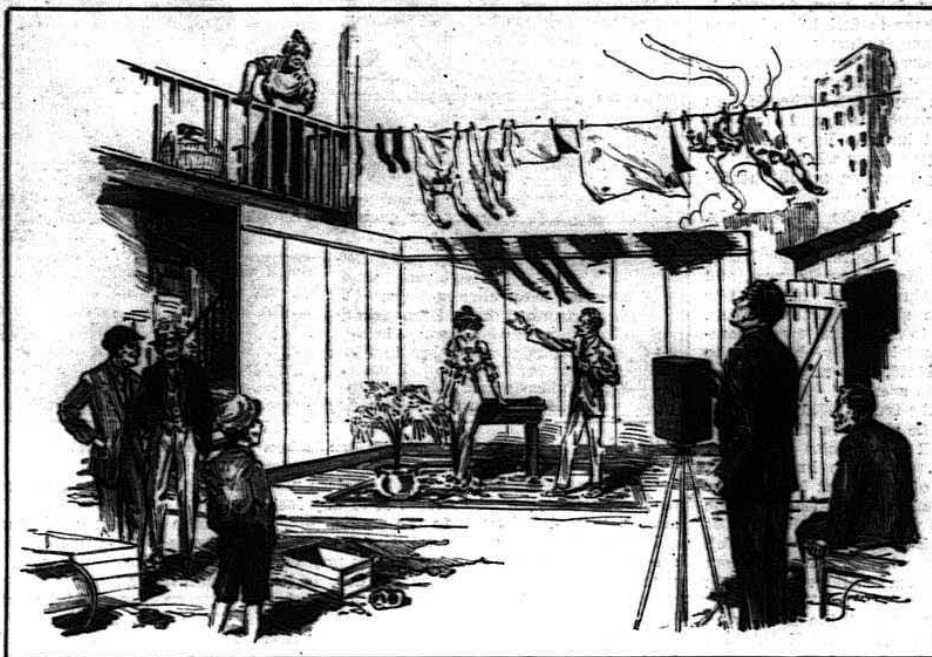
Picture Producing in the Good Old Days

By Metro Kay Melchoir

ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

THE handicaps under which the pioneers of the film producing business labored while trying to educate the public to the possibilities of the motion picture drama as a substitute for "Uncle Tom's Cabin," "East Lynne," and other offerings of the old ten-twenty-thirty "drammer" were myriad. The epoch of the pioneer producer was fraught with trials and tribulations, comedy and drama, obstacles galore and few advantages.

In the old days, if such they may be called though they came hardly more than five years ago, the moving picture camera was a new and unde-



A Wash-Lady Used to Hang Her Washing Directly over Our Studio

veloped invention. Lion-hearted producers who had the temerity to invade the "new field" were short on finances and woefully lacking in experience. While they blazed the way, they became wiser through the medium of bitter experience; their one consolation was that with the serious side was blended usually a vein of the drroll. It helped to lighten the load, to brighten the horizon ahead, and to turn near-tragedy into comedy.

Among those who started early in the game and who tasted the bitter with the sweet was Al E. Christie, of Universal, who is looked upon these days as one of the foremost of comedy producers. Mr. Christie was a member of the first independent producing company ever formed. His fund of reminiscences is practically unlimited.

"In the good old days we 'doubled in brass,' painted scenery, borrowed the necessary stage settings from our trusting friends, and did whatever else it was necessary for us to do just so long as we were helping along," says Mr. Christie apropos of his experiences during the infant days of film production.

"Most of the time 'helping out' meant playing two or three different roles, assisting the leading man who was also a stage carpenter, in 'rustling' about for the needed 'props,' spelling the camera-man while he lent variety to a scene by acting a part, and otherwise making ourselves generally and effectively useful. In our spare time we boosted our special variety of film to any and all theatre managers with whom we might scrape an acquaintance, conjured up plots for scenarios, and kept a weather eye posted for locations, which might prove useful later on. If leisure time hung heavily upon us after attending to the other little matters already enumerated, we acted as volunteer press agents, inveigled our non-professional friends into serving as extras for the glory of it, and thought up bits of business which would get over.

"A few years back we couldn't clap our hands and summon a whole battalion of stage hands,

scene painters, and other skilled artisans," continues Mr. Christie in his commentaries. "We made the best of bad situations, did our own scene painting, and otherwise kept down expenses at every twist and turn. A picture costing more than \$300 was looked upon as a magnificent feature. Now-a-days we spend that much for the scenario alone. And five dollars a day was an exorbitant salary for a star. In contrast, let me advise you that there are many stars today receiving from twenty to fifty dollars a day the year round, with seven days in every week—not six.

"In the first Universal producing company ever formed there were Messrs. Milton H. Fahrney, David Horsley, Francis Ford, Harry Edwards, Joseph A. Golden and myself. Mr. Golden was director, Mr. Horsley was camera operator and manager of the negative department, and Mr. Fahrney was leading man. Our studio was a back yard in New York City, and it was a very, very small one at that. We had one set of interior scenery. When we wanted a new interior they used to send me on the run to the nearest wall-paper store. Mr. Horsley would give me a two-bit piece before I started and my instructions were to get as many rolls of paper as possible with the money. Upon returning to the studio everybody got busy. Two or three paste brushes and a bucket of semi-dried adhesive fluid was kept on hand for such emergencies. Everybody—manager, director, camera operator, leading man—became a paper-hanger. For real speed, we had every professional paper-hanger in New York beaten to a frazzle. Often we re-papered our lone set of interiors as many as six times a day, thus giving the appearance of six different rooms.

"Our studio was in the rear of a gigantic tenement building which was infested with even more children than usual in tenements. Light diffusion was unknown. An Irish washer-woman lived on one of the upper floors, and she used to hang her clothes on a pulley line which extended directly above one end of our studio. When we were putting on a picture

the wind would flap the clothes about, throwing dancing shadows on the finished picture. Quite frequently the shadow of a shirt or some other article of wearing apparel would show plainly on a table or on the wall. Now and then one of these articles of clothing would drop during the 'taking' of an important scene, making it necessary for us to do the whole thing over again. In order to rid ourselves of this troublesome condition, we adopted the policy of paying the washer-woman fifty cents to take in her washing while we were staging a picture. It worked fine until one Sunday morning when

we started to put on a couple of scenes. The washer-woman, from her window above saw us working in the studio. She immediately got out her tubs and before we had our set arranged or could even rehearse the scene a full line of clothes were flapping in the breeze over our heads. Because it was Sunday she charged us a dollar for taking in her clothes. It was the straw that broke the camel's back. She was too expensive—we decided to locate our studio somewhere else.

"Expense was the principal consideration at all times. Extra people cost money even though we only paid them a dollar a day. You must remember that our resources were very limited. One day we put on a war drama in which Confederate and Union troops played a prominent part. Two armies were to clash. We hired twenty extra men to play the part of the two armies. First we dressed them in Confederate uniforms and showed them charging past. As the next to the last man of the twenty went rushing through the scene, we stopped the camera, the last man standing stock still until the other nineteen had hurried back to the starting point and charged forward again. We did this five times, making for ourselves a Confederate Army of one hundred trained soldiers. Then we had them change into Union uniforms, and as sons of the North, the process was repeated, stopping the camera at the psychological moment and again making an army of one hundred Union soldiers from our original twenty extra men. During the staging of this scene I played the part of a Captain of the Confederate Army. I was supposed to be wounded in the battle and to fall directly in front of the camera. I had to do the 'fall' early in the scene and lie in front of the camera without moving while the two armies marched through. The sun was blistering hot. It required a half hour for the extras to change uniforms, and another hour to march them through the scene—on the installment plan. Mr. Horsley took an additional half hour for 're-loading' his camera. It was always running out of

film. Since then nobody can tell me anything about sunburn!

"Because of the undeveloped state of the motion picture camera at that time it was necessary that all exterior scenes be made within 'yelling' distance of the studio. Cameras could be 'loaded' and 'unloaded' only in the dark room. When the camera man ran out of film in the middle of a scene we all held our positions while he ran to the studio and into the dark-room where he re-loaded the film magazine. I've known of cases where it took him an hour to get to the studio and back. We could not move out of position in the interim, and often we dared not change our pose at all for fear of spoiling the picture.

"One day we were hanging Milton Fahrney in a horse-thief scene. The noose had been adjusted about Fahrney's neck when Mr. Horsley ran out of film. More than a hundred feet of the scene had then been taken. He 'beat' it back to the studio to 're-load.' The sun was boiling hot and Mr. Fahrney slipped his hat on to keep from being sun-struck. When Mr. Horsley finally returned we went ahead with the scene. When the pictures were developed they showed the hero standing bareheaded, with a noose about his neck. Then suddenly a sombrero magically appeared on his head. We did not retake the scene because film stock, time, and the cost of actors were too expensive. We released it for public exhibition with this peculiar phenomenon appearing in the picture. Incidentally, it got a laugh. People thought we had tried to 'pull' some comedy in the last scene.

"Because we had no furniture with which to set our interiors, it was necessary to borrow or purloin from our friends. Mrs. Horsley was usually the victim. One day she loaned us her dining room furniture. Before we secured it we had to take solemn oath that we would return it before six o'clock that evening, as she was to give a dinner party that night. On another occasion we borrowed her bed-room furniture and failed to take it back. An expressman, routed out of bed just before midnight saved Mr. and Mrs. Horsley from having to sleep on the floor. After that Mrs. Horsley told us that we would have to get our furniture 'props' somewhere else. She relented, however, and came to our rescue many times afterward when we needed a bed, or a dining room table, or

some other article of furniture to make our scene 'realistic.'

"Once when we had a scene which showed a man sinking in quicksand, Harry Edwards and I worked for half a day, trying to dig a hole deep enough to get the desired effects. The ground was full of rocks. Finally we gave up in disgust and decided to make use of a set of stairs as a substitute. Milton Fahrney was to do the 'sinking.' Each time that he sunk a little deeper into the improvised quicksands he took another step downward on the stairs. It worked fine. Then he was to be rescued with a rope. A tree was supposed to be growing alongside the bed of quicksands. Think of that! A limb extended directly over the rapidly disappearing hero.

The rope was thrown over the limb and lowered so that Mr. Fahrney could tie it about his waist. Then several of us caught hold of the rope and started to pulling him up on to the limb. About half-way the limb broke. But Mr. Fahrney didn't sink down into the quicksands this time. He simply sat down on the top step. And the picture was released with that defect.

"In the beginning our available props included an old wagon which we had made into a replica of a prairie schooner. We had only enough canvas to cover half of the top, so we always put the uncovered half outside of the camera lines. We utilized this same prairie schooner as a back-ground in a scalping scene.

Harry Edwards was shot by the attacking Indians and fell dead, close to one of the wagon wheels. Then we set fire to the canvas top of the wagon. Bits of the burning canvas commenced falling on the dead soldier, several of them striking his up-turned face. He insisted on coming to life long enough to brush the burning bits away. Joseph Golden, our director, almost had hysterics.

"What 'cha doin' — tryin' to spoil tha pictshure?" he yelled at the squirming dead man. 'For Gawd's sake, lay still!'

"Lay still, nothing," Edwards shot back at him. 'I'm no Salamander, an' darned if I'm goin' to get burned up for your old picture,' and he continued to slap at burn-



At Each Backward Step He Apparently Sank Deeper into the Quick-Sand

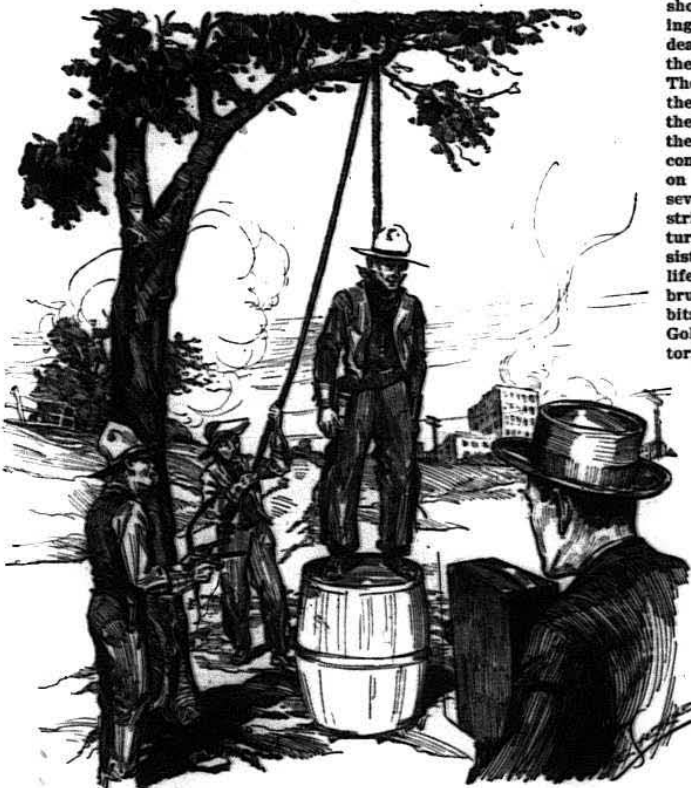
ing bits of canvas that fell upon him.

"There were many other happenings in the old days which make us laugh when we look back and think of them, but which at that time assumed an aspect of deathly grimness," says Mr. Christie in finale. "We took the bad along with the good, did the best we could with the facilities at hand, and there are quite a few of us who managed to live through the ordeal."

And it is always the men who are able to laugh afterwards who win through. The pioneers in any movement, the men who have the courage and the endurance to take the "bad with the good," to "do the best" that was in them in spite of heart-breaking obstacles, are the men with a saving sense of humor as well as the "stout heart" that nothing can dismay. Men like Mr. Christie, who is responsible for all the Nestor comedies, D. W. Griffith, who began with Biograph and is now one of the big Mutual directors, Otis Turner, who produces mammoth spectacles for Universal, and Thomas Ince, producing director for the New York Motion Picture Company, and whose masterpiece is the Battle of Gettysburg, these are the sort of men who have won through and who have helped to make the moving picture what it is today.

Clerk to Comedian

WILLIAM WOLBURT, who fills the dual role of director and leading man for the Universal Joker company at the West Coast studios in Hollywood, Cal., owes his advent into motion pictures to that form of hirsute adornment commonly referred to as a "baby mustache." Fourteen years ago the originator of the "Willie Walrus" comedies was stock clerk in a wholesale stationery house in New York. The inability of the boss to grow a pair of man's size soup strainers without chemical assistance prejudiced Wolburt. One night when the coming creator of Universal Joker comedies had worked overtime, the boss saw fit to call him down. Because Wolburt did not like either the boss' mustaches or the call down, so he quit. He crawled from a freight train at Punxsutawney, Pa., and was hired as property man by a stock company. They asked him if he could paint scenery and he declared that he could, so by becoming a frescoer of back drops Mr. Wolburt entered the theatrical profession.



When the Scene was Finished, We Noticed That Mr. Fahrney had Forgotten to Remove His Hat

The Selig Animal Farm

By EMILY BROWN HEININGER

EVERYBODY knows the lions, tigers, leopards, panthers, camels, zebras, and monkeys that appear in the Selig productions but everybody doesn't know

grasses from Asia, Africa, and Australia, in an effort to re-create for the different animals their native environment.

It must seem like a real haven to the new arrivals at the farm, after their long and tedious journey from another continent. It takes, for instance, about three months for a consignment of animals from the Eastern Hemisphere

to reach California. They are usually shipped across the Atlantic from some Asiatic or African Port to New York, and from there



how extensive are the preparations for securing and presenting these unconscious actors.

William Selig secured the beginning of his present collection of animals more than four years ago, when he bought the "Big Otto Menagerie." Many additions have been made since then so that, at present, the Selig cast of animals includes four elephants, a hippopotamus, two giraffes and a long list of baby animals.

Their home is a fifty acre farm at Edendale, California, formerly known as the Indian Village. Edendale is a much more appropriate name for it however. The place has been made over into a veritable Garden of Eden for its rare and valuable residents. Human beings can go from one part of the earth to another and adjust themselves with comparative ease to changes in temperature and environment, but it is different with animals. They are so much more sensitive to changes that often they are unable to adapt themselves to the new conditions, but sicken and die. With these considerations in mind, Mr. Selig has had the farm divided up into sections, and in each section have been planted trees, shrubs, and

The Fearless Young Woman Who Has Charge of the Trained Leopards is Called Olga, "The Leopard Queen!"



by rail to the they enjoy a good rest at on Western

One of the

ments to arrive in Chicago was a great big elephant called, "Mary Garden" and a baby elephant called "Tiny Thais." They seemed to like Chicago very much, so much, in fact that "Mary" was quite

west. In Chicago stop over and a the Selig plant Avenue.

latest consign-

ments to arrive in Chicago was a great big elephant called, "Mary Garden" and a baby elephant called "Tiny Thais." They seemed to like Chicago very much, so much, in fact that "Mary" was quite

unwilling to leave, when the day of departure arrived. She said that she didn't want to go to California, that she was more than comfortable in her steam heated quarters, and that she didn't know whether "baby" would like it. The men understood her objections pretty well, but they knew that Mary had to go to California whether she wanted

to or not, and they knew, too, that she had to be persuaded to change her mind. Getting a willing elephant into a box car is a job, but getting an unwilling elephant into a box car, well . . . !

In this instance "Mary" proved simple minded and easy to deal with. The men first enticed baby Thais into the car with some raw Irish potatoes in a basket, and when she called out to her mother, "Come on in! The eating's fine," mother realized at once, not that she was hungry but that her child was being taken

Three of the "Selig Babies" Who Have Never Known Another Home Than the Farm at Edendale, California



the director and his animals had motored out into the desert 25 miles. Everything went beautifully until, well—they can explain it only on the ground of thirst. In spite of the fact that one is constantly assured in vaudeville that the camel never gets thirsty at the wrong time, etc., the camel did get thirsty. But, as he is in the habit of eating before he drinks, he looked around for a meal first. The most tempting thing in sight was one of the "actor's" ears, and the camel



She Was So Fond of Her Great Spotted Cats That She Came to Selig's with Them



You Would Never Suspect That He is a Stranger in a Strange Land

away from her, and she knocked things helter skelter getting to her side.

Baby Thais, together with the dozens of other baby animals are perhaps the greatest attraction at the farm. There are some 20 baby lions, from 5 different families, 14 mountain lions, 16 beautiful spotted leopards, a pair of tigers, two baby elephants, and a couple of young giraffes, not to mention colts and puppies. And these "Selig Babies" have probably as many "fan" friends as has any company which appears on the screen.

The Selig babies, as well as the adults, are luckier than the animals in a menagerie, for they are not kept behind iron bars. Their cages sink into the earth with a stout partition of tree trunks for a barrier. Some of the animals don't need to be caged at all but even when they don't, they can be dangerous. An entirely placid and harmless camel appeared in a picture, recently for the taking of which

just calmly nipped it off.

This surprising display of a cannibalistic inclination in one of their most trusted members, brought the scene to an abrupt end, until a doctor could be secured. Since

then the camel is kept muzzled except when he is actually "working."

There are only a few trained animals among the inhabitants of Selig's East Lake Park. Five of the most beautiful leopards play with their trainer, who is called Olga, "The Leopard Queen" as gently as kittens might play about a baby. When they were brought from the "Big Otto Menagerie," Olga could not bear to give up her pets, so she came with them. They are all touring a vaudeville circuit at present.

The Selig Farm these days is one of the busiest spots to be found in California. Besides carrying on all of the regular activities of the place, they have an army of gardeners at work, for the Selig Farm is to be a counter attraction to the

Panama Exposition in 1915.



Two of the Selig Elephants Dining Of Exactly the Same Brand of Bunches That They Would Get in Far Off India

Mona Darkfeather

A Daring Movie "Princess"

By RICHARD WILLIS



Mona Plays Indian Parts with Great Success and Comanches Her Indian Pony, is an Important Factor

expose her past.

"Tell me," I demanded, "who and what you really are?"

"My parents are descended from an aristocratic Spanish family who came to this country many years back. I was born in Los Angeles and have lived here nearly all my life. I was educated at a Catholic school in this city."

"Spanish and not Sioux," I sighed.

"Yes, too bad, isn't it?" Mona's tone was sympathetic but there was sarcasm in those brilliant black eyes of hers, "however, I am an Indian Princess, for I was made a blood member of the Blackfoot Indians and given the title of 'Princess' by Chief Big Thunder. I feel half Indian anyway, for I have lived among them so much and I speak several Indian languages and understand poor Lo as

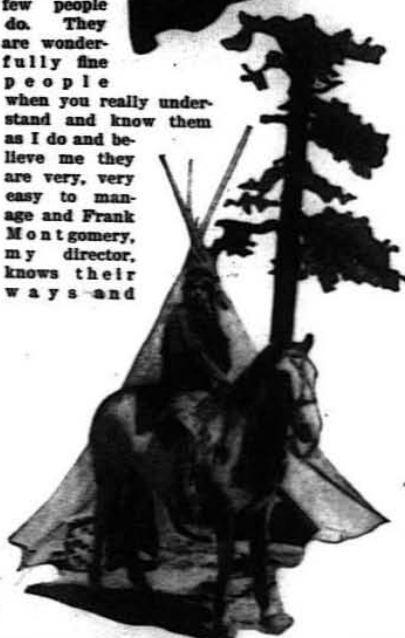


"PRINCESS" MONA DARKFEATHER is an impossible person. She upsets all traditions and is, so to speak, what she aint! She is an Indian Princess and she is not, she is an exceptionally fine actress and she is not, really a most contradicting and interesting individual.

Her very entrance into this interview was dead wrong. She should, by all Princess precedents, have been seated in state beside the big chief with two yards of reserve all over her and fifty-dollars' worth of disdain on her haughty face. Was she thus? No sir, she sat on the hillside awaiting a scene, clad in Indian garb, it is true, but she was joking with the chief and other Indians, hobnobbing with the squaws, nursing a papoose and saying nice things to a couple of bare headed, bare footed little Mexican girls, all at once. Neither did she hold aloof from the pale faces, for Charles Bartlett, Jim Davis and Rex Downs all talked with her on familiar terms and when Director Frank Montgomery gave his imperative command "come on Mona" she went meekly to take a wild bareback ride on her famous pinto pony, Comanche, with an Indian in hot pursuit. I determined that the cherished traditions of my tender childhood should not be mangled in this manner without retaliation and that I would interrogate this crusher of dreams and expose her without any compassion.

So later we sat amidst some very beautiful scenery on a most uncomfortable log and thus I

few people do. They are wonderfully fine people when you really understand and know them as I do and believe me they are very, very easy to manage and Frank Montgomery, my director, knows their ways and



moods as much as I do and that is why he can get what he wants out of them—they love him and they love me too, and I am glad of it. At times some of them visit us at our home and even if we have an appointment we never hurry them off. I always sit on the floor (I like sitting on the floor anyhow!) and we have lemonade and cakes and laugh at pictures and costumes but we do not talk much and in due time they take their leisurely departure, always with great dignity. They are very happy when they are working and raise never a murmur no matter what they are called upon to do. So you see I don't at all mind being taken for an Indian—at times."

"Tell the readers of this magazine about your stage experience," I requested, with official directness.

"I am sorry, but I cannot tell them about that which does not exist," said Mona, "the fact is that I was never on the stage before I went into motion pictures. It is a terrible thing to admit to isn't it? I have never had time to manufacture a real, live stage career, but one of these days I will get you to help me and we will make one to order that will sound quite well. That is in your line isn't it?"

I refused absolutely to be ruffled by such taunts and sternly asked her how she managed to get into the pictures.

"Here again," said Mona, "I went dead against proper traditions, for I started right in playing leads at the outset and without any experience either. It was—I am not going to tell you how long ago, I saw an advertisement in the paper calling for a Spanish type who could make up as a good Indian and as I had to work, and stenography and myself do not mix well, and as I would certainly be fired in an hour if I ever attempted to pose as a sales girl, I summoned all my courage and applied for the position. Not knowing much about salaries, I asked for too

much and got it and the position. I found out afterwards that I received more than the leading lady was getting and my career as a leading Indian actress started then



to play parts with the Kalem Company?" "Yes, and it seemed nice to get back too. They have always been so appreciative of our efforts. They are starring me in a series of two-reel Indian subjects now which go all over the world. I know, for I get many letters from foreign parts, a large number of them from children. I am always glad to get them, for I honestly love children."

Mona Darkfeather has been giving prizes to children who draw or paint a reasonably good picture of her. Some of the drawings sent in are awfully funny and she enjoys them hugely.

"Do you like the work?"

"I love it and wouldn't do anything else even if I could. About the only other thing I could do would be to sing in musical comedy or cabarets and might not make a success, of course, but I studied music for years, and am told I have a good contralto voice. But I could never stand the indoor life and the inactivity. Besides, what would Comanche say?"

Now Comanche is a very important item in the Montgomery menage. He is only a Pinto pony but what a pony! Comanche is like a big spoiled dog and as playful as any puppy. This pony is much attached to Mona and there is little or nothing within the powers of an animal that she cannot get him to do and here is a tip for Mona. If she ever wants to leave the pictures, she can go around with Comanche and give exhibitions and show people just what a Pinto pony can do.

She might, at the same time, show them how a real Indian aristocrat should look and walk and talk, too. For, besides living among the Indians for years, and

learning to speak several of their languages, the Princess Mona is the fortunate owner of a really magnificent collection of Indian dresses, bead work, jewelry and all sorts of trophies, the gifts of the many Indians who have been her friends. Her most valued trinket is a heavy hand-wrought bracelet of silver, given to her by Chief Big Thunder, of the Black-foot Tribe. She says that when she has that on she really feels like the Indian Princess he christened her.

Of course, no real Indian maiden ever had half so good a time being



and there and has lasted ever since.

"No, I cannot acknowledge that I was very nervous but I was very determined. My chief concern was not to appear like a novice so I watched the others carefully and obeyed directions and my intimate knowledge of Indians and their ways was my salvation. For one thing I knew they moved slowly and turned their heads slowly and that is just what is necessary in motion picture acting. My eyes? Yes, they were always expressive I believe and they certainly help my Indian impersonations. This first engagement was with the original Bison company at Santa Monica and I stayed with them for one and a half years doing all sorts of characters but principally Indian maidens and squaws with a sprinkling of Spanish parts."

"What did you do after that?"

"I worked with the Sellig company for some months doing a variety of characters and then joined George Melford at the Kalem company where my salary was raised three times in six weeks. I hated to leave them, but business is business so when the Universal made me a splendid offer I joined Frank Montgomery. I was the first actress engaged by the then newly organized Universal company. We were a long time doing Indian and other western stories under the Bison brand and when we produced the "Arizona Land Swindle," the publicity man wired us that the Bison sales had gone up 33%. This was our first big two-reeler there. There was another reason for my joining the Universal, that it was to be under the direction of Mr. Montgomery." (In passing, it is wise to explain that this same Mona Darkfeather is Mrs. Frank Montgomery.)

"After leaving the Universal you returned



She Was Made a Head Member of the Blackfoot Indians and Spoke Several Indian Languages



an Indian as Mona Darkfeather. For one thing, an Indian girl doesn't have a chance to learn to ride. Princess Mona, herself, didn't learn to ride until she went into picture work. When she applied for her first position and they asked her if she could ride, she said "Of course." She says that at the time she was sure that she'd have time to "bone up" on riding before she was put to a test but she didn't! On her second day in pictures, she had to ride bareback, and not on a pony like her beloved Comanche, but on a mean little Pinto that didn't like her in the least. But, although she says she had a dreadful time sticking on, it is hard to believe it when you see her vault to the bare back of her pony and disappear like a streak of lightning.

It is probably quite apparent that this interviewer, for one, has nothing but admiration for the Kalem Princess. And why not? For she is good to look at and good to talk with. Everyone who knows her loves her. And everyone who knows her admires her, because she is so frank and genuine, absolutely devoid of sham or pretense of any kind, and above all, so plucky. You never hear a whimper from her no matter what happens in the taking of those "wild west" pictures. For sheer pluck and endurance and perseverance she has most of us beaten.

The Pierpont Morgan of the Movies

One of the Big Men—
"Who's Who in Filmdom"
By M. M. KATTERJOHN

FIVE men sat about a table in the editorial office of a great metropolitan newspaper. Four of them watched the fifth, closely and, perhaps, eagerly. The details of one of the biggest projects that ever had a fair show of succeeding had just been outlined to him. It was a huge proposition, so big in fact that several of the biggest men in the moving picture business—this newest big business in which almost everything that is conceivable is possible—had shied at it.

But this tall, silent, wiry man sat perfectly quiet—thinking. His appearance and attitude were a magnificent example of the dominance of mind over matter, yet there was nothing in either to indicate that his mental machinery was working with the speed and precision of an accelerated moving picture—nothing except that he blinked his eyes in a far-away manner that reminded one of an eagle looking out upon the kingdoms of the world from the serene and placid height to which he alone could fly.

One of the four spoke.

"I suppose you'd like to think about it over night."

"No," was the reply. "I'll take it now. Bring on your contract."

Thus did "The Million Dollar Mystery" evolve in an instant from idea to achievement.

And thus did Charles Jackson Hite furnish a practical illustration of the qualities of mind which make him the Pierpont Morgan of filmdom.

Hite is a natural organizer; and naturally, therefore, his mental make-up is an interesting study in organization. Organization has been the key-note of his career. By objective organization he has fought his way over obstacles of mountainous magnitude; and by subjective organization—in other words the efficiency of his own concerns—he has developed them to their present enviable strategic strength in the moving picture world.

Hite was born on a farm near Pleasantville, Ohio, June 7, 1875. He was one of 10, divided as to brothers and sisters on the 50–50 basis. He grew up against the agricultural background which has put the backbone into so many sterling Americans.

In due course he became a country school teacher. He is now a citizen of the world; he "thinks in continents" instead of rods; his genius has linked the hamlet to the metropolis, and made a cosmopolite of the hay-seed. But Charles J. Hite is still as homespun and sincere as in the days when he followed a corn plow and dreamed of the time when he could follow instead his inclinations and get out into the

world and amount to something. In the midst of the tributes that business pays to brains he is still; as one of his admiring friends puts it, "nothing but a damned farmer."

Subsequent to his days as "brisk wielder of the birch and rule," he was a reporter for various Ohio newspapers, later spending four years in mercantile business in Bremen, Ohio, and then becoming identified with the Midland Lyceum Bureau as manager, in which capacity he traveled through the southern states organizing lecture courses. This was in 1905 when

only gave the people what they wanted, but also gave them—through the exhibitors with whom he dealt—what they wanted, when they wanted it and at the exact minute that he had promised to give it to them.

And this rule and its corollary have governed his business relations always, with the result that Charles J. Hite's word is sufficient, always.

In his first film company Hite revealed his capacity for work. Sixteen to eighteen hours a day were the rule rather than the exception. He was every officer, from president to ship-

ping clerk. At first he did not cater to the demands of picture theatres, his subjects being mostly travel, educational and religious films, which were rented to the Midland or some other lyceum bureau. Then he took on fairy stories, and his list of these began to attract the attention of exhibitors, until almost without warning he was overwhelmed with orders and his little stock of subjects proved wholly inadequate.

About this time he met S. S. Hutchinson, who was also interested in the moving picture business. Hutchinson bought an interest in Hite's concern, and the name was changed to the H. & H. Film Service Company. This company was soon doing the biggest exchange business in Chicago, and opened branch offices in Des Moines and Detroit.

Meanwhile the manufacturers had merged under the name of the Moving Picture Patents Company, which was soon succeeded by

the General Film Company. Hutchinson joined the insurgent movement against the General Film and organized the American Film Company, a manufacturing concern. Hite was a stockholder in this, but he didn't see any immediate profit in the manufacturing end from the independent standpoint. He believed that the exchange was the key to the situation at that time, and he purchased the Globe, the Royal and the Union film companies, which were competitive exchanges, consolidated them and formed the Majestic Film Exchange.

However, conditions soon developed which made it impossible for Hite to buy films enough to supply his patrons. The independent manufacturers were working at top speed, but distribution conditions were bad, so he turned manufacturer also and purchased the Than-houser Film Company. Immediately he was confronted by a problem more difficult than any he had encountered before.

The independent manufacturers had organized under the name of the Motion Picture Distributing and Sales Company to fight the General Film Company, which controlled about half of the exchanges of the country at this



Work—Mental Work—is His Hobby

the first moving pictures were being made by Edison. Believing that these pictures would make a feature of his lyceum entertainments he added them to his program. In this way he handled the "Great Train Robbery," which was one of the first big pictures made in the United States, and in which one of the principal actors was Gilbert M. Anderson, the now popular "Broncho Billy."

Coming to Chicago about nine years ago he continued his lyceum work, but took on also a south-side restaurant, which he quickly made a success by putting into practice a rule which always spells success in a quasi-public business, namely, "give the people what they want." Hite was always studying the wants of the people; he always had his ear to the ground for expressions of popular desire, and, in the words of the esteemed Fra Elbertus, "it wasn't a large and furry ear either."

He also developed a corollary of his rule, and when he decided that the Midland Lyceum Bureau could rent films from him as well as from someone else and organized the Charles J. Hite Moving Picture Company, he put the corollary into immediate operation, and not

time. Hite marketed his films to his own exchanges through the Sales Company, which was known as a clearing house. The officers and directors of this clearing house were the original moving spirits in the manufacture of independent motion pictures, and having been under tremendous expense for patent litigation, civil suits for damages from the alleged owners of patents controlling the cameras with which the pictures were taken, they had made a rule that any other manufacturer becoming allied with or asking the benefits of this clearing house could not obtain a franchise without paying a tax on every reel of film. This tax was levied to pro-rate the expense for past litigation and pending damage suits.

Hite was unable to see the necessity for paying this tax when there was a strong demand for his films. So he organized the Film Supply Company of America as a temporary relief for himself and other manufacturers who were similarly situated. This was only a step towards the organizing of the Mutual Film Corporation, which is now as big as or bigger than either the General Film Company or the Universal, the latter being that element of the independent manufacturers who originally composed the Motion Picture Distributing and Sales Company.

In July, 1912, Hite solved his problem finally, by organizing the Mutual Film Corporation, a holding company to own and control film exchanges throughout the United States. This company was to operate for the exclusive benefit of certain manufacturers whose productions were up to the required standard.

Today the Mutual releases its subjects under fourteen brands, Mutual Special, Griffith, American, Broncho, Beauty, Domino, Kay-Bee, Keystone, Majestic, Mutual Weekly, Princess, Reliance, Royal and Thanhouser. Fifty-six exchanges throughout the United States now handle the Mutual releases as against the twenty Hite started with in 1912.

This is in brief the history of the man who is to the moving picture industry what the late J. Pierpont Morgan was to steel, coal, railroads and steamships—the master-organizing genius. There never has been a time during the remarkable growth of this newest and most popular form of amusement but that Hite's firm hand, velvet to the touch but tempered steel within the smooth glove, has been felt along the whole line of this kaleidoscopic industry.

Today he is a stockholder, director and officer,—sometimes all three—in six different motion-picture producing companies, and, in addition, is the dominant power in the Mutual Film Corporation. He has great establishments in New Rochelle, N. Y., and in California, and from his various studios there issues a continuous stream of amusement and education.

But, although he is the master film manufacturer of the world, Hite never seeks the spotlight. He is silent almost to taciturnity. He thinks a lot, and the man who thinks before he speaks usually finds very little speech necessary. He is a slender man, five feet 11 inches tall, and weighing about 165 pounds. He carries himself uncommonly well, has black hair and lots of it, and his eyes are dark, piercing, deep-set and thoughtful. He is extremely courteous and thoroughly conscientious. He has the ability to inspire not only respect in those with whom he is associated but also loyalty in the highest degree. He has friends because he reveals his own genuine friendliness. His personal life reflects the fact that he has long been accustomed to living up to the best that is in a good man. He has been married seven years. His wife is a charming woman and an accomplished musician, and his two daughters, Muriel and Marjorie, aged four and one, respectively, make the home circle complete.

But back of his impressive and lovable personality is his impressive and effective mind. Charles J. Hite's mind is a wonderful mechanism, an intricate instrument of mathematical precision. It is of the rapid-fire type and yet it is sure fire. Work—mental work—is his hobby, his only one, except, perhaps, that he is something of a tangoist, is very fond of swimming, and besides is somewhat devoted to a magnificent yacht.

Watching him work is a lesson in the intelligent application of nervous energy, a demonstration of logical reasoning without the syllogism. His mental processes are not less sure than other people's but they are much quicker. His conclusions are the results of reasoning and not of intuition; but they appear intuitive because he reasons so fast. He is one of those X-ray minds that projects itself headfirst into every subject that is brought to its attention, encompasses that subject on its four sides and top and bottom, illuminates its interior thoroughly and then gets off and sizes it up in perspective almost before the introductions are over.

But without, anything his mind undertakes is thoroughly done, because he has developed to a point of superior efficiency a wonderful capacity for details. This is a lot of adjectives, it is true, but it takes a circus poster collection of them to do justice to his ability in this respect. He has a memory like a talking machine record. And it is a departmental memory, with each department in charge of a filing clerk; and when any detail large or small that has once been brought to his voluntary consciousness has been recorded and filed in the archives of that memory it has as little

industry that is shortly to become a full brother to the United States Steel Corporation—and atop of which Charles J. Hite is master of the situation.

"The Lightning Conductor"

By Johnson Briscoe

NOT in a long time has a more entertaining nor more diverting picture been seen than "The Lightning Conductor," which was shown for the first time before a specially invited audience on May 7th, at the Comedy Theatre, New York.

This is the initial film offered by the Hefco Company, composed of those three well-known actors, Walter Hale, William Elliott and Dustin Farnum, and the pictures were taken at first hand during a tour of Southern Europe. It is released through A. H. Sawyer, Inc.

Those of you who have read "The Lightning Conductor," the sprightly motor car romance, by C. N. and A. N. Williamson, may recall it as one of the most entertaining pieces of fiction in recent years, and one specially adapted to picture purposes. It must be said at once that the films are in every way worthy of the book's high standard.

The pictures follow the plot of the story with amazing fidelity, showing the adventures of the wealthy young American girl, Molly Randolph, and her Aunt Mary upon a motor trip through France, Switzerland and Italy; of their experiences with a pseudo chauffeur, the Hon. John Winston, their meeting with the French adventurer, Tallyrand, and the officious interference of the New Jersey youth, Jimmie Payne. It all flows along easily and gracefully, with the trend of the story always potently apparent, and one attractive scene follows another in rapid succession. The exteriors in France are most effective, and exceptional good taste and wisdom has been displayed in the picturesque settings selected for the various scenes. And one roadway through France, lined with overhanging trees, and a winding, devious Alpine road evoked most spontaneous applause. The picture perspective upon these was most admirably arranged.

The acting is of the highest grade and is all the more notable because none of the players were selected on account of their training and experience on the screen. Dustin Farnum—and this was his debut in pictures, for "The Squaw Man" came long afterward—made a most effective John Winston, playing with quiet, dry humor, thoroughly in keeping with the character. Walter Hale was excellent in the rather brief role of Tallyrand, and William Elliott made every point count as the middle-some, interfering young Jerseyite. The part of Molly Randolph was easily within the range of Rosina Henley, and Helen Bertram, that admirable comic opera queen of yesterday, was a quaintly amusing Aunt Mary.

No reference to this film is complete without special mention of the music which accompanied the different scenes and situations. This part of the program was a lesson in itself, a lesson to those careless picture theatre managers who contend that the musical accompaniment to pictures is of secondary importance. All the tunes, for the most part of the latest and most popular variety, were made to fit the situation pictured. For instance, each time something happened to the motor-car, which was very frequent, we heard, "Get Out and Get Under"; the sentimental scenes were accompanied by "Just a Little Love, a Little Kiss"; the scenes along the country roads had "It's Apple Blossom Time in Normandy"; when the hero garbed himself in dinner clothes and, because of his supposedly mental occupation, was left severely alone, our ears were greeted with, "All Dressed Up and No Place to Go," while shouts of laughter greeted the picture of an Italian magistrate, disporting an especially elaborate piece of headgear, while the music boomed forth, "Where Did You Get That Hat?"

Although one may argue that such an agreeable picture as this should be independent of its music, nevertheless its success was all the more augmented by happily apropos musical trimmings.



The Duke of Manchester and Mr. Hite at the Thanhouser Studio

chance to get out, unless he wants it out, as a sharp stick pointed downward in a mire of quicksand.

Mentally Hite is a human dynamo—and more—because a dynamo needs something to keep it moving. He is a self-charging source of mental lightning. He likes to work. If he didn't he wouldn't be where he is, in a job that requires so much of it that it taxes to the limit his by no means small capacity. With the customary restlessness of the nervous temperament he is unsatisfied when he has more to do than he can do, because he is not doing more, and yet he is dissatisfied as soon as he has just as much as he can do because he can always do more. He is one of the busiest men in New York City, which, as the envious sparrowhawk said of the aeroplane, "is certainly going some."

This, in brief, is the man who it is generally acknowledged will ere long be the biggest man in the moving picture business. Although only 39 years "young" he is head and shoulders—especially "head"—above the average picture magnate.

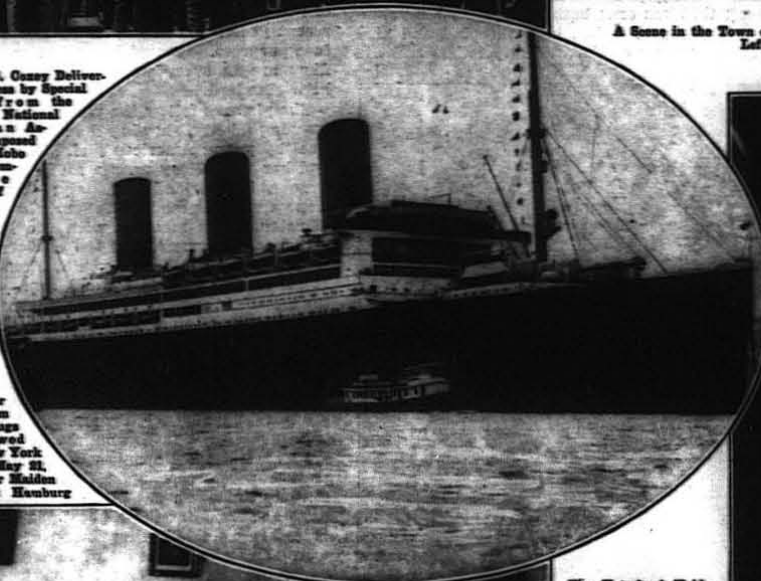
Many of the men who now direct the destinies of this business rode into prosperity and affluence on the tidal wave of popular interest. But Hite forged his way to the front; he hammered the steel of his thoughts and acts into a solid pedestal—which stands firm and solid in the midst of the seething evolution of an

FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD



General J. S. Casey Delivering an Address by Special Permission from the Steps of the National Capitol to an Assembly Composed of Casey's Holo Army and Members of the House and of the Senate

Some Idea of the Enormous Size of the U. S. Veteranland of the Hamburg American Line May be Gained from This Picture of Her Taken from One of the Tugs Which Towed Her into New York Harbor on May 31, at End of Her Maiden Trip from Hamburg



A Scene in the Town of Mortara, Sicily, Showing the Almost Unparalleled Devastation Left in the Wake of the Recent Earthquake There



Secretary of Labor Wilson and the Mediators He Chose to Arbitrate the Mine Strike in Colorado. Secretary Wilson is in the Center, with William R. Fairley of Birmingham, Alabama, to His Right, and Rywell Davies of Lexington, Kentucky, to His Left

The Veteranland Holds the Distinction of Being the Safest, as Well as the Biggest and Most Luxurious Boat in the World. It is About Five City Blocks Long.



This Dressed Young Woman Fought Side by Side with Her Brother under the Command of General Gamble, the Rebel Commander Who Took Tangle



The Veteranland is Equipped with Two Motor Boats Containing Engines Powerful Enough to Act as Tugs for the 66 Life Boats of this Latest Air-Compartment Model, Which Have a Total Capacity More Than Sufficient to Accommodate All on Board.

A Unique Feature of the Veteranland is the Complete Fire Department Recruited from the Fire Departments of the Various German Cities, Which are Said to Be the Most Efficient in the World

Aviators of the U. S. Navy and Some of Their Remark- able Pictures



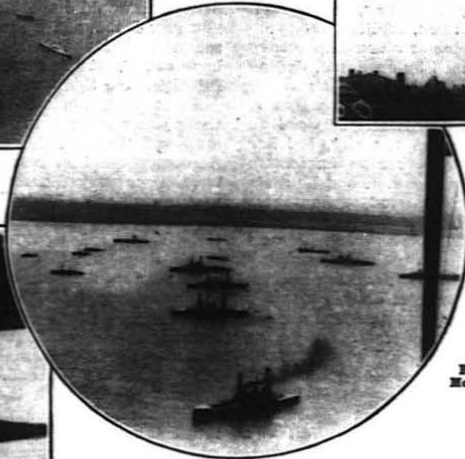
This View of Vera Cruz Harbor Taken from an Aeroplane by Lieut. Bellinger and Ensign Stolts of Our Naval Scouting Department Shows the American Fleet at Anchor



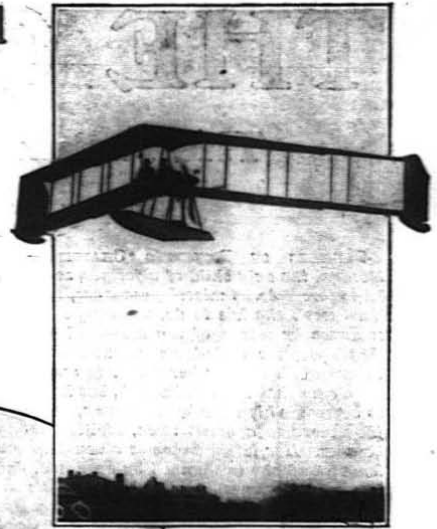
Lieut. Bellinger and Ensign Stolts, Photographed Just as They were About to Start on the Flight During Which They Made the Series of Bird's-Eye Photographs Reproduced on This Page



Ready for a Flight. Ensign Stolts of the Naval Aero Corps



Another View of Vera Cruz Harbor Taken from Lieut. Bellinger's Aeroplane Giving a More Extensive View of the Fleet



The Biplane They Used is a New Model Called "Foot-Proof" Built by the Burgess Company, One so Perfectly Balanced That It Cannot Be Capsized in the Air



A View of Vera Cruz Looking North, Taken from a Height of 2000 Feet in the Air. The Old Fortness of Sanigil is Conspicuous as Well as the Naval Academy in the Foreground to the Left



Mechanics in the Burgess Shops are Working Overtime Building the "Foot-Proof" Biplanes Which Have Been Ordered for Our Army and Navy



The Municipal Plaza, Tree Bordered, and the Customhouse in the Left Foreground are Conspicuous in this Unique Photograph of Vera Cruz Taken from a Navy Aeroplane

THE CROSS ROADS

The Intimate Confessions of Mollie Morgan

ILLUSTRATED BY VINCENT J. MCGUIRE

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.—Mollie Morgan, the only child of a farmer, so poor that he is forced to be miserly, manages, despite the hard work she has to do, to acquire a love for romance by means of the discarded magazines that she finds and devours. The sudden discovery of oil enables her father to sell his farm for a sum that makes him rich, but he is unable to overcome his miserly tendencies, and, though they move to a small town, Mollie's lot is no happier. Her father becomes a usurious money lender, and she is shunned by everyone, finding her only pleasure in the movies. She meets George Converse, star of the Lodestar company, and elopes with him. He has promised to marry her when they reach the city, but her father pursues them and forces an immediate marriage at the point of a gun. Then he casts Mollie off. After a brief period of happiness Mollie discovers that George Converse is not her husband, that he had a wife when he married her. She tries to earn a living by acting for the movies, but has one failure after another in New York, until she accepts a mocking offer to serve as a wardrobe woman—planning to save enough to make a new start. Mollie, by sacrificing all her comforts to her plan, saves money enough to go to California. There, instead of pleading for work, she writes a photograph, and, when it is accepted, explains that it is offered only with the provision that she play the leading part. Her audacity wins, and, after a trial, she is offered a contract. Her success is spoiled by the receipt of a telegram from Converse, announcing his wife's death, and indicating that he is coming out to her.

VI

AFTER the first shock of receiving that telegram from the man I had believed to be my husband wore off, I began to be grateful to him for sending it, although I knew only too well that no consideration for me had prompted him to do it. But he might have come without warning. Now, at least, I would be ready for him. And I tried, with the telegram in my hand, to picture him to myself.

In actual time it was not so very long since I had seen him. But I had lived through a lifetime, it seemed to me, since that awful night, when his real wife had burst in upon us and opened my eyes. I had rubbed up against realities, and I was far from being the young girl he had found in Harborborough, the poor, foolish, scatterbrained little fool who had yielded to him at once, and been content, or ready to be content, with anything he chose to offer.

I went back over everything. For the first time in months I thought of my father, and I realized, with a shock, that I was grateful to him. Affection for him, except that instinctive feeling that nothing can quite destroy, I did not have, and I am not going to pretend that I did. But just the same he had done a great thing for me there on that deserted platform when he had made George marry me. The marriage had been a mockery, of course, but—it had preserved my self respect.

And I knew now, and blushed, though I was alone, as I put the knowledge into thoughts for the first time, that George had not meant to marry me, and that it would have made no difference! As things were when I went with him I would have stayed with him, in spite of everything! Even had he told me the truth—though he would never have done that—I don't believe I would have left him. At the time, you see, I thought I loved him. And I could see now that the end of our relations would have come just the same. Only, what a frightful difference there would have been!

As it was, the wedding ceremony, invalid though it was, gave me a standing in my own eyes and those of George. In a curious way, it compelled his respect. He would have treated me very differently had there been no memory of old Squire Bacheider, mumbling the words of his queer service. And how utterly helpless I would have been before the dreadful onslaught of his real wife! She would have read guilt in my eyes at once, just as she had read innocence that night, and my treatment at her hands would have been very different. And I would never, I am sure, have had the courage to make the fight that had brought me, in the end, to California, and to my engagement with the Smilax company.

Now that I had come to that I realized how much it meant to me to have won even this small measure of success from a hostile—no, not a hostile, but an indifferent world. I had won it, such as it was, with my own brains, and by my own efforts. I hadn't had to use my sex. I had thought a great deal about the strange influence of sex during my struggle. I have not touched upon this, but that does not mean that ways of avoiding all the harshness, all the struggle, had not been suggested to me

more than once. Men had done that. I have tried to make it plain that I was not beautiful, but I wasn't altogether homely, either.

The whole atmosphere in New York, with the constant intimation that I need not work unless I wanted to, that there was an easier, pleasanter way ready any time I chose to take it, had filled me with an unutterable disgust. My experience with George Converse had made me cynical and hard. I distrusted, almost disliked, all men. It seemed to me that with a woman they thought of only one thing, her sex. They seemed unwilling to regard her as on the same plane with themselves, entitled to play the same part that men do in the struggle of life; seeking no favors, asking only a fair reward for fair and honest work. I was wrong, of course; I had leaped, with the facility of youth, from one extreme of thought to another. From blind, trusting faith, in which I did not question motives at all, I had gone to an equally unreasoning scepticism, in which I assumed, without reason, and as a matter of instinct, that every man was my enemy.

There is a lot of talk in these days about sex-antagonism. Less in this country, I suppose, than in some others, like England. But that is the basis of it; the sort of experience I had had. It is a phase. If ever I have a daughter, she is going to know the things that were hidden from me. It will never be possible for her to make, blindly and ignorantly, the mistakes that I made.

It would have been better for me if, in the days that followed the coming of that telegram from George Converse, I had had more to keep me busy. But I was not wanted at the Smilax studio until Miss Frances left, to take up her new work, and there was nothing for me to do but think. I did nothing else, at least; even in the days when I did spend some time at the studio, getting familiar, as I explained to Cole, with his methods and with the routine of the studio, I was preparing myself for the meeting I knew must come.

Four days after the telegram I got a long letter from George; a letter full of contrition and self abasement, and of declarations of passionate love. He had never ceased to regret losing me, and all that had happened, he wrote; he was coming, at once, and would arrive almost as soon as his letter to tell me these things. He had tried to forget the angry, bitter things I had said when we had last seen one another. He was sure that I had not meant them, but he had understood the anger that had made me say them. Now, however, everything was to be all right.

I had been sure that he was coming, but the definite knowledge of it sent a tremor through me. I sat down, with his letter in my hand, and fought with myself. All the weak, feminine, illogical part of me wanted to run away; to give up what I had struggled so hard to win and go—go anywhere, just so that I might avoid seeing him. For I was so terribly afraid that he might be right! That his ascendancy over me, so complete in the days that I wanted so much to forget, might still exist. And now, while I could still reason, I realized what it would mean to



I Sat Down with His Letter in My Hands and Fought Myself

"I Am Going to Depend Upon Myself. Not on You or Any Other Man."



yield myself to him again. If I did it now, I would do it in the full knowledge of the sort of man he was. I would not have my former excuse of ignorance, and I knew myself well enough to understand that I could never again be the same.

But I stayed. When it came to the final test, I could not force myself to give it all up. And the struggle that was necessary before I reached the determination to face him boldly, filled me with a desperate anger that stiffened my resolve. I hated him for forcing me to make the choice; for revealing to me how weak I still was, after my belief that I had already passed through an ordeal that would enable me to resist any further temptation.

I should have been grateful, I suppose, for a test like that; for the chance to prove to myself that I was less weak than I had feared. But that is the sort of thing for which one is never grateful at the time. It all seems different now. Then it was as bad as a thing could be.

George followed his letter very promptly. He was as good looking as ever, of course; I had to keep on reminding myself how short a time had elapsed since that dreadful night when I had learned the truth. And he came to meet me in the lobby of the hotel, his hands outstretched, with a sort of eagerness that I had never seen in him before. In the old days the eagerness had always been on my side. He had been, not indifferent, perhaps, but very conscious of his superiority. I understood the changed conditions at once. Knowing this gave me courage, and a good deal of the terror with which I had been looking forward to this meeting left me.

"Mollie!" he said. "Lord, but it's good to see you again! And to know that I'm playing fair with you at last, that it's all open and above board!"

I laughed at him for that. It was so deliciously masculine! He had treated me as shabbily as ever a man treated a woman, and now, when, through no efforts of his own, he saw a chance to gratify his own desires and do the right thing to boot, he thought I would forget everything and welcome the amends he wanted to make!

"It's all open and above board," I said. "You're right there. But—just why did you come, George?"

That chilled him, as I meant that it should. He looked so foolish and surprised that I laughed at him. I was a little hysterical, I suppose. I had been so afraid of this meet-

ing, and it was so entirely different from what I had anticipated. It was he who was at a disadvantage. I had managed that, partly, I suppose, by sheer instinct. It was just another proof to me that I was no longer the helpless girl I had been when he had taken me away from Harborborough.

"I—I came for you, Mollie!" he said. "Mollie, girl, I always loved you! You knew that, say you knew that! I—I behaved like a skunk to you—but it was because it was so hard for me to do anything else. I didn't mean to. Let's start all over again, dear. We can be married here to-day, if you will. Then you can come back east with me. You'll never have anything to trouble you again."

I laughed at that—and not just to make an impression

on him. It really seemed funny to me, almost as funny as it was.

"George," I said, "I was angry with you for a time. But you have done something by coming out here. You've killed the anger. I can't keep on being angry at you when you make me laugh!"

"It's no laughing matter!" he said, furiously. "I mean it."

"Don't!" I said, choking a little. "You're making it worse! Why should I marry you? I know you! Don't you know that I've thanked God that things were as they were? Don't you know that I've discovered that the worst fate I could have suffered would have been to be married to you, really married, instead of thinking that I was?"

I think that made him begin to see that things were not going to be as he had expected.

"I'm trying to do the decent thing," he said. He looked very manly and noble as he said it but he also looked just as he did when he was playing the hero in a picture, when he had been told by his director to register determination and a willingness to do the right thing! He was acting, in a way. He couldn't help that. He was too shallow, I thought then, to have any real beliefs. "I played a rotten trick on you," he went on, "and now I want to make it right."

"Oh, I grant that," I said. "But, my dear George, you *can't* make it right! You can't give me back what you took from me and you can't get back what you lost!"

"Why not?" he said.

"You can't," I told him. "That's all. I don't know why. All I can tell you is that it's so. Let's get this settled now. I'm not going to marry you, now or ever. I don't hate you. I don't despise you. I'm not angry. You simply don't exist for me. You don't enter into the life I'm going to lead. I've had a hard time, but I've got to the point where I can do something. And I'm going to depend on myself, not on you or any other man."

He didn't understand, of course. He was as honestly puzzled as every man of his type is when a woman shows him that she has a mind and a soul of her own. His sort of man is obsessed with the idea of sex. He thinks constantly of women. He needs a woman's love and dependence upon him. But he never can understand that a creature who plays such a



"I Think, Miss Morgan, You Would be Happier if You Left Us."

dominant part in his life really must amount to something, one way or the other; that either she must be his superior in every way, or she must have an extraordinary stock of cunning.

"You don't mean it!" he decided, when he had thought that over for a moment, and cheered up immediately. "There's no hurry, Mollie. I don't blame you for being sore. You've had every reason to hate me. But I'm going to make you love me. I'm going to make you admit, before I'm through, that we belong to one another. Why, Mollie, you and I, back

there, when we first went to New York, and were in that little flat . . ."

I could feel my cheeks flaming. There he had me, the brute! For the first time he did make me angry, furiously angry! To dare to remind me of that! To try to use as a weapon the humiliation he had forced upon me! Oh! I could have strangled him! But I caught myself. I was not going to let him see that he had touched me, if I could help it.

"How you do flatter yourself, George!" I said. I even managed a laugh. "Do you really think

that all the lightness was on your side, all the seriousness on mine?"

That saved me. It was his turn to flush, and his eyes flashed with the first genuine emotion he had shown.

"Mollie!" He said. "What's come over you? You never used to be like this! I know! There's another man! By God—"

"And if there is?" I said, seizing my advantage. "What is that to you?"

He was so angry that he couldn't speak at

(Continued on page 30)

Roscoe Arbuckle

"Nobody Loves a Fat Man?"

ROSCOE ARBUCKLE was busy tying the helpless and hapless Mabel Normand to a dreadful-looking contrivance that apparently contained a dynamite bomb when I first saw him. But even as he completed the task he was set upon by a squad of police officers. When the melee was over Director Mack Sennett expressed his satisfaction and Mr. Arbuckle was free to rest.

He lumbered toward me, rolled a cigarette with a one-armed sweep, lit it, took a puff and sighed contentedly.

"Fire away," he said. "But don't ask me how much I weigh. That question's barred."

I gently assured him that I would not ask how much he weighed, that I knew already.

"How much did they say I weighed?" Mr. Arbuckle asked alertly.

"A little over 300 pounds."

"What? Three hundred! I don't weigh a pound over one hundred and eighty, and, what's more, I never did," Mr. Arbuckle asserted with something like a glare.

"Indeed," I remarked, "making a note of the point. 'And—please pardon my curiosity—but you're married, aren't you?'"

"Yes," Mr. Arbuckle admitted, "I am married but don't tell them that."

"You see," he added hastily, "my wife and I do have such times reading the love letters I receive. Being single does make for popular-

ity, you know. Mrs. Arbuckle's stage name is Minta Durfee, if you want to know. But don't tell them that."

"I wouldn't think of it," I said solemnly.

"And another thing," Mr. Arbuckle continued. "Don't say that I played in 'The Round-Up.' I never did. It was Maclyn Arbuckle. I like well enough to plead guilty to having done it but my habitual integrity forbids. Besides there are too many people who know it was he and not me. Of course I don't agree with him when he says nobody loves a fat man. I know better as I have hinted."

"You were on the legitimate stage for a while, weren't you?" I asked. I knew very well that he was but you have to be respectful to the man who is giving you an interview.

"Yes," Mr. Arbuckle answered. "I was. Outside of the few sweet years on the Loop circuit, I spent nine months with Ferris Hartman and 'The Campus' company, on an Oriental tour. We toured China, Japan, India, Honolulu, the Philippine Islands and even some civilized places. I pasted up notices and appreciations in fourteen different languages and I might have had more if I could have been sure whether the writers in some of the other languages were roasting me or praising me. The tour ended in January, 1913. Since then I have been in the pictures."

"My first experience in motion pictures was at Universal's Hollywood studio, under Director Al Christie, to whom I had been introduced by Robert Leonard. I had been with Universal four weeks when Fred Mace left Keystone and I was taken on to fill the vacancy. I have been with Keystone ever since."

"I have done my worst in 'Two Old Tars,' 'A Noise from the Deep,' 'The Riot' and 'The Gangsters.' But outside of falling on my ear, being surrounded by snakes, chased by bears, and made to do forty-five foot dives off the long

wharf at Santa Monica, my work has been rather uneventful."

With that Roscoe Arbuckle ceased to talk in favor of enveloping himself in clouds of cigarette smoke through which he peered at me like one of the geni of the Arabian Nights.

"As you were going to say?" I ventured to ask, encouragingly.

"I'll say just this," he began with a sudden burst of enthusiasm, "I am a member of Keystone's baseball team and a finer little aggregation of ballplayers never existed in this immediate vicinity, nor for a good distance around."

"Let me see," I mused. "Wasn't that the team that was beaten so badly last week by a bunch of boys from the high school up on the—"

"Excuse me," Mr. Arbuckle said hurriedly. "I hear the director calling me. I must get back to my work. Give them all my regards, will you?"

Whereupon he returned to the fray, pounced upon Ford Sterling and his squad of policemen, dispersed them, took possession of the helpless and hapless Mabel Normand and dragged her away while the camera clicked steadily.

Since his first stage experience ten years ago as super for a hypnotist, he has been steadily rising. He has been gaining in weight for a good deal longer than that, for he weighed only sixteen and a half pounds when he was born.





King Baggot, as the Green Irish Boy,
Dennis Molloy



In a Short Time, Dennis and the Lame Newsboy, Bud, Become
Fast Friends



Leah Baird, as the Beautiful, Blue-Eyed
Norah



With Norah Clamped to His Heart, Dennis Keeps
Black Louis and Squinty Covered Until
Help Arrives



Dennis' Father Arrives in Time to See the New
Baby Christmas Michael



After Squinty Has Been Knocked Out, No One
Dares to Molest Dennis When He Picks Up
Bud and Carries Him to His Room

"The Baited Trap"

A "White Slave Story" With a Happy Ending

Two-Reel Imp Film, Featuring King Baggot

SYNOPSIS

WHEN Dennis Molloy comes to New York from County Wicklow, Ireland, the only job he can find is that of porter in a saloon which is the rendezvous of a gang of "white slavers." His sleeping place is a junk room to which everyone has access, but to him it is home simply because the picture of Norah, his beautiful, black-haired, blue-eyed sweetheart, hangs above his bed. "Black Louis," the bartender, and "Squinty," a Bowery gang leader, attracted by the picture, plan to get rid of Dennis, and at the same time secure Norah to sell to the notorious Madame Cleo. They plant a purse of money in Dennis' room, and persuade him that, in as much as he cannot find the owner, the money is his. As soon as Dennis has sent Norah's passage money to her, they have him arrested and put into jail. Squinty meets Norah when the steamer docks, and takes her to Madame Cleo's house. But Dennis has a friend in a lame newsboy whom he once saved from Squinty's cruelty. Bud sees Norah taken off by Squinty, realizes the whole dastardly plan in a moment, and hastens to the police station with his information. The police, alert for any chance to capture such a gang red-handed, release Dennis. He hastens to Norah's rescue ahead of the officers, fells two gangsters with a blow apiece, and takes Norah into his arms. Dennis is given a place on the police force and a year later, just at Christmas time, he is able to name his son after his friend Sergeant Michael Hooley.



Black Louis' Expression, as He Faces the Door
on Which Dennis is Standing, is Not
Pleasant to See

"The Oath of Pierre"

The Story of a Young Trapper's Revenge

Two-Reel American Film

CAST

Pierre Dorchet, a young trapper...William Garwood
Nanette Dorchet, his sister.....Vivian Rich
Papineau, Nanette's betrothed....Harry Von Meter
Calvin Crow, government surveyor...Jack Richardson
John Kent, his assistant.....King Clark
Mrs. Naughton, of the border line....Louise Lester
Julia Naughton, her daughter....Charlotte Burton

SYNOPSIS

PIERRE DORCHET, when he is out on his long trip visiting all of his traps, leaves his sister, Nanette, under the guardianship of his close friend and her betrothed, Papineau. The young surveyor, Calvin Crow takes advantage of Pierre's absence to make love to Nanette. When Papineau, in despair, starts out to meet Pierre and tell him of his sister's infatuation, Crow first promises to marry Nanette, and then heartlessly breaks camp and leaves her. Her brother and her sweetheart return to find her so distracted with love and grief that she darts into the cabin and ends her life. Pierre over her dead body, takes a terrible oath of vengeance. Crow, meanwhile, plunges deeper into the wild country, meets Julia, Pierre's sweetheart, and makes love to her so successfully that when Pierre and Papineau arrive and tell of their intentions, she slips away and warns him. He persuades her to leave with him. Pierre arrives at the deserted camp, and as he stands in the fire light, Crow shoots him. He falls, apparently dead, but when Crow comes up to exult over his victim, Pierre grapples with him and in the struggle which follows, he kills him. Pierre and Papineau go out into the forest to live the rest of their lives in solitude. Julia never sees her lover again.

Vivian Rich is an Appealing Nanette

It is Decided by Lot That Pierre, Nanette's Brother, and not Papineau, Her Lover, is to Avenge Her Death

Charlotte Burton, as Julia Naughton

Harry Von Meter, as Papineau

With Grim Faces, Pierre and Papineau Lie in Wait for Their Victim, and Their Sweethearts' Betrayer, Calvin Crow

Over His Sister's Dead Body Pierre Takes His Terrible Oath of Vengeance

Pierre and Papineau Strain Their Eyes to Get a Glimpse of the Departing Crow, While Nanette Exalts Distracted at Their Feet, Pouring Out Her Story

ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY



Mabel Trunelle as the Captivating Anne Trevor



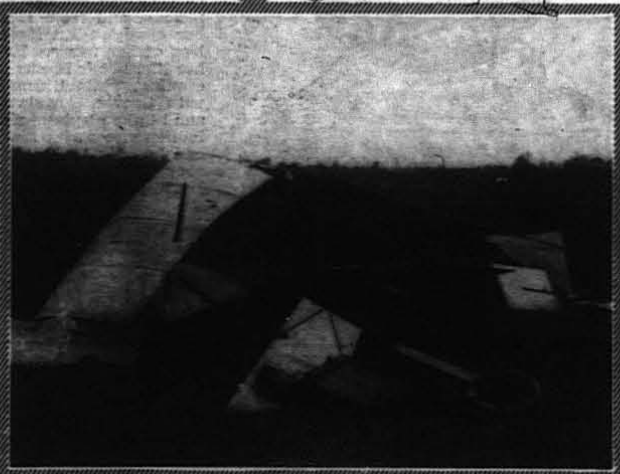
When Her Husband is Brought Home, Liable, from the Hunting Field, Anne Realizes, for the First Time, All That His Love Has Meant to Her



Mabel Trunelle as Anne Sayre, Anne Trevor's Granddaughter



These Were Times When Anne Trevor Was Jealous of Her Husband's Passionate Interest in Sports



By Yielding to His Wife's Entreaties, Philip Sayre Escapes the Fate of His Friend, William Maitland, Whose Aeroplane is Dashed to Earth

A Warning from the Past

Coincidence Saves a Man's Life and a Woman's Happiness

Two-Reel Edison Film.

CAST.

Arthur Trevor.....Herbert Prior
Anne Trevor, his wife.....Mabel Trunelle
Philip Sayre.....Yale Benner
Anne Trevor Sayre.....Mabel Trunelle
William Maitland.....Bigelow Cooper
Mrs. Maitland.....Anne Leonard

SYNOPSIS.

ARTHUR TREVOR loved two things more than anything else in the world, his wife, Anne, and the sport of fox hunting. Anne tried again and again to persuade him to give up the hunting, partly because she was jealous of this passionate interest of her husband's, partly because she feared for his life. For, while Trevor was a cool and dauntless rider, his favorite mount was a powerful, vicious horse, feared and hated by the grooms, which was fitly named Satan. On the day of the great fox hunt, Anne has a premonition that her husband will be killed. She begins a note to him, but before she has finished it, ashamed of her fears she crumples it up and stuffs it into the upholstery of a green sofa. Trevor breaks a promise made to Anne, rides Satan and is killed.

Years later Anne's granddaughter is seated on the same green sofa in an agony of fear and dread over the fact that her husband, Philip Sayre, is to make a flight in an aeroplane with one of his friends. Her idly groping hands encounter a piece of paper in a crevice of the upholstery, she draws it out and reads her grandmother's half-finished note:

"I feel that you are in danger and I long to keep you from it. I know you will be angry, but—"

This warning from the past rouses Anne to action. She hurries to the aviation field and persuades Philip not to make the flight. His friend goes up without him, the aeroplane is caught in a current and over-balanced and he falls 4000 feet to his death.



Arthur Trevor Loved His Beautiful Wife More Than Anything Else in the World



Over His Wife's Shoulder, Philip Sayre Reads the "Warning From the Past" Which Saves His Life

"The Song in the Dark"

A "Blind" Lover Sees the Light

Two-Reel Essanay Film.

CAST.

Angela.....Gerda Holmes
John, an Italian bird vender.....John H. Coscar
Angela's Mother.....Helen Dunbar
George, Angela's brother.....Bryant Washburn
Richard, Angela's fiance.....Richard C. Travers

SYNOPSIS.

ANGELA and Richard had been playmates during their childhood, chums during their boy and girlhood, and, when the story opens, they are lovers, engaged to be married. One day Angela buys a canary from an Italian vender, at the same time taking his card, that she may recommend him to her friends. All night the bird sings in her room. Angela is much puzzled by this, until she discovers that the bird is blind. The next day she goes to the vender, seeking an explanation. She learns that the vender blinds the birds purposely, so that they will sing, always, whether in the light or dark. Furious over the inhumanity of such a device, she interests her brother, a young attorney, in the case, with the result that he prosecutes the vender, who is flogged in court.

Richard's and Angela's wedding day has been set. The new home is in readiness. And then Angela meets with a terrible accident and loses her sight. The dark hours spent in her lonely room are made endurable only by the canary, pouring out constantly a flood of melody, and from it she learns to accept the loss of her eyesight, but there is no consolation in it for her loss of her fiance. Her love for him is the passion of her life, but it begins to seem that he is different. One evening, while Richard is in the house, playing chess with George, Angela steals down to the living room and begins playing softly on the piano. All of Richard's indifference melts away, his love returns with a rush and he goes to her, sinks on his knees with his arms about her and whispers, softly, "It is I who am blind I love you."



A Strong Scene between Angela's Brother George and Italian Bird Vender



A Game of Chess with Angela's Brother George More Attractive to Richard than the Quiet of the Sick Room



When John, the Bird Vender, comes to Beg Angela's Forgiveness He Tries to Stir Richard Out of His Indifference



Gerda Holmes as Angela



Richard C. Travers as Richard



Angela's Mother is Amused at Her Desire to Punish the Italian Vender, but George is Finally Persuaded to Prosecute the Case



The Doctor is All Compassion When He Tells Angela and the Horror-Stricken George around Her that She will Always Be Blind

WHAT THE PEOPLE WANT

Film Hypocrisy

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MOVIE PICTORIAL.

I HAVE been making quite a study of the methods used by various motion picture manufacturers to advertise their wares, and much of the hypocrisy which emanates from the publicity departments must disgust the man or woman who gives any serious thought to the matter.

It is common to certain of these commercial manufacturers to advertise crime as a virtue, and to gloss over filth and suggestiveness with a veneer of "educating the masses."

To give an illustration of my meaning, a feature film is produced dealing with the "White Slave Traffic" and subsidized (by means of big advertising) papers extol the film as a means to warn girls of unknown perils and so forth and so on while the same persons who pen the "write ups" do so with a wink, well knowing that the object of the firm producing the film is to cater to the ever-ready appetite for something which appeals to sensual and bestial tastes.

On the posters of one such film was this notice: "Children under the age of sixteen not admitted." Surely such a line was put printed to draw men and women to the box office and to impart the pleasing news that there was that in the picture unfit for the eye and understanding of those under sixteen. The dimes of all those boys and girls from sixteen up were readily accepted although the age between sixteen and twenty is as susceptible as any period of our lives. The film itself was not one to excite any enthusiasm amongst the lovers of a well produced and acted photoplay nor did it preach or teach any lesson. It merely suggested a lot of unpleasantness, and nothing a girl or boy could not learn and should learn from their parents in the privacy of the home.

Such films as these pass noble boards of censors whose ignorant or hypocritical eyes are blinded by the "lesson" pointed out to them by the wily manufacturers, publicity or sales managers, while the same discerning board will slash and dissect a story which merely appeals to the love of prowess and adventure.

Exhibitors are advised in glaring advertisements with more or less repulsive pictures to "pack their houses" by means of these delectable features and offering "paper" extolling atrocities in order to catch the nimble nickle.

I am not a prude nor am I prejudiced, but the absurdity of the average censorship and the truckling to sensationalism on the behalf of the distributors of films excites my anger.

Good melodrama is not to be sneezed at and adventure is often exciting, but the details of desperate deeds need not be made revolting by means of catch-penny details; and here again, the absurdity of censor boards is made more apparent when one finds that scenes which will pass muster in one town are tabooed in another one!

And what is worse, the output of some manufacturers is allowed to pass when nearly the same incidents are ruled out when they occur in the films of other manufacturers. Why is this?

Let us have good pictures by all means, but do not let us stand for the elimination of incidents and scenes which are allowable in children's story books. Let us have adventure and melodrama which are both enjoyable and healthy, and have them in with the more desirable subjects such as historical and educational films.

Certain photoplaywrights are responsible for much that is undesirable. Of that there is no doubt. Some of them spend most of their time casting about for some sensational incident and weaving a story around it, and they are more or less encouraged to do so by some of the companies. "Give us a punch and we will buy

THE REEL PROBLEM.

THE real problem of the moving picture business is not that of producing and distributing films. It is that of getting the ultimate consumer to pay his or her nickel or dime often enough each day and on enough days to make the exhibiting of films profitable.

The fact that exhibitors in general are on the alert for ways and means of attracting the U. C.'s attention proves the truth of the foregoing statement.

The answer is simple enough—simply give the people what they want.

But how are the people going to know that the exhibitor has what they want?

It is now mostly up to the exhibitor to tell them.

This is wrong.

When the manufacturers have learned that they owe to the exhibitors and the ultimate consumer the duty of telling both of them, and especially the latter, that they have for sale what the public wants—then the solution of the principal problem of the film business will have become a maxim of GOOD business.

your script," is the cry of many of the manufacturers, and the more revolting the "punch," the quicker the market for the photoplay.

I do not think many of the writers appreciate their responsibility, and that their aim is purely commercial. We should be commercial by all means. It is the living of many of us. But it is not a bit too much to ask that this commercialism be tempered by a desire either to amuse or do some good, to be artistic

The People's Choice

By E. B. H.

SOMETHING funny,
Something sad;
But nothing really
Bold nor bad.

Something natural,
Something true,
Things too far-fetched,
Will not do.

Fare-thee-well,
Old melo-drammer,
You have lost
Your former glamor.

We have seen
The stolen papers;
Seen the villain
Cut up capers;

We have seen
The dynamite
Till we wish
Such, out of sight.

Human interest
In good measure,
Now affords us
Untold pleasure.

Things we want
For our money,
Must be either
Good or funny.

Real life stories
On the screen,
Are the best ones
Ever seen.

as well as mercenary. There is nothing which will kill the industry quicker than trashy photoplays. The writing on the wall is there and those of us who write good stories, I do not mean namby-pamby stuff, but plays with some body and food for thought together with healthy dramas and clean comedies, are the one who are going to draw down the biggest pay in the future.

A. P. FAHNET.

Los Angeles, Cal.

Are You a Knocker?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MOVIE PICTORIAL.

AND is it my opinion you are seeking to secure, as to what the moving picture fan is willing to endure? Now, that's a ticklish problem; one that needs a little thought, and a bit of meditation, to be answered as it ought. There's some folks that you couldn't please, no matter how you try. They are born grumbling and they'll do it till they die. They've got the knocking habit (it's an awful thing to grow) and they bring their little hammer with them every place they go.

There are plenty of this species who are roaming 'round the earth, and when they spend a nickel, they expect five dollars' worth. To criticise they're mighty quick; to praise, extremely slow. You'll find a few of them at every movie show. The chronic kicker is a pest that thrives in every clime; he always was, and always will be, till the end of time. But take the average movie fan, he's quite a decent guy, and takes things as he finds them, without always asking why.

I have made some observations among my fellow fans, which I am glad to pass along to aid your worthy plans. There's no accounting for folk's tastes, they've got the queerest kinks; you might as well attempt to solve the riddle of the Sphinx. The thin man dotes on comedies, you may be sure of that; for is it not a well known fact that those who laugh grow fat? The guy whose dome of thought is getting shiny on the top, believes hair-raising reels will help him grow another crop.

The bachelor simply revels in the scenes of wedded bliss, for all the things we deem worth while are those we chance to miss. Gay scenes of carefree club life, with the champagne flowing free, are what the hardened benedict would much prefer to see. The man who wouldn't swat a fly (it certain is queer) raves o'er the wild adventures of some daring buccaner. For him whose footsteps long have followed danger's winding trails, the scenes of simple life possess a charm that never fails.

The city life with gay cafes, bright lights and women's smiles. To see these pictured on the screen, the cowboy travels miles. The city dweller in his little stuffy, four-room flat, likes broncho-busting, cattle rustling; all such scenes as that. The grown-up loves to watch the scenes of boyhood sports unroll; the little schoolhouse 'cross the road, the dear old swimming-hole. The small boy's great delight is bloody wars and Indian chiefs; that some day he'll be a hero, is one of his beliefs.

From this you'll see variety is what the public craves. You have to entertain them from their cradles to their graves. To satisfy them all you'd need to be another Heinz, and add more variations to the fifty-seven kinds. But speaking as a movie fan (I'm glad to say I'm such) room for improvement, seems to me, is not so very much. And every time I chance to have a bit of surplus dough, 'twill not take long for me to find a moving picture show.

M. E. STANTON.

Joliet, Ill., May 15, 1914.

FEATURE·FILM·REVIEWS



Two Effective Scenes from "Captain Alvarez," a Romantic Drama Which Divides the Program with "Wife Wanted" at Vitagraph's Broadway Theatre

Movie Walk

By VANDERHEYDEN FILES

IT looks as though Theatre Alley will soon have to be renamed!

In the language of the Great White Way, the short stretch of Forty-second Street from Seventh to Eighth Avenues (managers call it "just west of Broadway," with no reference to the plebeian avenues) is called Theatre Alley, because it contains no less than ten playhouses. Several are cheek by jowl: nowhere in the world can so many theatres be found within so small an area.

But, as is the case on all sides, those are rapidly succumbing to the movies. On the north side, in addition to the Bryant, which was built for photoplays, the Lyric is devoting itself to pictures of General Villa and of events at Chihuahua, Juarez and Torreón; the Republic (formerly the Belasco) is placarded with lurid scenes enticing us to come within and see "Protect Us!"; and next door, on the Seventh Avenue corner, Captain Becker is shown on the screen as an act of the Hammerstein vaudeville entertainment.

Operetta and spoken-drama hold out a little better on the south side, with "Sari" at the New Amsterdam, "Lady Windermere's Fan" at the Liberty and "The Yellow Ticket" at the adjoining Eltinge. But the beautiful new Candler Theatre has elbowed its way into their brilliantly-lighted midst with the Kleine-Cines

"Antony and Cleopatra" reels; the American, on the Eighth Avenue corner, mixes movies and vaudeville; and, on Saturday evening, May 16, the Harris Theatre capitulated and re-opened with "The Christian" on the screen.

Either few people knew of the change of policy or nobody cared, for the audience could scarcely have been smaller had it been attracted by one of the sad successions of dramatic failures that have "hoodooed" this pleasant playhouse during the expiring season. On the other hand, a scale of prices running as high as a dollar may have been largely responsible. Too, the photoplay presented was not new even to New York, which frequently enough gets reels after they have been shown throughout the country.

Two New Vitagraph Productions

Reviewed by Johnson Briscoe

"CAPTAIN ALVAREZ"

CAST

Bonita.....Edith Storey
Robert W. Wainwright (Captain Alvarez)
.....William D. Taylor
Rosas.....George C. Stanley
Tirzo.....George Holt

Don Arana.....Otto Lederer
Mercedes.....Myrtle Gonzales
Gonzalo.....George Kunkel

"A THRILL with every scene," would be an appropriate descriptive catch-line with which to label "Captain Alvarez," the six part romantic drama, by H. S. Sheldon, produced by the Vitagraph company, as one of their Broadway Star Features, and now on view at the Vitagraph Theatre.

For sheer excitement and picturesque romanticism no picture of recent times can quite approach this one. It is a riot of highly colored scenes from beginning to end and, strange to say, the plot is both plausible and convincing.

Captain Alvarez is an alias adopted by a young American, Robert W. Wainwright, who, believing in the justice of the cause, has allied himself with the Rebels against the Federal Government of Argentina. He falls in love with Bonita, the comely niece of Don Arana, Foreign Minister to Argentina, and thereby gains the deadly hatred of Tirzo, a Federal spy, and as villainous a villain as ever concocted villainy. The tale unfolds itself swiftly and deftly, with unusual directness and precision, showing the overthrow of the Federals, after a battle with the Rebels, and the establishment of a new republic, with Alvarez as leader of the Constitutionals, a new political party.



William D. Taylor Makes a Gallant Captain Alvarez, and Edith Storey is Demure as Bonita, His Sweetheart



The Battle Scenes in "Captain Alvarez" Are Very Near Perfection



A Scene Grown Gray in Scenario Service. Albert Roccardi is Uncle Joe



Another Characteristic Scene Which Makes "Wife Wanted" a Decidedly Unhappy Contrast to "Captain Alvarez"

Naturally such a story as this affords ample opportunity for effective pictures; the very background itself is replete with vivid sunshine and color. Alvarez is a highly romantic figure, daring, dashing, devil-may-care, plunging recklessly into one wild escapade after another, but he deftly extricates himself from the most trying situations, even when the odds are hopelessly against him. It is all a part of his day's work to lead battle forces, to plunge through forest fires, to quell insurrections, to kill off an enemy or two, to plunge from boats and bridges, to "break" wild horses, to burn railroads, and to woo a maiden. All in all, Alvarez is a mighty busy chap, once he starts things going in Argentina. Small wonder that the radiant, though slightly haughty, Bonita falls a victim to his ardent love-making. He woos and wins her with the same ardent passion which mark his rebel leadership.

"Captain Alvarez" was produced in California under the direction of Rollin S. Sturgeon, who deserves the highest praise for the result of his labors. He had a happy eye, indeed, in the selection of his locale. Not only is this true of the exteriors, but the vast entrance hall of Don Arana's house is a lesson in judgment and good taste, the simple furnishings being particularly effective, and yet suggestive of the splendid interior of the house itself. The numerous battle scenes, with hundreds of men and horses dashing about, give a genuine thrill, and the sense of night, of darkness and of things veiled and hidden is admirably preserved.

When it is known that William D. Taylor plays the title role and that Edith Storey appears as Bonita, practically nothing more need be said of the individual acting—it could not possibly be better. Rarely has an actor been called upon to do more venturesome and hair-raising work than that allotted Mr. Taylor in the present case and he does it as easily

and gracefully as John Bunny makes us laugh. Miss Storey has comparatively little to do, and for one as skilled as she is, her task is an easy one. George Holt, as the wicked Tirzo, fully shares honors with Mr. Taylor and Miss Storey.

"Wife Wanted"

CAST

Uncle Joe.....Albert Roccardi
Henry.....Ralph Ince
Billy.....Billy Quirk
Grace.....Anita Stewart
Emily.....Lucille Lee
Her Father.....James Lackaye

SHARING the program honors with "Captain Alvarez," at the Vitagraph is the farce-comedy, "Wife Wanted," by Joseph Allen, a decidedly unhappy contrast. The plot is hackneyed, one which has grown grey in scenario service, and it is rather surprising to find such a picture given such featured prominence.

The story concerns a young bachelor whose uncle promises to present him with five thousand dollars if he will marry and settle down. In order to get the money at once, nephew wires uncle that he has been married for two months. Uncle wires back that he is coming to visit the newlyweds. Now, can't you guess the rest? Nephew "borrows" the young wife of a pal of his, who in his turn is made to do service as a man-servant. Uncle arrives at the house and at every opportunity insists upon a display of affection on the part of the supposedly wedded pair, to the wild indignation of the masquerading waiter-husband, who carries his resentment to the point of spilling a bowl of soup over uncle's head and smashing

all the dishes. Of course, nephew has a fiancée with whom he had planned to elope that very night and she arrives upon the scene to add to the general confusion. Finally everything is explained to uncle, who meanwhile has presented nephew with a check for five thousand, and everything ends with smiles all round. But, it proves, after all, to be a rather harmless picture, with a liberal dash of slapstick comedy.

Staged by Ralph Ince, it is very well played by a group of the Vitagraph's best comedy actors, each of whom does everything possible with his cut-and-dried role.

"The Christian"

THE "Christian," as "picturized" by Gene Mullin and photographed by the Vitagraph Co., was seen at Manhattan Opera House a few months ago. As with "Quo Vadis?", "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" and, indeed, most stories that have been made known in both narrative and dramatic forms, the film production of "The Christian" more nearly resembles Hall Caine's novel than does the play, which was made famous by Viola Allen, with the late Edward Morgan as her leading man, who later played the same part opposite Elsie Leslie.

But, of course, the limitations of legitimate stage production are much greater than those of film production. Of the five scenes in the play, four were interiors, while the fifth was a reproduction, very skillful but not in the least real, of a bit of wild sea coast on the Isle of Man, something that could not compare in effectiveness with the film picture of the Vitagraph version, where *Glory* and *John Strong* act superbly against a background of rough rocks and restless ocean. Effective use was made also of "cut-backs" and "fade-aways."





Henry B. Walthall as John Howard Payne, the Composer of Home, Sweet Home



A Scene from the Life of Payne. Lillian Gish's Delicate Blonde Beauty is Seconded by Real Talent

The meager audience on Saturday was inclined to laugh at the over-sentimental scenes. They were serious and sympathetic enough over John Storm's grief at the loss of Glory, when she left the peaceful island home of their childhood for the excitements of social success in London; over his harsh experiences in the London monastery, over his work among the poor and the mission he built adjoining the very music hall in which Glory sang and danced; but the case of Polly Love and Lord Robert Ure pleaded for more tears than we had to shed. We barely restrained our titters over the excessive moustache-pulling, dress-suited, cigarette-smoking villainy of Lord Robert, though we were not unsympathetic with Glory's insistence, through John Storm, that he should make Polly an honest woman. But when the camera moved us right up to Polly's bed, where she lay with her new-born baby, we were, to say the least, uncomfortable. And it was hard to keep from laughing when everybody, in uninterrupted succession, was brought to the bedside of the distracted young mother—the villainous Lord Robert, his wealthy American bride, the saintly John Storm, etc. However, there is much that is excellent in "The Christian." One of the excellent features of the film play and one that went far beyond the possibilities of the original drama was the ample use made of the Derby Day incidents in the novel. Most readers remember how Lord Robert Ure, in revenge, circulates the story among the fanatic John Storm's uneducated, superstitious, weak disciples that he has predicted the end of the world on Derby Day, the greatest holiday in England, when the famous

Derby is run. Hall Caine's drama, as I remember, practically omitted this important point in the story; but the photoplay makes the most of it, with splendid race-horses, views of the crowds at the course (advertised as employing three thousand persons), the exciting race itself and the angry mobs pursuing Storm.

The cast of "The Christian" is:
 John Storm.....Earle Williams
 Lord Storm.....Edward Kimball
 Father Lamplugh.....Charles Kent
 Brother Paul.....James Morrison
 Parson Quayle.....J. W. Sambrooke
 Archdeacon Wealthy.....James Lackaye
 Lord Robert Ure.....Harry S. Northrup
 Francis Horatio Drake.....Donald Hall
 Glory Quayle.....Edith Storey
 Polly Love.....Charlotta De Felice
 Mrs. Macrae.....Alberta Gallatin
 Vera Macrae.....Jane Fearnley

"Home Sweet Home"

A Remarkable Reliance Film
 Reviewed By Johnson Briscoe

CAST

John Howard Payne.....Henry B. Walthall
 His Mother.....Mrs. Crowell
 His Sweetheart.....Lillian Gish
 His Sister.....Dorothy Gish

FIRST EPISODE

Apple Pie Mary.....Mae Marsh
 Her Father.....Spottiswoode Aitken

The Edsterner.....Robert Harrou
 His Fiancee.....Miriam Cooper

SECOND EPISODE

The Brothers.....Donald Crisp
 James Kirkwood
 The Halfwit.....Jack Pickford

THIRD EPISODE

The Husband.....Courtney Foote
 The Romeo.....Owen Moore
 The Wife.....Blanche Sweet
 The Musician.....Edward Dillon

RARELY has a producer set himself a more difficult task than that which confronted W. D. Griffith when he attempted a screen production of John Henry Payne's immortal song, "Home Sweet Home," written in collaboration with H. E. Aitken. The pictures were seen for the first time at the Auditorium Theatre, Los Angeles, and more recently at the Strand Theatre, New York. And never before in the history of filmdom have so many screen stars appeared in one picture. In fact, in many ways, Mr. Griffith's is a unique and unparalleled achievement, and if he was not wholly successful, he has been at least successful enough to merit high praise.

"Home, Sweet Home" is divided into five parts, the first made up of scenes from the life of the composer, John Howard Payne. The second, third, and fourth are called "episodes" and are attempts to show the effect that this song may have on the lives of "the high and the low." The fifth is called an "allegory" for reasons that will be explained later.



Robert Harrou and Mae Marsh do some delightful comedy work in the first episode



A reconciliation to the strains of "Home, Sweet Home," in the third episode

The scenes of the first part are quickly sketched, suggesting his home life in England, his wild stage career and dissipation in Paris, his writing of the song which was to bring him immortal fame, and his final lonely end in Africa.

The following three episodes show the influence the song may have upon the lives of people, as widely varied as people are to-day. The first shows a Western mining camp where a little rough diamond, Apple Pie Mary, is wooed and won by a young Easterner. The latter soon realizes the difference in their social stations and is about to break off their engagement when the strains of the song, "Home, Sweet Home," reach him and there is a joyful reconciliation.

The next series of pictures, seems strangely extraneous to the subject matter, and is even less typical of "home" life as most of us know it. A mother and three sons live together in a small cottage. Though the mother does all in her power to keep peace between them, two of the brothers are deadly enemies. They finally end up in a jolly little row, over money, of course, with pistols and furniture-smashing galore and the distracted mother returns home to find them both dead upon the floor. She is about to join her boys, when her hand is arrested through hearing the Payne hymn played by a passer-by. She remembers the one son left to her and decides to go on living.

After this we are introduced to the domestic hearth of the distinguished and wealthy, and it is a real comfort to discover that they, too, have their troubles. Husband likes his club too much and friend wife accepts the attentions of a gay Lothario. Just as she is about to elope with said Lothario she hears some one in the adjoining apartment playing Payne's song upon the violin. All is well! She is saved in time and remains by her own fireside. The moral of it all seems to be, when in-doubt play "Home, Sweet Home."

The closing scene, which attempts to display the celestial regions is a ticklish subject at best and one which motion pictures would do well to let alone. Here we discover that Payne, despite his carnal shortcomings and because of the vast good his hymn has done, has, apparently, won for himself eternal salvation. And so he is shown climbing his way into heaven, where his still faithful sweetheart is awaiting him but it was hard to escape the fact that we were looking at Walthall, swathed in multitudinous wrappings of muslin, while pretty Lillian Gish was suspended from a wire in mid-air, clothed in a sheet. That may be some folks' idea of what they'll get in the next world, if they're good in this one! But it is hardly an alluring one.

However, for the acting in this production I have nothing but praise. Henry Walthall portrays Payne with the skill and charm which long ago stamped him as an uncommonly fine actor. He contrives to make Payne's an attractive personality, that of a man who is a blend of weakness and strength, and not evil or vicious. Lillian Gish, as Payne's sweetheart, is so adorably appealing that it is almost impossible to believe that Payne could have left her.

In the mining camp scene, Robert Harron and Mae Marsh—especially Mae Marsh—do some of the most delightful comedy work I have ever seen. In fact, one is tempted to use up all one's superlatives when the acting is done by a cast as uniformly competent as the one in this production. It is all of a quality seldom realized.

As I said in the opening paragraph, Mr. Griffith set himself an immensely difficult task in undertaking this subject and, upon the whole, he deserves great praise for the result. His direction, which is felt every moment in the pictures, is admirable and the action all through is realistic, picturesque and effective.

"Hands Up!"

AL J. JENNINGS, now candidate for governor of Oklahoma, former bandit and train robber, is the central figure in a six-reel feature motion picture now in production by the Thanhouser Film Corporation. The title of the picture will be "Beating Back," under which name the story of the one time outlaw's life was published in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, written by Will Irwin in collaboration with Jennings himself.

PLAYERS BIRTHDAY CALENDAR

JOHNSON BRISCOE

June 13

FRANKIE MANN, the popular and talented ingenue of the Lubin company, who is most often seen in the support of Edgar Jones and Louise Huff, one of her most recent hits being in the two reel feature, "Love's Long Lane," by George Terwilliger.

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS, the Irish poet-dramatist, whose plays have been produced here upon several occasions, notably by Margaret Wycherly.

June 14

MARY CLOWES, whose name and features are familiar to all lovers of Thanhouser pictures, though she retired from their forces some time ago.

HARRY LEIGHTON, seen last season with John Mason in "Indian Summer," and recently concluded a most important picture deal, having secured the screen rights to all the novels of Cyrus Townsend Brady, the rights to several of which he has already disposed of to the Famous Players, Edison, Selig, and Mutual companies.

ELEANOR BARRY, who has been most successful since she abandoned the footlights for the camera, having for a long time played character leads with the Lubin company, under the direction of Lloyd B. Carleton.

MAE ALLISON, who was for some time in the cast of "Everywoman," since when she was seen at the Longacre Theatre in "Iole."

EDITH CHARTERIS, the English actress, whom we last saw on Broadway with Lewis Waller in "Monsieur Beaucaire."

June 15

GUY COOMBS, whose name needs no introduction to screen patrons, he having long been one of the stellar lights of the Kalem forces, as both leading man and director.

WILLIAM NORRIS, lately seen in "The Laughing Husband," and who appeared as Mrs. MacMiche, the terrifying old lady, in both the stage and screen productions of "A Good Little Devil."

DAVID ABRAMS, than whom we have no better-known impersonator of stage animals, for the past two years seen as Don, the dog, in "The Lady of the Slipper," with Montgomery and Stone and Elsie Janis.

GEORGE A. NATANSON, who for the past three years has been identified with the cast of "Everywoman," while at this very moment he is singing with the Aborn Opera Company.

CHARLES HORWITZ, the prolific song-writer, co-author, with Frederick Bowers, of those two terrific hits, "Because" and "Always."

June 16

FLORA FINCH, the one and only, whose eccentric comedy work has placed her quite in a class by herself and who, along with John Bunny, shares the chief comedy honors of the Vitagraph pictures.

CRYSTAL HENNE, the talented leading woman, who last season shared the center of the stage with Guy Standing in "At Bay."

RALPH KELLARD, whose name is a household word in Syracuse, where for three summers past he has headed his own stock company, and who more recently was with the Poli company in Springfield, Mass.

VERA MICHELENA, who at the present moment is singing the prima donna role in the 1914 vintage of the Ziegfeld "Follies."

HARRY FAIRBANKS, who was recently heard as Ralph Rackstraw in the big revival of "Pinafore," at the Hippodrome.

June 17

JANE OAKER, who recently made her re-entry into Broadway theatricals, succeeding Ada Dwyer in "The Dummy," at the Hudson Theatre.

CHARLES FROHMAN, who these many years past has ranked second to none as a theatrical

producer, having been sponsor for hundreds of plays in his time.

SHELLEY HULL, who for some time past has been leading man with Billie Burke, and whose features are not unknown to picture patrons, having played Jean in "Sapho," when Florence Roberts acted that role before the camera.

WILLETT KERSHAW, who has done most excellent work in the series of one-act plays at the Princess Theatre, New York.

HARRY J. BUCHANAN, for a long time identified with "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," and who is under contract to appear this coming season in "Cordelia Blossom."

CARLYLE MOORE, author of the successful farce, "Stop Thief," and who has been playing in vaudeville lately, offering a series of playlets, supported by his wife, Ethelynn Palmer.

GRANT MITCHELL, the past two seasons in "Years of Discretion," afterward appearing in the brief trial production of "It Pays to Advertise," and whom we shall see next season in "The Miracle Man."

EDWARDS DAVIS, who has built up a name for himself in vaudeville, offering a series of sketches, "The Unmasking," "All Rivers Meet at Sea" and "The Picture of Dorian Grey."

June 18

JOSEPH W. SMILEY, one of the leading directors and most important actors of the Lubin forces, four of whose newest pictures are "A Practical Demonstration," "The House of Darkness," "The Sorceress" and "The Pythoness."

EDMUND BREESE, whose acting in the picture production of "The Master Mind" has won him thousands of admirers with screen devotees, and who this coming season will appear on the stage in "To-day."

HENRIETTA LEE, the vivacious musical comedy actress, particularly remembered for her late work in "The Girl of My Dreams."

MARY LAND, whom we have not seen on Broadway of late, being specially recalled at the Astor Theatre in "Seven Days."

ELEANOR STUART, who has adorned many recent Broadway productions, notably "The Deserters," "Little Miss Fix-It," "The Cave Man," and "Trial Marriage."

June 19

BLANCHE YURKA, who made a hit in New York in the short-lived production of "The House of Bondage," and who is now playing leads with the Orpheum Players, at the Chestnut Street Opera House, Philadelphia.

WILLIAM COURTENAY, who divided last season between "The Girl and the Pennant" and "Under Cover," in which last he will continue all of the coming season, opening in New York in August, at the Cort Theatre.

WILLIAM A. BRADY, who is constantly increasing his theatrical activities, having under his management dozens of plays and theatres.

MASTER GABRIEL, the talented Lilliputian actor, who ranks second to none in artistic ability, now appearing in vaudeville, and specially happily recalled in "Buster Brown" and "Little Nemo."

ELIZABETH MANSBURY, the successful play representative, who acts as play agent for practically all the best-known foreign authors.

RANDOLPH HARTLEY, the dramatist and librettist, who, in collaboration with Arthur Nevin, wrote the opera, "Pola," which was produced four years ago at the Royal Opera House, Berlin.

CHARLES D. COBURN, who, along with Mrs. Coburn, is the head and chief moving spirit of the Coburn Shakespearean Players, specially well-known for the pastoral performances.

GRACE MAE LAMKIN, who used to play adventures roles most skillfully, but who has not appeared professionally for several years, having some time ago married Albert Brown, the well-known actor.

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The Cross Roads

(Continued from page 20)

all. I had had to make him angry, to save myself. And yet it was a dangerous thing to do, as I was to find out. But even then, you see, I hadn't quite plumbed the depths of his mind—if you could call them depths. I didn't realize how far he would go if he was goaded.

"Oh!" he said. "What a damned fool I've been! You've tricked me nicely. By Jove, you let me think I'd played a dirty trick. I guess the shoe was on the other foot! How did your father know where we were going that night unless you told him? You didn't know I had another wife—you wanted to get married, I guess—and you knew very well that was the only way to do it!"

I only smiled at him. I could afford to do that, I thought.

"You've had your chance!" he went on, victoriously. "Ten minutes ago I'd have married you! Now, if I want you, I'll have you, as I had you before. But—"

I didn't listen to any more. I couldn't. I felt that I had taken the only means I had of getting rid of him, but I had stood all I could. And I did run away from him then—to my room. He had not revealed anything new; I had known, from that night when the other woman had found us, just what he was. And so I didn't regret this scene, cheap and nasty as it was. But it had been hard to endure it, in spite of that. Yet I was glad.

Of course that night in the flat I had felt that it was, but then I had been helped to despise him by the shock of the revelation, and by my passionate anger at the way he had treated me. I had thought about him in those lonely months in New York. I had wondered sometimes, what would happen if I met him and he spoke to me as I knew he could speak, gently and sweetly. Now I knew! And I was glad and proud to find that he left me untouched; that there was not a note in my whole nature that he could strike and get a response.

He left me alone after that, or seemed to. I saw him in the streets. He knew most of the actors, and most of the other people in the movie colony, naturally. But we did not meet in such a way that we had either to speak or ignore one another. I began my work with the Smilax people, and the first picture, the one from my own scenario, was made. Cole liked it; he seemed to be satisfied with my work, too.

I don't know how long it was before I began to be aware of a subtle change in the attitude of the company toward me. The Smilax people were nice. Don't misunderstand; most moving picture companies are made up of nice people. But some are different. The Smilax was one in which the girls and women were never bothered, because it was thoroughly understood that they were sure to resent any conduct that was not pleasant. And I was amazed, therefore, when two or three of the men began to assume a different attitude toward me. Nor was that all. The other girls, though they were really subordinate to me, began to avoid me.

And at last something happened that forced me to complain to Cole. He looked at me very strangely. Then he shrugged his shoulders. "What can I do, Miss Morgan?" he asked. "Those fellows have never offended any other woman in this company. If they've heard things about you—if they know what George Converse has been saying—I'm sorry. But it's really not for me to interfere."

I know now how false it is to say that an innocent person can never look guilty! For his insinuation struck me as hard a blow as if he had attacked me physically. And what a terrible position I was in! Who would believe the truth, if I tried to tell it? I knew that there had been stories about George in New York; if I had been named in connection with them, no one would fail to put the worst construction on them.

"What do you mean?" I said, weakly. "I needn't say," he said. "I can see that you know. And I think, Miss Morgan, that you would be happier if you—left us."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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WEST COAST STUDIO JOTTINGS

NEWS OF THE PHOTOPLAYERS IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

By Richard Willis

HARRY MATTHEWS, who has been making pictures with Elsie Albert, Baby Early, and a company of Los Angeles players, at the Millers' Oklahoma Ranch and at San Antonio, Texas, has gone to New York. It is rumored he will again join the Universal but so far it is "rumor" only.

Sydney Hoban, one-time critic on the Sydney (Australian) Mail, was present at the Photoplayers' Wednesday supper, at which Douglas Gerrard presided. Mr. Hoban gave a short speech and recalled meeting Gerrard in Australia. He said he was called "The Duke of Blarney." Gerrard is Irish and a great "jollier."

Elma Clifton who was with Bosworth in "John Barleycorn" and other Jack London productions has joined the Mutual to act juveniles. He is capital in everything he undertakes.

Edna Maison is taking the lead in a one-reeler called "Sisters," at the Universal, doing a strong emotional part which suits her admirably. She has had some beautiful clothes made for this production. Edna has been struggling for some time to get the curl out of her hair. It was a hard job but she has succeeded and her present style of coiffure is very becoming to her.

Calder Johnstone, the writer of Photoplays at the Universal thinks this western country is about right. He has brought his mother on from the east so it looks as though he meant to stay.

Paul Machette, the clever actor who was badly injured by being thrown and trampled on by some horses while working with the Albuquerque company, has not recovered yet. He will not be able to start work again for some time.

"Damon and Pythias" has again been postponed. Instead Otis Turner will put on "The Suburban," a four-reel sporting drama by James Dayton with Herbert Rawlinson and Anna Little in the leads. Jimmy says that this play recalls the palmy days of old Drury Lane; there will be horse races and jockeys and things all through the play.

Oh, you ought to see James, which his other name is Dayton! He is a perfect dream in gray. A specially imported gray hat, suit, tie, gloves, socks and even shoes. His blush is the only vivid touch of color about him, but rose pink and gray go well together anyhow. "Home Chimes."

William Brunton, the well known Kalem juvenile lead, has changed over from J. P. McGowan's company to George Melford. That excellent actor, Bert Hadley, who was with Carlyle Blackwell, has taken his place with McGowan.

Dolly Larkin, who is playing leads with the "Frontier" at Santa Paula, was never on the regular stage but started with the Edison company and has acted with Melles, Pathe, Lubin and the Powers companies.

Willis L. Robards, dramatic director at the "Frontier," has gone to St. Louis to stage a big production. He will return in about a month.

Buck Connors of the Albuquerque company has a new car. They call it the "Red Devil." I had one ride with Buck. S'nuff!

Two overflowing audiences greeted David Griffith's big production "Home, Sweet Home" at the opening of W. H. Clune's Auditorium in Los Angeles, which has a seating capacity of 2600. Everybody who is anybody was there. Mr. Griffith entertained the whole Mutual company.

F. J. Grandon, Selig director, was telling an automobile man how one small incident can make many feet of film mere junk. In a particularly big Indian picture and at the close of a long scene of Indians fighting, an auto came over the brow of a hill. It had been an ox cart, now or a prairie schooner! What did Grandon say? Never mind.

Fred Gamble, the capable character man with Harry Pollard, laughs over an incident of the Freckles series when an auto smashes up a milk wagon belonging to Freckles (Harry Pollard). A countryman saw the ruins and told Gamble that "them automobiles should oughter be more careful" and more of the like. Gamble eventually told him that it was a moving picture and the old fellow was very wrathful and said that moving pictures should not be allowed on the streets at all, fooling honest folks.

Dallin Clawson, camera man par excellence, and recently with the Universal, has gone to Fred Mace at Boyle Heights. Dal is particularly good at light effects and new "stunts."

Max Asher, Joker comedian, actually made himself very sick when he smoked several cigars in an energetic manner in a recent photoplay. Max has our sympathy. We know those property cigars.

Tammany Young of Eddie Dillon's comedy company has taken to himself a wife. He went to New York to get her and everyone is asking her "how she likes the climate here?" She has been in Los Angeles for a few days, you see.

Leo Pierson of Burton King's Usonia company was arrested recently on the charge of "stealing an automobile." He was held, too, until King got down and explained that the auto belonged to him. Leo says he got so angry and confused that he appeared more guilty than not. They say he got quite incoherent and wanted to wipe all the officers off the map.

Little Mary Ruby, playing ingenues with Otis Turner, is studying the 'cello and is a capable musician. She is doing delightful work with Turner and is a comer, sure.

THE MOVIE PICTORIAL made a big hit here in Los Angeles, not only among the players but with the general public. One prominent book store owner said, "Yes, it has certainly taken well. I sold out my copies the first day and could not get any more. Personally I think it's a bright publication and I intend to push it."

In the "Angel of the Gulch," Arthur Mackley and Vesta Pegg essayed a fall down a mountain side locked in each others arms. They intended to go about 12 feet but the descent being precipitous, they did not stop until the bottom was reached. They shook themselves and counted scratches and then Mackley said, "Darn it—it's a retake!"

Hershal Mayall, the Kay Bee—Bronco actor, is regarded as the official toaster at the Photoplayers Club. He has a magnificent delivery and commands attention, a thing peculiarly essential at the club suppers. By the way, Lee Moran and Eddie Lyons are "interrupters in chief."

Anna May Walthall, a pretty southern girl and a sister to Henry B. Walthall, the Mutual star, is acting with the Keystone forces. She thinks, with others, that Harry is the best actor of them all.

One of the most popular actors at the Universal studios is "Pard," the beautiful collie dog owned by J. Warren Kerrigan. Pard loves to pose. He seems to be quite conscious of what he is doing and does not try to run off or look at the camera man. Pard is just now appearing with his master in a two-reel drama called "The Golden Ladder," by Jacques Jackard.

Morgan Wallace, who was for a long time directing for Oliver Morosco at the Burbank Theatre, is now directing for the Keystone company. Going over to motion pictures is becoming quite a habit with Morosco's stage managers.

Poor Nick Cogley, who sustained a compound fracture in his leg in a Keystone picture six months ago, paid his first visit to the studios this week to see old friends. He is on crutches and it will be some time before he is able to act again.

Much nonsense has been published regarding the relations of Mabel Normand and Marie Dressler. They are positively not scratching each other's eyes out, but in a week or so's time they will engage in a battle royal at Ascot Park, near Los Angeles. They will drive their own cars in an automobile race.

Bert Bracken, who is producing for the Balboa company is of Scotch American descent with a strain of American Indian. He says he is a real American. He certainly turns out some fine American photoplays.

Wallace Reid, who was directing and acting at the Universal, has joined the Mutual forces where he will play juvenile leads. Dorothy Davenport will enjoy a rest before starting in again. A mighty nice clever young couple.

Bert Bracken and company of the Balboa have been enjoying the snows in the mountains. Bert says it is almost uncanny to see snow at this time of year and so near home, too.

Bess Meredyth has been ill. She caught a chill staying in the water too long with all her clothes on. She was away for a week and says she still "feels like a rag."

Johnnie Brennan, the comedian with Kalem, is daily watching and waiting for his car which is on the way from France. It is a Peugeot, or some such name, and the husky John E. is ready to step on the throttle when the big car arrives. He will certainly show the fast ones some dust.

A. W. Coldewey, script reader at the Universal, has moved down to the seashore at Santa Monica, where he says he will swim every morning to get into condition to read the hundreds of scenario scripts that are sent in.

Grace Cunard has received a present from home, one of those gifts which no money can purchase. It is a hand-worked lace dress and according to those who know (feminine persons) it is "a dream." It took the dear lady who made it many months of loving labor to complete it. It will not be worn in pictures.

Carlyle Blackwell, Harold Lockwood, and Russell Bassett all write from the Famous Plays studio and all seem very happy. All are boosting "Sunny California" and its climate.

Adele Lane of Seligs is at rest again. Rosalie is back. You see, Rosalie is a colored maid who knows Miss Lane's ways and who loves her mistress. Rosalie was sick and is well again.

Pauline Bush is taking a holiday in the North with her mother. She is probably thinking up some new ideas and brushing up her music.

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| "Her Brother's Voice" | Selig |
| "The Little Stocking" | Imp |
| "A Motorcycle Elopement" | Biograph |
| "Downfall of Mr. Snop" | Powers |
| "The Red Trail" | Biograph |
| "Insanity" | Lubin |
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WHOS' WHO In The PHOTOPLAYS

SHORT BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF THE PLAYERS

JULIA STUART was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, and was a child actress in England and Scotland for several seasons before coming to America while still a young girl.



Among the famous stars with whom she has appeared are E. H. Sothern, Salvini, Clara Morris, Kate Claxton, Robert Edson, and for two seasons she headed her own company and then appeared as Glory Quayle in "The Christian" under the management of Liebler & Company. In December of 1910 she joined the other picture makers at the Lubin studios in Philadelphia, and a year later went over to Eclair at Fort Lee, New Jersey, where she still is being featured. Gardening, automobiling and painting are her favorite amusements.

HENRY GASELL, the leading juvenile of the Crystal Company, declares he owes all he knows about pictures to J. A. Golden of the Crystal, as that is the only picture studio in which he has worked, though his stage experience has been a long and varied one. Born in Los Angeles, California, in 1888, he made his debut with a stock company in that city in 1907. Later he went on the road with such stars as Lily Langtry, Charles L. Fletcher, Edwin Holt and Beulah Poynter. He also played in stock in Cleveland, Milwaukee and with the College Stock in Chicago.



RAYMOND MCKEE, the eccentric light comedy star of the Lubin forces stationed at Jacksonville, Florida, is proud of the fact that he was born in Chicago and first appeared on the legitimate stage in "Grit, the Newsboy." He has since played with Robert Hilliard in "A Fool There Was" and with Trixie Friganza in "The Sweetest Girl in Paris," but thoroughly enjoys his work with the Lubin forces, where he has been for the last three years.



WILLIAM WADSWORTH, who plays the title roles in all of the "Wood W. Wedd" series of Edison comedies, wasn't always the sort of a comedian he is now, for once upon a time he was capable of work of the most serious sort, appearing with such dignified stars as Otis Skinner (with whom he made his debut in 1894), Guy Bates Post, Annie Russell, Blanche Walsh, Modjeska, Mrs. Fiske and James K. Hackett. However, the comedy roles were assigned him when he took up work in the Edison studios and on account of his wonderful ability to express a great deal with apparently a surprisingly little effort, he made good in a sort of roles which were new to him, but which placed him in the front rank of photoplay stars almost immediately. Pigeon Cove, Massachusetts, was his birthplace and motor-boating is his favorite diversion.



LULE WARRENTON, leading character woman of the Universal Company under the direction of Henry McRae, made her stage debut when but a child, with her father, who was known as "Kelly, the Minstrel Man." A few weeks later she toured Great Britain as a reader and lecturer and returned to America to tour three seasons in Canada. She was an instructor in elocution at Notre Dame College and then resumed her travels with various Shakespearean repertoire companies. For more than seven years she directed and starred in her own companies in Winnipeg and other Western cities. Some two years ago she signed a Universal contract and has since been appearing in the movies. At present she is a prominent member of a company which has been sent to the Hawaiian Islands and will appear in regular stage productions evening and during the day enact motion pictures.



BILLIE WEST is not alone a player but also a writer of scenarios for motion pictures. After several seasons in musical comedy stock both in New York and St. Louis, Miss West was engaged for picture work by the Vitaphone Company, and from there went to the Pathe studio. Later she went to California to appear in Kay Bee productions, joined the American for a five months' engagement and then signed her present contract with the Majestic Film Company. She is a splendid horsewoman, has a fad for antique furniture, loves babies, and is an expert fencer and swimmer.



ARTHUR HOUSEMAN of the Edison Company, who is known to every picture fan as an eccentric comedian of exceptional ability, was born in New York City and made his first stage appearance in musical comedy following that with work in vaudeville. The pictures claimed him in 1910 when he went to the Edison studio and he now enjoys film work far more than he ever did playing on the legitimate stage. He is at present at the South Jacksonville, Florida, studio of the Edison Company.



Florida, studio of the Edison Company.

EASTERN STUDIO NEWS

GOSSIP OF THE PLAYERS IN AND AROUND NEW YORK

MARY FULLER spent several days at Atlantic City during the latter part of May, and, though the season was early for it, she went in swimming. But her greatest enjoyment was derived from riding and she made the stretch of the long beach, skirting the boardwalk many times. At the opening of the summer season, June 1, riding on the beach is forbidden.

E. K. Lincoln and the other members of the Photo Play Productions Company are greeting their friends on Broadway after the two months' stay in Florida, in the making of "The Littlest Rebel" picture.

King Baggot modestly confesses to the authorship of the scenario for "Jim Web, Senator," a two reel film in which the popular King is seen as a politician who keeps straight. He is also seen as a convincing and masterful lover. The role is one in which King's admirers particularly admire him.

Anna Laughlin is the likable young lady who plays the role of Bess Allen in "The Greyhound," filmed by the Life-Photo Film Corporation. She is best known to Broadway for her successes in "The Wizard of Oz" and "The Top of the World."

Gaby Deslys will be seen in a Famous Players' feature to be made in Paris, shortly, by Edwin S. Porter and Hugh Ford. What is lost to the film by virtue of the silence of the Gaby voice, will be made up for by the Gaby smile and the Gaby personality, both of which are charming and so Parisian.

Arthur V. Johnson, motored into New York recently from the Lubin Philadelphia plant. The "joyous" weather, as Mr. Johnson described it, was the inspiration for the trip and it also accounted for the beautiful blisters on the backs of both hands. The Screen club, as usual, was Johnson's destination.

Viola Dana, an actress of the legitimate stage and of "The Poor Little Rich Girl," fame has joined the Edison players at their Bronx studio. Miss Dana is a little girl, exceptionally pretty, and full of fun and friendship.

Octavia Handworth, formerly of the Pathe Company, is the star of the new Excelsior Company, which is busily at work on a multiple-reel feature picture at their studio at Lake Placid, N. Y.

Muriel Ostriche's working costume for many days has been a gingham dress and a sun-bonnet, and each morning, early, she has been whizzed away with other Princess players to a quarry near New Rochelle, where the stirring scenes of a picture have been in the making. "The quarry's so hot and the ride's so long; besides I don't like to wear a gingham dress all the time," is Muriel's plaint. She hopes that the picture will soon be finished.

Boyd Marshall is another who has gone forth to the quarry scene each morning. "I wouldn't mind, only—Gee whiz! It's hot," is Boyd's reason for hoping there will be no re-takes.

Herbert Brenon, who directed the making of the big Production "Neptune's Daughter," which features Annette Kellerman and in which he himself takes part, is resting on his farm in Fairhope, Ala. The injuries Mr. Brenon received in the taking of this picture have proved bothersome, but he reports that the rest is putting him in good condition for an early resumption of work with the Universal Company.

Ethel Grandin has perfected a recipe for a "hot day salad." She claims it has an unusually soothing effect on tired nerves and is liberal with invitations to friends to sample it. She doesn't remember the recipe off-hand, but is willing to "write it down" for anybody who would like to try it. It might be interesting to note that she has named it the "Imp salad."

Florence LaBadie and Marguerite Snow give an enthusiastic account of their trip to the Chicago picture ball. "But we were shocked to find that they don't dance in their big restaurants and hotels," was Miss LaBadie's one regretful remark.

Florence Turner writes from England of the warm reception she is receiving in the Turner Films. The work which made her the beloved of American picture-goers, is gaining for her the enthusiasm of European spectators, though of course she was well-known to picture fans there while working in Vitagraph films. She is a little lady who has a universal following.

Betty Harte, whose work in Selig pictures gained her prominence more than a year ago, recently appeared to advantage in the Famous Players' film, "A Woman's Triumph," and is now in the Bermudas in a production being made by the Victor company. Miss Harte holds a warm place in the hearts of photoplay fans, though her affiliations lately have been so numerous and changeable, it has been difficult work keeping track of her.

Anita Stewart, who contributed greatly to the success of the "A Million Bid" film at the Vitagraph theatre, is again delighting audiences at that theatre. This time she is in a two-reel comedy skit, "Wife Wanted." She watched the introduction of the bill to a Broadway first-night from a box at the right of the screen and the merriment which attended the film's showing was sufficient to convince pretty Anita that she is a "go" whether in drama or comedy.

Billy Quirk is chief mirth-maker in the same film. It is good to see Billy again and to be entertained by his funny tricks of gesture and facial expression. Billy, also, was somewhere in the audience. So was Ralph Ince, who directed the picture and played opposite Billy.

William Shay, whom everybody was pleased to see with Annette Kellerman in the "Neptune's Daughter" film, declares that his recent ten days' rest at Atlantic City was the only alternative a hospital presented. "Anything but a hospital as a rest-cure," decided Mr. Shay and so he resigned himself to being wheeled on the boardwalk from end to end for ten consecutive days.

Florence Lawrence has a new car; it is one built after her own design and has "Comfort First" as its fundamental quality. It is equipped with a make-up table, to be used on hurried trips for exterior scenes and with a little compartment which makes impromptu tea-making simple. But its "piece de resistance" is a couch which can be folded up or down and is guaranteed to make traveling as restful as sleeping.

William Riley Hatch is a new addition to the Pathe stock company. Those who saw Mr. Hatch in "Paid in Full" and other films of the All Star brand will receive this news with interest.

Earl Metcalf is again in the east after months of "filming it," as Mr. Metcalf puts it, in Florida. He received a jovial welcome at the Screen Club and the other places he has visited.

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INFORMATION DEPARTMENT

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ABOUT PLAYS AND PLAYERS

WILLIAM K., PITTSBURG, PA.—No, Lubin has not yet released the Romaine Fielding feature entitled "The Golden God," but it ought to be coming through soon now.

"GIRLIE," ASTORIA, L. I.—Awfully sorry to disappoint you, but we don't have cast sheets on Warner's Feature Films' productions, and it was through that distributing agency that the picture called "Through the Fires of Temptation" was released. As to the player whose name you mention, we'll also have to confess ignorance. He certainly can't be cast for leading roles—perhaps he's only a "supe."

PERCIVAL K., LANSING, MICH.—H. S. Mack was the hero in Biograph's "In His Father's House." Mildred Hutchinson was "Audry" in Pathe's "The President's Pardon."

HARRY M., WATERLOO, IOWA.—Yes, the Mary Alden, who plays "Mother" in "The Battle of the Sexes" was once with the Rameo Company, though she has been with Mutual for some months now.

MARY J., BUTTE, MONT.—You were misinformed when you were told that the moonlight effects in pictures were caused by projecting that portion of the film through a blue shaded filter attached to the front of the projection machine. No such equipment is necessary. The film itself is tinted blue at the factory or laboratory where the films are developed and the positive prints made.

"BUSINESS," SUPERIOR, WIS.—Yes, there are several styles of small projecting machines now on the market. A few which we might mention are the Phantoscope, the Edison Home Projector, the Kineclaire, the Bing, and the Victor Animatograph. We wouldn't care, however, to recommend any particular one of them. Watch a demonstration and then decide for yourself.

"CUPID," RACINE, WIS.—Yes, Alice Joyce and Tom Moore are husband and wife. They have no children as they have only been married a few weeks.

J. G. T., CHICAGO, ILL.—We don't usually decide bets, but you lose if you think Edward Coxen made his film debut with American. He was with Kalem before joining the "Flying A." Thanks for the compliments on "Movie Pictorial"—we're trying hard to grow better with each number and believe we can succeed.

JERRY, SPOKANE, WASH.—Helen Holmes was the girl in Kalem's "The Runaway Freight." Irving Cummings is with Thanhouser now, not Pathe.

ANNA M., DENVER, COL.—Seems to me you are getting to be a pretty regular correspondent, but never mind as long as you stick to questions. Harry Carey was the tramp in Biograph's "The Mirror." Yes, the Klaw and Erlanger films were taken in the Biograph studios, by the same Biograph Company that makes the regular Biograph films.

K. K. K., FARMINGTON, MINN.—Boyd Marshall played opposite Muriel Ostriche in Princess' "His Imaginary Family." We know Boyd will be glad to hear that you like his playing. Dolly Larkin was the wife in Lubin's "The Locked Door."

LESLIE C., NEW ORLEANS, LA.—Frances Ne-Moyer is the actress in "A Winning Mistake." Guess you mean Rosemary Theby and Harry Myers in Lubin's "The Moth." Yes, Phillips Smalley is married to Lois Weber.

CLARA B., BOSTON, MASS.—It wouldn't be fair to tell how that Keystone effect was obtained, because then you wouldn't be mystified as to how it was done when they do it again, which would spoil all the fun, don't you think? Certainly Roscoe Arbuckle is still with Keystone. He can't appear in every one of them, though.

CECELIA B., DALLAS, TEXAS.—Gwendoline Pates is no longer with Pathe. You can reach her by addressing her, care of the Selig Polyscope Company, Chicago, Ill.

MRS. D. L., MILWAUKEE, WIS.—Your inquiry as to why David Belasco productions have not been secured for motion pictures comes at just the right moment for us to answer that the Jesse L. Lasky Feature Film Company has within the past few weeks arranged with David Belasco to reproduce all of his successes in motion pictures. Most of the productions will be made in a studio to be erected near New York City, but "The Darling of the Gods" will be filmed in Japan.

PHOTOPLAY FACT, WILMINGTON, DEL.—The first of the new Alice Joyce series to be produced by Kalem is entitled "Nina of the Theater," released on Monday, June 8.

HAZEL V., WILMINGTON, DEL.—The characters appearing in Pathe's two-reel feature, "The War of the Lilliputians," are not children but dwarfs. King Micros in that picture is thirty-six inches in height while Princess Piccolina is portrayed by a little lady who measures only twenty-two inches. King Cigas is a player over six feet in height.

KATHLYN DE L., NEW YORK CITY.—Jack Standing of the Pathe Company is English, not Russian. His father, Henry Standing, was a well known actor of the old school and Jack has been leading man with such celebrities as Mrs. Leslie Carter, Margaret Anglin and Olga Nethersole.

ELSIE K., OWATONNA, MINN.—The wayward girl in the 101 Bison film "The Triumph of Mind" was Agnes Vernon. Will Shearer is the uncle in Eclair's "In a Persian Garden."

STELLA S., SAN JOSE, CAL.—"Ethythe" in the Frontier drama "The Sheriff's Story" is played by two different actresses. When the picture first begins "Ethythe" is played by Florine Garland, but in the sheriff's story when the "Ethythe" of thirty years ago is mentioned the role is played by Edythe Sterling. The Sterling kid pictures are directed by Robert Thornby.

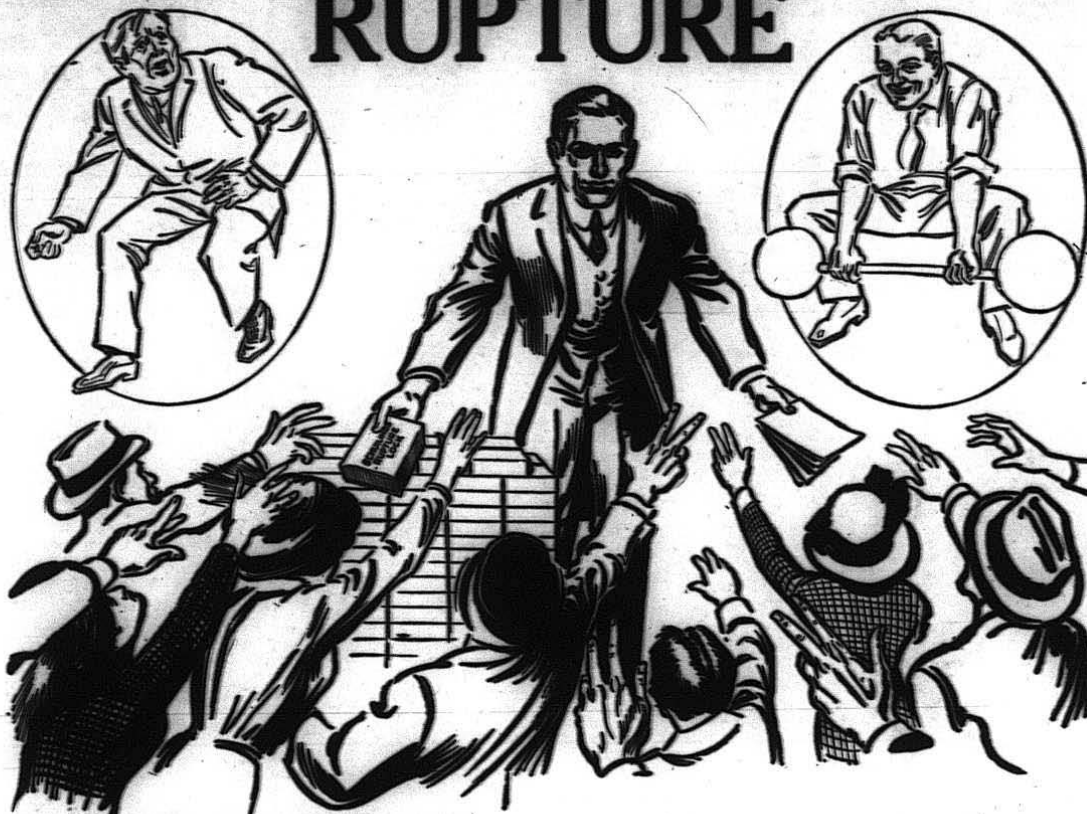
B. H., MONTREAL, CANADA.—Wherever did you dig up such a bunch of old ones. We had a hunt and a half to find even the release dates of the films you ask about, but here you are. Donald MacDonald was the new minister in the Nester drama "A Man of the People" and Ramona Langley was "Nell" in the same picture. William Worthington was "the stranger" in Victor's "The Restless Spirit." Yes this was the first film in which Warren Kerrigan appeared for Universal. Tony Jeanette was the race driver in "The Black Masks" (101 Bison).

CISSIE MAC D., BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Good Lord, what next! First it's names of players and now horses. However, you happened to ask us one we know so you are forgiven this time. The white Arabian horse seen in Director McRae's Universal pictures is named "Rajah" and not "Shep." You must have been thinking of the Vitagraph dog. It's name is "Shep."

REX O'P., LINCOLN, NEB.—The educational film entitled "The Bee Industry" was released by Universal, not Mutual. It was a Powers brand subject and probably you will find it "out" of the exchanges to which you may apply for information as to where it can be seen, for it was released way along last October and exchanges seldom keep prints on hand that long.

"THREE GIRLS," SCRANTON, PA.—Stuart Holmes is the Rameo leading man and Mary Alden, who used to play opposite him, is now with the Mutual.

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"The use of this vibrator has effected some remarkable results of rheumatism, headaches, etc. We also use it for weak, granulated or watery eyes."

"No doubt you will be glad the learn of my success in restoring my hearing."

"I was a nervous wreck. Today I can honestly say that I am relieved from my nervous trouble entirely."

"I have used it for nasal catarrh and watery eyes and headache and it has helped them."

"I have used it for stomach trouble. It has relieved me from chronic constipation of over 3 years' standing."

"It has relieved me of indigestion and indigestion."

"My husband who was a sufferer of Lumbago at intervals always gets relief from the vibration."

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"I find your vibrator a wonderful thing for all ailments. It helps me wonderfully."

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"I shall never get passing your machine. It is a wonder to me. I have been living on medicine for just six years of my life and now I don't have to take any at all."

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—Kellogg.

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—Butler, "Internal Medicine."

It is recognized by the medical profession at large that pressure and massage cause absorption.
—Osler.

Electro-vibratory massage produces at once the warm, prickling, burning sensation, and the reaction is always pleasant and agreeable.
—Herdman.

Take care of your skin. Massage is a wonderful help.
—Prof. Hindhead.

Vibration or mechanical massage, as a placebo, is very good; as a stimulant in general I consider it good. The pneumatic vibrations of the tympanic membrane has restored good hearing to myself and many others.
—"Massage in Trauma," by Ferd. Engelbrechtson.

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June 20, 1914

MOVIE PICTORIAL

THE UP-TO-THE-MINUTE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

Chicago and New York



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¶ The explorers will sail from San Francisco July 22, for Sydney, Australia. From there they will cross the hitherto unexplored Northern Territory Desert in Australia. One of the interesting features of this trip will be the scientific study of tribes of natives that have never seen a white man.

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MOVIE PICTORIAL

Edited by ROY S. HANFORD

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A STORY OF THE

Motion Picture Convention in New York City

THE SECOND INSTALLMENT OF THE

Autobiography of Kathlyn Williams

How Natural Effects are Obtained in the Movies

AND

An article by WM. J. BURNS, THE GREAT DETECTIVE, in which he tells what he thinks of the movies

THE JULY Photoplay Magazine

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a complete novelette from the Lasky Feature Film—tells the amazing story of an expert crook.

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another complete novelette tells an entrancing story of the sunny South. It is written from the American Film featuring Vivian Rich, and is full of real life.

There are interviews with
Francis X. Bushman
Alice Joyce
Robert Leonard
Marguerite Courtot
and
Buck Connors

A very special article by Johnson Briscoe on "Why Film Favorites Forsook Footlights' Fascinations for Filmdom Fame."

These features, together with the Art section of Photoplayers, the Photoplaywright's Dept.—and a Hundred Pictures

—other good things too numerous to mention, all appear in the July issue of Photoplay Magazine.

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Saturday, June

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THE MOVIE PICTORIAL

VOLUME I

CHICAGO, JUNE 20, 1914

NUMBER 7

"A Singular Cynic" And a Capricious Coquette

"MY DEAR Florence," said Fred Stratton easily, "of course you're right—a thousand times! I agree with you absolutely. It's absurd for Brant to keep pestering you to make up your mind—or for any man to try to make a woman do that. She can't!"

Florence Welton looked at him curiously. She was a very pretty girl—and her prettiness wasn't the only asset she had. She was clever, too. But now she was puzzled. And she was clever enough to admit it to herself. Stratton, her brother's best friend, always puzzled her. For one thing, he never made love to her, as most of the men she knew did. He was always saying things like that to her, and in such a way that she never was certain of how to take him—whether he was serious, or in jest.

And perhaps it was because of this very quality in him that she had turned to him for sympathy now. Well as she knew him, or, rather, long as she had known him, Florence had never quite reached the footing of easy intimacy with Stratton that existed between her and most of the men she knew. He was always just a little bit tolerant, just a little bit superior. He was by way of being cynical, in any case, especially in his attitude toward women. Though he was more than well off, and too, more than passably good looking, Stratton had never married, and sometimes Florence felt that something should be done about it. He was in danger of being classed as an ineligible bachelor—a calamity in her eyes.

"I can make up my mind when I'm ready," said Florence, after a little pause, during which she had thought over the way Stratton had spoken. "But to ask me to choose between two men when I don't want to marry either of them! It's none of Brant's business whom I marry—or if I marry, at all."

"He's your trustee and he's got to approve of any matrimonial undertaking before you get your share of the estate," Stratton reminded her. "It's his business to that extent. And, as I understand it, he wishes you'd marry either Boyd or this Russian, Count Skovoff. He says he can stand for either of them, which is more than he could have in the case of most of the men you've allowed to hang around." Her eyes flashed dangerously, and he threw up his hands, in mock terror. "I'm

By BRUCE WESTFALL

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE VICTOR FILM



And There They Were, the Three of Them

only quoting him, remember!" he said, hastily. "I don't say those are my sentiments."

"I believe they are, just the same," she said, stamping with her foot angrily. "And what did you mean by what you said just now? that I couldn't make up my mind—that no woman could?"

"Do you really want to know?" The mocking light was fairly dancing in his eyes. "I—I don't know whether I should tell you or not. But, yes, I'll chance it! You ought to be able to guess, though. You're bright enough, in your superficial way, your superficial, feminine way, Florence! You can't make up what you haven't got, can you? And when was a woman ever known to have a mind, a real, working, eight hour a day mind?"

"You brute!" Florence was on her feet in a moment, glaring at him. "Oh! You're just trying to make me angry, so that you can sit back, in that supercilious, self-satisfied way. You like people to think you're a cynic, don't you? But I'll make you sorry for that! They say every cynic is a sentimentalist at heart—and that means he's a fool! I'll—oh, I'll show you what you really are!"

Then she fled. Had she stayed she would have broken down and cried—because she was so angry. And she realized, excited as she was, that Fred Stratton had already triumphed over her sufficiently without that added satisfaction. As it was, when she turned for a final

look at him, he was laughing, and talking in low tones to the coiffe that was his constant companion.

Brant Welton found him, still chuckling.

"Well, what's the joke?" he said. "Hang it, Fred, those two fools Florence has on the string are coming again, together. More pleasant diversions! They'll sit around and glare at one another, and Florence will fool them both to the top of their bent! It makes me tired! She's behaving outrageously, and I'm getting sick of it. She ought to choose between them or send them both packing. They're giving me the willies!"

"Why don't you assert your authority, then?" asked Stratton with a smile.

"And ditch the whole thing? Lord, don't you know her well enough to understand that that would just make her more perverse! I don't know what to do!"

"Well, then, if you're afraid to assert your

authority, use a little diplomacy! Put up a game on her! Make her come to a decision, but don't let her know you're making her! Get these addle-pated lovers of hers together, and make them understand that if they don't go in on the game you'll set the dog on them. It's your place, isn't it?"

"Yes, but,—I don't understand. How would you go about it?"

"That's easy! Let's see. You can't get a woman through an appeal to her reason. She hasn't got any! That's about what I told Florence just before you turned up, it's why she was so mad! You've got to strike at her through the emotions. She's got an overdose of them, you see. It's the way she's made, poor thing. She's not to be blamed for it, and, bless 'em, I wouldn't have the dear things any different! Think of Florence as a reasoning, logical creature! It's as easy to think of her with her hair brushed back and heelless shoes and eyeglasses!"

"That's all right, but what's the idea?" "Go for her emotions. See? A woman's got two particularly strong instincts. You can appeal to one by the cave man stuff. The other is the desire to be protected, to have a man be gentle, curbing the wild impulses of his nature. If one doesn't work, the other one does. So we'll have one of these chaps kidnap her, and pull the rough stuff. He'll represent the cave man, he'll be the primitive man, pulling her

off by the hair, and all that sort of thing. He could kidnap her, not too roughly, and carry her off to a secluded house, and keep her a prisoner. Only there'd be a regular chaperone, and it would be all right. That would give him his chance. And then, if she didn't fall for that, the other fellow could come along, rescue her with a display of great gallantry, and then pull the gentle stop. You get her going and coming. She's bound to fall for one thing or the other!"

"H'm!" Welton frowned, considering. "Doesn't sound as mad as most of your ideas, I'll admit! Think we could make those two yaps agree to it?"

"If you can't I'll wash my hands of you!" said Stratton. "You can threaten to give them the gate, they'll come round fast enough then. Question is, which gets the first shot? They'll have to toss up for that."

Crazy as the idea sounded, Stratton's enthusiasm and his persistence carried the day.

"It's got to be done!" he said. "Lord, it's sickening! Today I was sitting with the dog, on the steps of the summer house. And there they were, the three of them! Boyd and your Russian pal—one happy, the other glaring, and Florence looking wickedly flirtatious."

The great objection came from the Russian. But it was Florence herself, curiously enough, who won him over. He came to Welton and Stratton, an hour after he had indignantly refused to play his part. His feelings had been hurt, and his dignity ruffled, and he hadn't been brought up to stand for anything like that.

"It is too much!" he said. "I was declaring myself, for the hundredth time, messieurs! I knelt at her feet, with clasped hands! And when I would pour out my love—she filled my mouth with grapes!"

Stratton and Welton had to laugh. But they were glad enough that the Russian had yielded. As for Boyd, he had agreed almost at once.

"I'll try anything, once!" he said. "I can't stand this much longer!"

So Stratton spun a coin, and Boyd called "Heads!" It fell tails. So the Russian was cast as the cave man. Stratton coached him in his part.

"Tell her you've been insulted," he said. "Muss her up a little, not enough to hurt her, but just to show her you mean it! Get her on the beach and carry her off to your car. Welton's taken that empty place of Hudnut's for the play, and we'll have Mrs. Armour there as a chaperone. She can pretend to be kidnapped, too. You get a fair chance first, then Boyd gets his innings. He comes in and beats you up (you'll have to rehearse that a little). Then he carries her away, the chivalrous knight, rescuing the lady in distress, and all that. But if you've got any gumption you win now—and Boyd will never get a chance."

"I think I understand," said the bewildered Russian. "But your American speech—it is not like what I learned from my tutor, who taught me your language."

"I suppose not," said Stratton. "Still, as long as you catch the general drift, the details don't matter so much. You want to get this worked out right away, the sooner you pull it off the sooner we'll have it over. Let's see—three days ought to be enough for you, I think. Then we'll turn Boyd loose. You and he might have a real fight. That would be pretty likely to show which she liked best."

And so, according to schedule, the mock kidnapping was carried out. And Stratton and Welton, much amused, got reports at once of how the affair was going.

"She is very angry," the Rus-

MUSIC AND THE MOVIES

THERE is perhaps no more deeply rooted conviction in the mind of the average person than that he doesn't care for "classical" music.

And it is almost impossible to give a person something he thinks he doesn't want.

But, some time ago a few of the better class motion picture houses began to employ really good orchestras to play really good music.

Did the average person get up and leave? Not at all!

He didn't know he was listening to "classical" music because his whole attention was focused on the film; he was semi-consciously aware that he was listening to some music.

Gradually, however, he changed from indifference to liking and from liking to appreciation.

He didn't know it until he went into a theatre that had poor music, and then he realized that, unknown to him, his musical education had begun; that his taste for "popular" music was gone.

Is not the day rapidly approaching when the call for good music at all the picture houses will have to be heeded?

sian told them, disconsolately. "She says I may keep her there until she dies, but she will never change her mind. That is sometimes. Sometimes, she just laughs at me! I do not understand her."

"She laughs, does she?" said Stratton, with a frown. "That doesn't look so good! I thought she'd get excited. I think you've bungled this somehow, Skovoff. Have you scared her? Did you make her understand

that this was earnest, the real thing? Or did you treat her like a hothouse flower?"

"I did not forget that I was a gentleman," said the Russian stiffly.

"Oh, Lord," groaned Stratton. "That wasn't the idea! You've been a gentleman, right along. And what did you get out of that? Not a thing! Your play was to be a bold, bad marauder. You were to slough off all the civilization your family's been accumulating, and drag her around by the hair. Probably you've been going down on your knees some more. Haven't you?"

"I—and if I did!"

"I knew it! You ought to have tied her to a chain, or something and then stood off and sneered at her! 'Aha, me proud beauty, that was your line of dope! Now I have you in me power!' What's the use of inventing a perfectly good conspiracy when you can't play your part? I thought better of you, Skovoff! You're not living up to your opportunities at all. Why, coming from a country where they send people to Siberia if the fourth assistant secretary of the rubbish hauler to the valet of the Czar's dogs doesn't like their neckties, you ought to have had Boyd out of the running entirely by this time. You ought to have had the lady scared to death, instead of which she's probably laughing at you."

"I will try again," said Skovoff, simply, and went off, to be a cave man.

"Not a chance," said Stratton. "Well, that's half your chance gone, Brant. It's all up to Boyd, now. Still, if he plays his part, he ought to land her. And there's some chance to get some technique into Boyd. He can understand what I say to him, anyhow, though I think he's a good deal of an ass."

"They're both decent chaps and—that's all I care about," said Welton. "She's a big responsibility, Fred, I can tell you that. And if she marries some fairly good chap, like either of these, I won't have to worry about her any more."

"Yes, I see that," said Stratton. "Well, Boyd gets his shot tomorrow. Then we'll know."

The next day, about the time when the rescue was to be staged, Stratton wandered off along the beach, with his dog. Somehow, he did not want to be around when Boyd brought Florence home. He didn't analyze his feeling; he simply wanted to be away. And, taking a book he found a shady spot, and sat down. The dog wandered away, but Stratton paid no attention to him. He was in the habit, like most collies, of taking long walks, by himself, and he always came back.

This time, when the dog returned, he was not barking. Instead, he trotted up, and, with every sign of wanting to make his master understand something, laid down a little leather covered book. This Stratton took up, with a smile.

"Been stealing, eh?" he said. "Well, I'll have to try to find out whose it is, so that I can return it."

He opened the pages idly; then he started. It was a diary; the writing was that of Florence Welton. And, at the entries for the last few days, as he read them, all of Stratton's habitual calm deserted him. He stared at them incredulously first; then, as he read them again, he colored.

"Good Heavens!" he said to himself. "She feels like that—about me! And I helped to play this trick on her, was back of the whole thing! I've been a beast!"

He looked at his watch.

"I may be in time yet!" he said. "Boyd was never late, or early!"

And, as quickly as he could, he made his way to the house where Florence was a prisoner.



And When I Would Pour Out My Love, She Filled My Mouth with Grapes



Stanton's Collie Turned His Back on Them a Little Later. He Decided It Would be Safe to Watch Them

He knew where to find her; he had ordered the arrangements for her rescue by Boyd. And he knew that she would be in a certain room, easily reached by a ladder. He was immensely relieved, when he reached the place, to see that Boyd had not yet arrived. He got the ladder out; two minutes later he faced Florence in the room where the rescue was to be staged.

"Oh," she said, "you came, did you? Is that my book?"

"Yes!" he said. "Blessed little book! Oh, Florence, what a lucky chance gave it to me!"

"She looked at him curiously.

"Get me away from this dreadful place," she said. "Hurry, hurry!"

"Can you come down this ladder?" he asked. She proved it a moment later. And when they were on the ground he took her hand.

"Come on," he said. "We don't want to be seen here."

They made good speed to the beach, and there the dog greeted them happily.

"We can sit down and rest now," he said. "Florence, I never guessed—the things you'd written in that book—I couldn't—"

"I should hope not!" she said. Suddenly her laughter pealed out. "Oh, what a wonderful cynic! To be taken in by a silly girl, without any brains at all."

His jaw dropped, and he stared at her. "How did you know where to find me?" she asked. "Didn't you think about that? Did you suppose that I didn't know the whole plot within half an hour? Did you think I didn't guess you had made it up? No one else could have thought of anything so silly!"

"But, the diary!" he said, weakly.

"I saw the dog and I thought of sending that to you," she said. "I thought it would bring you! I suppose Mr. Boyd was to figure in this little melodrama in some fashion later on, and I thought I'd spoil that!"

He looked at her helplessly.

"I was wrong," he said. "You have got brains!"

For the sheer comfort of the distraction it brought, he looked again at the diary.

"It looks quite real, as if I meant it, doesn't it?" she taunted. "Oh, how easily you were trapped, Mr. Cynic!"

But suddenly his eyes blazed.

"Florence!" he said. "You thought of this plan when you saw the dog! But, this diary has been written up every day! The ink gets a little darker each day. I know that ink! You—you did mean it!"

She was on her feet, then, too. But she could not meet his eyes.

Then the dog turned his back on them.

Play Ball!

CALIFORNIA has a new baseball league which is creating no end of interest. It is called the Movie League and is made up of a half dozen teams from as many different moving picture companies, entered to compete for a silver cup put up by one of the Los Angeles dealers. The six teams are called: R. and M. (Reliance—Majestic) Keystone, American, Universal City, Universal Studios, and Balboa.

Ford Sterling of the Universal Studio team—shown in the picture—is an old leaguer, and one or two other members of this particular team have played professional ball. Pretty Vicky Forde keeps the boys up to the mark, and rates them soundly when they don't play as she knows they can and should. Vicky used to play with the boys around



Top Row: Beverly Griffith, Business Manager; Herbert Davidson; George Marshall, Manager; Ford Sterling; Charles Giblin; Joe King; Fred J. Malinowski, President Sterling Company. Middle Row: Frank Lloyd, Eddie Lyons; Victoria Ford (Spencer); Leo Moran; Earl Page (Captain). Bottom Row: Harry Tenbrook; "Bobby" Fisher—Mascot.

her home and even now, dignified young lady though she is, she sometimes joins in a practice game.

Most of the Los Angeles games are played at Vernon. The Balboa company contemplates building a pavilion and dedicating a field for their players and the American Company is holding a big theatrical entertainment to raise money, with the people of Santa Barbara behind them to a man.

Certainly the league was a splendid idea and is likely to grow to large proportions on the coast. In a short time the scouts of the National, American, and Federal leagues will have to keep their eyes on the promising young players of the Movie League. Who knows but that they will find another Ty Cobb!

The Business of Being Funny

Which Means Merely Being John Bunny

By MONTE M. KATTERJOHN

peasants had heard of him. They had watched him in the pictures. Talk about your coronations, durbars and inaugurations! They are not in it with the spontaneous homage paid to John Bunny. The whole world knows him."

Mr. Farnum is not alone in his opinion of "the genial John." John Palmer, the fa-

Alexander. He is even more famous than Harry Lauder. Not to know Mr. Bunny argues oneself unknown—at any rate amongst that vast public which pays sixpence for a stall. Mr. Bunny's fame is international. It transcends the barriers of land and race."

Did you ever hear a criticism that could equal it? Wait! Here's the rest.

"When Mr. Bunny laughs, people from San Francisco to Stegney Green laugh with him. When Mr. Bunny frowns, every kingdom of the earth is contracted in one brow of woe. When Mr. Bunny shuts one eye, the old world and the new wink familiarly back. When Mr. Bunny is perplexed, a grimace of tortured bafflement puckers town and country. Yet, though Mr. Bunny is a universal friend, and the most famous man in all the world, his lovers never see him, or hear his voice; his admirers are content, indeed, they are compelled, to worship and to watch his shadow."

He does make you laugh, always, no matter how you feel, whether you want to or not. His mere stepping into a photoplay is a signal for a wild wave of laughter. As the picture progresses the laughter is vociferous and turbulent—a veritable sea, and it continues, refusing to subside until long after the memory of his shadow has departed.

And so it is that John Bunny is the world's prince of fun-makers.

Yes, I've met him—the real Bunny, and talked with him. No, there isn't a bit of difference between the real thing and the Bunny you know so well. He's all there and a yard wide, and he is very much alive, the reports that he had committed suicide to the contrary.

"I've been reported as

"When Mr. Bunny is Perplexed, a Grimace of Tortured Bafflement Puckers Town and Country"

JOHNN BUNNY is the only man in the world who

could leave his home town and be recognized without effort on his part, no matter whether in the sands of Africa or the snows of Siberia," says Dustin Farnum, the well known actor, who, though a popular idol of the stage, long ago recognized the far-reaching power of the motion picture play.

"I have seen Mr. Bunny in the big American and European cities," Mr. Farnum adds, "and always with a crowd at his heels. Once in passing through a French village I noticed great excitement and stopped my car to learn the cause. It was John Bunny. All the

"Tired! Does a Man Ever Get Tired of Something He Likes to Do?"

amous dramatic critic of the LONDON SATURDAY REVIEW, England's most conservative paper, voices his criticism

of the Vitagraph laugh purveyor in the most wonderful and glowing tribute ever paid any actor or actress, of either stage or studio.

Listen!

"Mr. Bunny is more famous than Sir George

"When Mr. Bunny Frowns Every Kingdom of the Earth is Contracted in One Brow of Woe"



dead eleven times," he told me on the occasion of my intrusion into his dressing room a few

days ago. "I have committed suicide four times, been killed by reckless auto drivers twice, mangled by trains three times, and died two natural deaths, according to the rumors. Nevertheless I'm still on the job, and I should worry," he chuckled.



"We Picture People Always Play the Quickest Role in the Most Absurdly Serious Way"

Of course you've never heard Bunny's voice. He does not surprise you with a plaintive and frail note as some good sized men do, nor does he possess a guttural basso profundo. Well, he talks in a low monotone. And as he talks, his mouth and eyes help him wonderfully, for he has an extremely flexible face. You've seen it in action.

"What can you tell me, Mr. Bunny, about the business of being funny?" I began. He eyed me quizzically and remarked:

"I don't get you." A smile of incredulity adorned his thousand-dollar-a-week-face.

"Doesn't this incessant picture acting tire you? Doing some wildly foolish stunt day after day?"

"Tired?—Tired? Does a man ever get tired of something he likes to do? Why my dear boy, there's nothing I like better than to work, trying to make each succeeding piece of busi-

ness funnier than the last one. Of course, if you mean by 'business of being funny' that it is some particular knack, then you've hit it. I can't define it though."

"Well doesn't the work seem rather silly? Say your stunt of kissing the floor as you did in 'Bunco Bill's Visit,' or battling with a dummy as in 'Bunny Versus Cutey?'"

"Not a bit. No, sir—not a bit. I think you're on the wrong track. We picture people always play the craziest roles in the most serious way, putting every bit there is in us into the character we are creating. With me, it is a case of trying to be just the character I'm playing. Then I'm



"Moved with Intentions So Extravagantly Honorable That They Seem Almost Too Grievous to be Borne"

"His Congratulations Wring One's Head Till the Circulation is Suspended"

natural, 'cause my face helps me a lot."

There was a merry twinkle in his eye and a smile played 'cross his face. His delight at having floored me was magnificent. I began groping for a new line of conversation. The day was sweltering hot. Big beads of perspiration stood out on Bunny's face and the handkerchief wrapped about his neck was rapidly becoming a wash-rag.

"How do you manage to make out these hot days?" was the only question

I could think of while getting my wits assembled.



"Heat never bothers me," he replied, laconically. "I got used to this," and he indicated his perspiring brow, "in there under the arcs. I've been working in their glare for more than three years now, and it has never been too warm for me yet."

"Well that's fine," was my inane comment. Then I asked:

"You're married?"

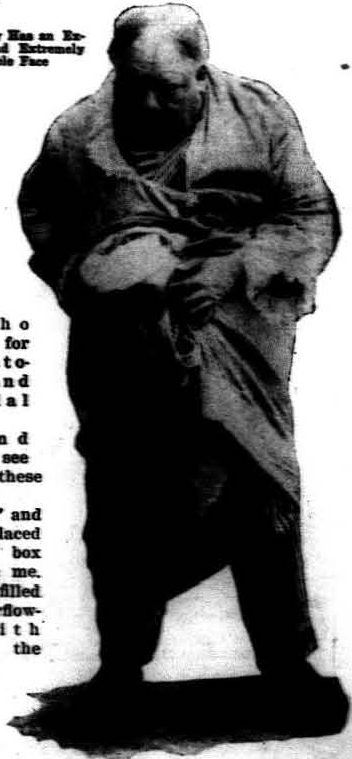
"Oh yes, yes. Got two boys. Call 'em John Francis and George Henry," and without waiting for my next obvious question, he added, "No," they're not picture actors. John Francis is the operator of a motion picture projector, and George Henry—well, he hasn't selected a profession yet. Both boys are more like their mother than myself, thank the Lord."

"Of course you get just scads and scads of letters from people all over the world?"

"No, I positively do not receive scads of letters. While I don't want to brag, let me say that I get tons and tons of requests for autographed pictures. Some of the letters are very interesting, too. My collection comprises letters in Hindoo, Yiddish, Italian, German, Spanish, Russian, and numerous other tongues and cults, one of them being a letter from a Chinese manda-

(Continued on page 28)

Mr. Bunny Has an Extensive and Extremely Flexible Face



rin, who asked for my autograph and official seal."

"And may I see some of these letters?"

"Sure," and he placed a huge box before me. It was filled to overflowing with epistles, the

J. R. Walling—Movie Magnate

IV—Meeting the Coquette, "Miss Calculation"

By RICHARD J. HENDERSON

ILLUSTRATED BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

JACK WALLING was suffering from what the brain specialists of Broadway would diagnose as "Nodus Inflatus," or, in everyday lingo, "swelled head." As the philosopher said, "Pride cometh in the Summer." At any rate, it cometh before a "fall." The stage was set for the stubbling of the youthful magnate's toes.

Maybe it was a plain case of atavism—the reverting back to ancestral traits—the outcropping of the "hick" instincts, or something similar. But whatever the cause, the doleful truth remained that J. R. Walling was excessively sure of himself.

He had commandeered the vertical pronoun, and had embossed a halo around the third vowel of the alphabet. It was "I" this and "I" that, and even the indulgent, sympathetic, and one might almost say, loving Dolly Ewing, began to wince at this flamboyant display of an inflated, rampant ego.

In fine, John Walling did most of his talking down deep in his thorax, or wherever it is that the guttural language originates. It was a cheery, unreal kind of articulation that rasped on Dolly's nerves, and she was inclined to wish her fat friend would loom up in the offing once more, just to shock Walling back to normal ideas and ideals.

"By Jove!" he said to Dolly, in a superior, patronizing way, as they were superintending the interior decoration of the "Yankee Doodle Movies," "I'm a bit peeved over this delay. I have some superb plans outlined to make this show house the wonder of Broadway, y'know."

Dolly made a face at an imaginary spectre. This strutting creature was not her Jack Walling—indeed, no. Besides, with all this prosperity heaping on him, he might up and marry some noted actress, and that would be the end of the little romance that had begun so propitiously and strangely in Columbus Circle.

"There are two other houses in the block," Dolly observed dryly.

"And it truly pains me, Miss Ewing, to think of their impending embarrassment."

"Miss Ewing?" she asked herself with surprise. So Walling was becoming formal? Well, he deserved all that was coming to him,

and Dolly was sure she could see it en route.

"You know, Mr. Walling," she replied airily, with a meaning accent on the "Mr.," "that your rube methods won't go down here. We are on Broadway now, and Broadway has its traditions. One may become lax and careless along Amsterdam Avenue, but on Broadway, one is on parade, and must look bored, and languid, and complain about there being nothing new beneath the sun."

"Tut, tut!" he responded, keeping his waistline in and his chest puffed out, much after the manner and style of a pouter-pigeon. "Tut! I say! Why, bless us, we are going to burn up Broadway."

"Yes," Miss Ewing observed testily, "I have heard farm boys say that before—but they forget that the match-trust will put up the price of combustibles!"

Farm boy! That was a cruel, deliberate jolt, and so pronounced was this same shock, it caused Walling to run his fingers inside his collar, and to wonder why he sensed a feeling of impending strangulation.

"Very well, Miss Ewing," he said sullenly, with a poor imitation of indifference, "we shall see. And by the way, you are not to sell tickets in this new house, you know."

"Oh, indeed? Well, Mr. Walling, I am a lady of leisure. I do not even fancy I shall be around here the opening night, or at any other time. Mr. Bickwell has invited me to take a trip on his beautiful, new yacht."

"In thunder is Mr. Bickwell?" and Walling forgot his assumed dignity for the nonce.

"A very dear friend of the family," Dolly responded, tossing her pretty head back saucily. "And he told me it was a shame a beautiful young lady such as I am should waste my golden youth with a prig like you!"

"He said that, did he? Well, why didn't he find you and admire your beauty when you were singing in the squares, eh? Why didn't he help you when you and your mother and Bobby were starving?"

"That will be quite enough," Dolly inter-

rupted in a low, strained tone. "You only further convince me that a little prosperity has rushed to your poor, addled brain. I am going to pay you back everything you ever did for me, with com-

pound interest at the rate of ten per cent. Yours was evidently the call money market, Mr. Walling, and now you have demanded the loan, thinking to find me 'short.' Instead of being able to keep the collateral, as you probably planned, you get back your filthy dollars. Here they are, with a fat bonus, Mr. Walling, and I am done—done for good."

Dolly tossed a pile of bills on the table in front of him, and rushed out into the light of Broadway. Walling was stunned, numbed, stupefied, and then the full meaning of his unmanly act dawned upon him like the light from a white-hot furnace.

"Dolly!" he cried in anguish. "Forgive me, Dolly! Come back!" But only the throngs of the mighty up-town district greeted him. He caught one flash of a mass of tumbled auburn curls, as Dolly was speeding in her car up Broadway.

Jack Walling had never realized that it was the inspiration of success that had made him succeed. And now the inspiration was gone, removed without warning. His spirits drooped, and he dabbed at his eyes and coughed petulantly.

The days of redecorating the theatre dragged along without event. All efforts to reach Miss Ewing at her home had failed. He was told, in a cold, strange, guarded voice over the telephone, that "Miss Ewing has gone for a cruise to Europe," and that was all he could learn.

There is a fine hair-line—an almost imaginary boundary—between failure and achievement, between the logical and illogical, separating judgment and miscalculation. And when the mind is tossed in a turmoil of cross purposes, the streets of memory and the avenues of reason become blocked with the traffic of slow-moving thought. That was Walling's situation. The fire had gone out of his schemes, and he groped, like one suddenly stricken blind.

But finally the reaction came, and what a clean body and a virile brain had created by virtue of their vigor, he now sought to coax into activity through "green room" excitement, and forced gaiety, and bibulous indulgences.

He became partial to cocktails and he cultivated the acquaintance of painted cynical women, who were trying in their debauched fashion to simulate what Dolly had been in reality. No sincerity or genuine enthusiasm shone from their artificially bright eyes. They were sinister, narrow in their selfishness, warped in their blindness to right and wrong.

Even through the haze of his alcoholic hilarity, Walling felt this vast difference, this strident artificiality, and at times thoughts of Dolly bounded back to his brain with a brutal faithfulness to every small detail.

Yet, the ego still glared through the fog, and Walling would tap his chest and say, "I am J. R. Walling, Movie Magnate. Broadway will know me soon. Watch Walling!"

So long as he spent freely, his boastings were encored, and each encore meant more champagne. He was afraid to be alone; he was a coward in his own company, and did not even wish to sleep, because every time he closed his eyes, he could see Dolly, doing all manner of fantastic things; Dolly motoring through the parks, Dolly smiling into the eyes of strange men, Dolly dancing in a weird sort of madness, and even Dolly very still and cold, and dead.

These nightmares haunted him awake and asleep, and it was not strange that Walling's introduction to Broadway should be a gaudy farce.

It is the falling of folk who can really do



Dolly Tossed a Pile of Bills on the Table in Front of Him and Rushed Out onto Broadway

things to be inclined to prate about their success. This of itself is a challenge to the world generally, and to those who hear or witness, in particular.

Outside the "Yankee Doodle Movies" was a gay likeness of Walling, showing him in sporty attire, with a huge diamond pin in his painted cravat. And around and above and below this enormous canvas announcement, was this legend:

J. R. WALLING

King of the Films

Will Open the

Yankee Doodle Movies

On Monday, the 7th.

Better Screen, Better Features, Better Music,
Better Seats, and Better Treatment.

10, 15 and 20c!
500 Reserved Seats!

From 2:30 to 11:00 p. m. Daily!

Remember the Date—and Bring the Ladies!

The day of the opening finally dawned, and with its first rays of light, Jack Walling was beginning to think of his long-neglected rest. There were wine-spots on his clothes, and his hat was dented and soiled and his appearance was one of bedraggled neglect, of complete dilapidation.

He sought a Turkish Bath parlor, just as the sun was greeting Hell Gate, and instructed the willing attendants to bring him back to life. It was a genuine task, and high-noon had made its appearance before John Walling began to bear any striking resemblance to a healthy young man.

The ginger had gone out of him. The purpose had fled from his soul. When he approached the new theatre in a taxi, and beheld the extravagant announcement above its portals, he realized that it was easier to brag than it is to live up to this boasting.

He had selected his help a few nights before, and when he viewed them in the full glare of day, they were a woeful crew. The woman at the ticket-window was sodden; grease-paint was plastered carelessly in the hollows beneath her lacklustre eyes, to hide the hallmarks of perpetual dissipation. The musicians were sporty to a fault, and Walling feared that even Broadway would resent them.

But worse than all else, John Walling realized that he had committed at least one fatal error. The two other houses in this same block had long since contracted for first-run stuff from the different film companies. Walling was playing second fiddle, and the notes of the first violin are about all Broadway will admit hearing. But every one of his bodily movements was painful, and he lacked resistance. His purpose slumbered. He hadn't the courage to fight. He was whipped—and what whipped him worse than all else, was his program, displayed just inside the lobby. Every one of the pictures he advertised had been shown a week before in the same city square. The other movie proprietors winked knowingly, and a small section of Broadway settled down to watch the new jest that had been foisted upon them. But the sense of pride still welled in Walling's breast, and his native cunning asserted itself.

There were still two hours prior to opening, and he purposed to make those feet-footed minutes bring him back from the brink of despair. Hastening into a nearby buffet, he tossed down three absinthe frappes, and began to live again. His mind teemed with numberless mad, tumultuous schemes. Here he was on the very threshold of success, and horribly unprepared.

Stopping at half a dozen florists, Walling purchased a score of baskets and bouquets of flowers, and penned various messages of congratulation on cards, which he had attached to them conspicuously. The cost of this little act of egotism was more than two hundred dollars.



For the First Time Since Arriving at the Metropolis He Felt His Nerve Waning

At one-thirty, Walling rushed to his bank to procure more funds. He wrote out a check for five hundred dollars. Of course, after today he would be depositing heavily again, but right now he needed the money, and the need was keen-edged. In his wallet there was one lone five-dollar bill, and what is five dollars on Broadway? Why, it is not so much as a rain-check! It is not even permission to come again!

Unsteadily, he elbowed up to the paying-teller's window, and presented his check. The teller looked up askance.

"Why, Mr. Walling," he said wonderingly, "you are already overdrawn some three hundred dollars. Mr. Cosworth had promised to make it good, but you know why he didn't. I cannot cash this paper—positively not!"

Then Walling realized that bills were falling due. He had hazy recollections of insistent demands that had been made upon him during the past few days. And for the first time since arriving in the metropolis, he felt his nerve waning. Once he had the fine physical force to bolster up his spirits, but now he lacked the stamina. He had no argument to offer. He reflected that he had probably cashed numerous checks during the preceding weeks. As he strolled out upon Broadway, that mighty thoroughfare seemed to have grown suddenly cold and distant. It was streams of selfish, unthinking, uncaring mortals, steeped in the sin of money-grubbing, and seared with the crime of unrequited ambition. No one paid even the slightest attention to the young man who had so recently been climbing high on the rungs of the ladder of achievement. A five-dollar bill stood between him and the future—and he did exactly what many humans do when the hounds of want and despair are nipping at their heels. He plunged into a saloon and drank deeply and hastily, to still the fire of remorse that was beginning to consume him.

And that afternoon, Broadway surged on past the "Yankee Doodle Movies," but the insolent siren in the window sold only a few tickets, and those only to out-of-town folk who just happened along. The three shows of that afternoon netted less than fifteen dollars.

Evening brought perhaps thirty dollars more—and the "overhead" was not under three hundred dollars each twenty-four hours.

The day following, the receipts were even smaller, and Walling knew that he could calculate his time on Broadway in hours. But tragic events were hastening the termination of even this fearfully brief period. The Mammoth Film Company shut him off entirely, and two others followed suit before the end of the first week. The theatre was now reduced to the most commonplace features—the old, hackneyed films that everybody had either seen, or had refused to view.

Twice that week, his night-watchman had shaken him into consciousness, and told him that midnight had come and gone, and forced him to leave his own playhouse to find a place to sleep away his stupor. His hotel had seized his baggage for unpaid board and lodging, and he sought the cheaper sections. The places that had almost forced credit upon him such a short time before, now turned the cold shoulder on him whenever he appeared. J. R. Walling was slipping with the accelerated motion of a body impelled by gravity.

The gay canvas sign still flapped above his entrance, and mocked him to that small coterie of the brilliant world of Broadway that chanced to be "in on" the joke. But Jack did not realize that his banner of unfulfilled promise continued to wave. He realized only that the hour of some mighty change was moving in upon him, and forcing him into the high-walled angle of some grim, cramped corner of fate.

Then came the mightiest shock of them all. In his dwindling pile of unread letters, there was one that seemed unduly official. With trembling fingers, he tore open the envelope, and read the dancing lines. Then he gasped weakly, and read again. The letter was from a firm of solicitors, dated three days before, and ran as follows:

Dear Mr. Walling:

We are forced to inform you, as executors of the estate of the late Franklin Cosworth, that unless full rental is paid immediately for the theatre property you

occupy, we must insist that you vacate the same. Attend to this without delay.
Respectfully yours, Haines & Grant,
Executors of the Estate of Franklin Cosworth, Deceased.

"Dead!" he groaned impotently, as he attempted to steady his hands. "Franklin Cosworth, my partner, dead? And I sodden and brutally indifferent and drunk? God, why didn't Dolly tell me this—why didn't she?" And then he remembered, with a new sense of terror, that Miss Ewing was not at her home—that she was cruising somewhere, in southern waters, perhaps, leaning on the arm of some strange man, while these fearsome episodes were piling up mountain-high in the old town.

Walling sat staring stupidly into space for many minutes, unable to comprehend the dull reality of the situation. Then he walked to his office, and very carefully wrote a few wavering, unpunctuated lines, instructing the lawyers to take possession immediately. That afternoon, as the help arrived, Walling divided the scant supply of money that was paid in at the door, and settled his obligations with them. The oncoming night was to be the final performance—the last show of the ill-fated "Yankee Doodle Movies." Not fifty people viewed this death-watch of a vanished hope.

With leaden steps, he turned into Broadway, after delivering the keys to the representatives of the law-firm. He had nowhere to go, no place to turn, and for the first time since he had known New York, it became a thundering, menacing maelstrom, that promised to engulf him as it had swallowed up thousands who were mightier than he, and had been better qualified to survive.

That night, in a cheap, West Side rooming house, he tossed feverishly on his hard bed, and before his distorted vision raced the incidents of his immediate past. He could see the struggle of Mr. Cosworth in Central Park, and his own rescue of that gentleman from the rough hands of a designing thug. He could see Dolly Ewing, with her fresh, girlish face, as she sang for scant offerings in the Circle. He could see the glow of appreciation in her cheeks when he had helped her bring her mother and brother from the squalor of the lower East Side to a better life farther up the Island. These incidents rushed in and around one another, and interlaced, until he was held prisoner by the awakening of conscience, the sternest judge, and most heartless juror, in all the world. As morning came, he caught snatches of sleep, and it was past ten o'clock when he stepped out into the world that was engulfing him, with hands trembling and body pulsing, and his whole being crying out for the drink that he denied himself—because denial was now a necessity, and the few dollars he still possessed would be little enough to keep him through the week.

It is said that criminals are moved by some uncontrollable impulse to revisit the scenes of their felony. It was this idea that caused Walling to turn his steps in the direction of his late failure. The gaudy banner still flapped flippantly in the breeze with a flaunting defiance, and exercised an influence over him that was akin to the hypnotic.

Then he turned away, sick at heart, and hung his head in shame because this was the end—it was retribution—the fall that had come hurtling on the heels of his wanton pride. And that pride had been so overwhelming, so inflated, so unpardonable, it had not considered Dolly—his inspiration, the real reason for his success. But now he knew, and he would have written a slight draft calling for twenty-five years of his life, if he could have seen

this ghost in time to dodge it, and have it all to do over.

Just what turned Walling's lagging steps in the direction of Central Park west, he could not say. It was not thought or plan. It was simply instinct, such as a homing pigeon must feel when it circles in the air, and then darts off true as a bullet, to its distant cote.

The old Cosworth mansion was closed. The shades were drawn, and there was an appear-

"She left right after the funeral," the servant said sorrowfully, as he cleared his throat. "She and her little son are going to join Miss Ewing in Naples, I believe."

"Miss Ewing? I suppose you mean Mrs. Bickwell?"

"Dear me, no. I said Miss Ewing, and that is what I mean."

"But you just told me that they were married!"

"The Bickwells are married, to be sure. They have been married thirty-odd years."

"Oh!" Walling ejaculated hopefully. "Then she is not going to marry Mr. Bickwell?"

"I should trust not," the servant responded hotly. "You are very inquisitive, sir—a reporter, I presume; but I may explain that the Bickwells are going to meet their son in Cairo. He is about Miss Ewing's age—handsome chap, I heard them say, and actually, Miss Ewing blushed when she was told about him. The young fellow has been doing some wonderful exploration work for a university—digging up lost towns, and such. And I venture it will be a match some day."

The fear once more claimed Walling. So there was a Mr. Bickwell in it, after all? Well, that settled it. He was strong enough to overcome any rude attack that might sail his way. He could survive his sorrow—could master his failure. He would go west. He would hunt up some remote community, and begin life anew. Besides, Dolly Ewing was not the only girl in the world. He had been viewing events from Broadway's standpoint, and his vision was undoubtedly dwarfed.

"If a letter should come here to Miss Ewing, would it be forwarded?" he asked.

The old fellow nodded in the affirmative.

Walling saluted, and wheeled on his heel, and was gone.

And this is the letter he wrote after much thought:

Dear Dolly:

I can't tell you how I feel but I know that no punishment is sufficient for me. Now we have parted, and in a manner that will always be painful for me to contemplate, and I shall recall it every hour of my life.

To think Mr. Cosworth died without my knowing it—that my conduct hastened his death—and that you were insulted by my remarks—are rebukes that are greater to bear than any form of punishment any court could administer to me.

I wish you success. I wish you happiness. Today I leave New York, and where I shall go, I do not know. But I am going to start the struggle all over again, and my only inspiration will be that brief period when we were pals. I shall dream of the Little Girl with the Auburn Curls.

As ever,

Jack Walling.

Walling counted his scant store of change, and smiled at its pitiful proportions. Then, packing his few remnants of belongings in a battered suitcase (the one he had brought from Kentucky), he hastened to the New York Central Station.

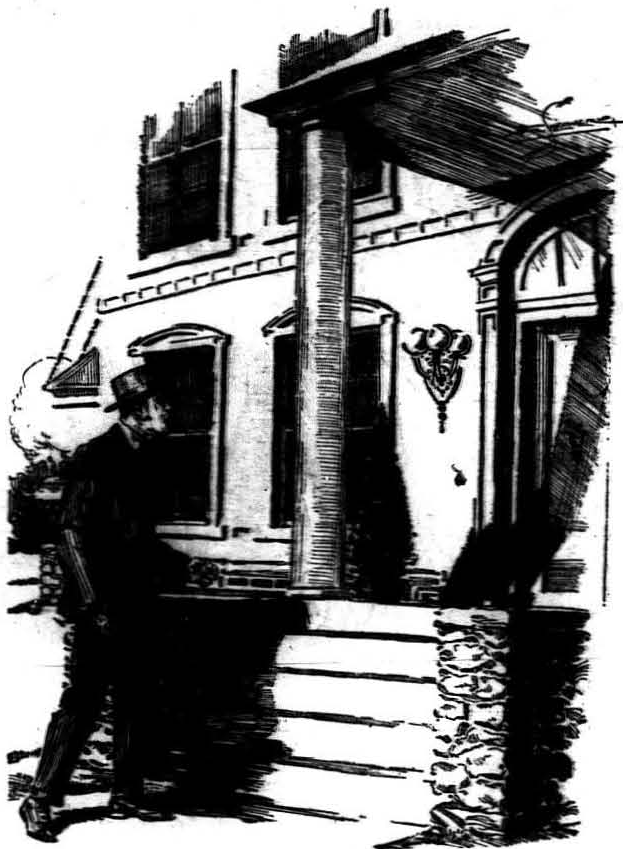
"How far can I go for twenty-one dollars?" he asked bluntly.

The ticket agent looked at Walling in wonder, and then grinned.

"Well, some men have gone to hell for half that sum," he responded.

"All right," and there was a ring of challenging decision in Walling's voice, "pick out the place that, in your estimation, answers that description, and give me a ticket to it—quick."

The agent chuckled in a triumphant way.



The Old Cosworth Mansion Was Closed; There Was An Appearance of the Excessively Sombre About the Place

ance of the excessively sombre about the place. Timidly, he climbed the steps, and pondered several minutes before ringing the bell. For a long while he waited, and then the door was opened slightly. One of the old servants stood before him.

"Is—Is Dolly here?" he asked.

"Miss Ewing? Why, no, Miss Ewing went away more than six weeks ago. She was not even here when her grandfather passed away. Poor old gentleman. He grieved a great deal about some young man—a chap about your height, as I recall him, but a much better sort than you. It seems that Mr. Cosworth had changed doctors, and the last one told him his heart trouble was only indigestion, and he ceased being vigilant as to his health. And when he heard that a Mr. Walling had gone to the dogs, it was too much. Miss Ewing's departure added to his grief. Why it seems, sir, that he had set great store on having his granddaughter marry this scamp of a—Walling. But there was some misunderstanding, I gather, and the young lady is off in foreign waters, with a Mr. Bickwell. He is very wealthy, it appears, an old friend of the family."

Walling nodded his head heavily.

"They were—married?" he asked, fearing to hear the reply.

"Oh, yes, they were married," the servant answered. Walling was ready to sink to the steps. So this was the inglorious end? This is what he had worked for, and waited for? Did he not merit it? All these months he had cherished a treasure that could have been his for the request. And now, it was too late.

"Has Mrs. Ewing gone, too?"

and selected a paste-board from the long rack. He stamped it and said pleasantly, "Twenty dollars. Your train leaves in five minutes."

Walling paid the money, and as he hastened toward the trainshed, he risked a glance at the ticket. Across its front was printed, in red letters: "Chicago." It was a magic word to a country-bred boy, second not even to New York. For the first time since his ill luck began, Walling smiled!

The issue of July 4 will contain an account of Walling's experiences in Chicago.

Help!

"WHAT will I do with it?" That is the question that Anita Stewart was asking when she won a suit of men's clothes, which was the first prize in a local dancing contest last week. Anita is not a suffragette and she is not strong on women's rights; therefore, doesn't wear trousers. Miss Stewart was willing to exchange the coat, vest and trousers for a lady's suit, but the tailor did not make this

line of apparel. She was obliged to take the prize and say nothing. Her brother-in-law, Mr. Ralph Ince, the Vitagraph director, offered to take them off her hands, but found they were not the right proportions for a man who is six feet tall. Somebody suggested that she get married and keep them in the family, but not being matrimonially disposed she still has the suit. We promised to publish her case in the hope of helping her solve the problem. Perhaps, dear reader, you can tell her what to do with her prize suit.

WHAT THE PEOPLE WANT

Correct Details

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MOVIE PICTORIAL.

THE ARTICLES in your May 30th issue "What the People Want" are, I think, so well written, and by people who are competent to judge what the people do want that I wish to make a few suggestions of my own along the same line.

A few evenings ago I visited one of the Picture houses in a suburb of Los Angeles and enjoyed a splendid picture made by the Edison company. It was followed by a two reel Civil War story that was certainly a disappointment. The little house only seated about six hundred, but probably twenty-five per cent of the audience were elderly people, among them many veterans of the great struggle, both the North and the South. The plot of the story was good, but the way it was staged was so glaringly false as to details that it was severely criticized by those who participated in the Civil War and those who remembered the events from 61 to 65.

The Confederate officers wore the regulation shoulderstraps of the present time when the insignial of rank worn by Confederate officers consisted of bars, leaves and stars worn on the collar of their coats and embroidered work on the sleeves.

The fighting was done with modern breech-loading guns, when the fact is that the war was fought with muzzle loading arms, both infantry and artillery. The Union officers were as badly misrepresented, a Captain wearing a Major General's coat and shoulder straps. The comments of the veterans and others who noticed the great mistake made by the producers of the picture would, it seems to me, have a bad effect on future productions of Civil War stories.

I read some time ago an article in *COLLIERS* in which the writer made the assertion that scenarios depicting the impossible, or even the improbable, would never be accepted by the motion picture companies, yet there are several pictures being shown now that are not only improbable, but are absolutely impossible. One in particular is "Lucille Love" the girl of mystery.

Are the film companies so pressed for material that they have to produce such preposterous pictures? Would it not be better for them to produce fewer pictures and give the people good ones. Some of these pictures please the young and uneducated class, but they have a tendency to put a damper on the enthusiasm of the general public over the future of the motion picture business.

My opinion is that the companies to derive the greatest benefit in the long run are those who cater to the intelligence of the people and produce good pictures especially historical pictures—and adhere closely to facts as to details.

G. T. LEWIS.

Pasadena, Cal., June 1, 1914.

The Small Town Audience

TO THE EDITOR OF THE MOVIE PICTORIAL.

I REALIZE that I do not know what all the people want, but I do know what a large class of them want whose preferences seem to be rather generally overlooked. It is made up of the more intelligent people in the smaller towns—who really amount to an enormous number, even if we only take the United States into consideration.

In the cities the well-to-do go to the theatres, concerts, art exhibitions and the like, as well as to the movies. Sometimes they go to the picture theatre only as a last resort. And there are even a few of my friends from the city who, when they visit me, smile condescendingly at our "picture show" habit; they regard it as another of our quaint provincialisms, and I think they are rather sorry that I have "degenerated" to the point of enjoying picture shows.

In the smaller towns throughout the south, the well-to-do frequent the picture shows habitually and almost exclusively. The negroes are barred from the theatres and the poorest whites and the farm folk go to bed at dark, untroubled by the restless city habit of demanding "something doing" in the evening to make up for the drudgery of the day. The more intelligent inhabitants, on the other hand, are often voluntary or involuntary exiles from the city; or else they are well-to-do and cultivated people who are in the habit of making trips to the nearest cities, as often as they can afford it, in search of the best that is to be had of intellectual as well as material things. Hosts of them are college-bred. And they all go to the picture-shows—often in sheer desperation. Some of them go regularly every night. The gilded youth—some of them boys and girls home from the great colleges in the north and east—give "picture-show parties" before their dances, twenty or thirty couples, the girls in their pretty dancing frocks, coming in together. A large proportion of this audience is really discriminating, capable, to some extent, of judging and enjoying a picture-play on its artistic merits. They watch eagerly for the actors who are capable of a fine restraint, of the subtler effects; and they groan in disappointment over the announcements promising "a thrill in every foot" (who wants such exciting pedal extremities?) and the posters which show the villain weltering very dead in his own blood, and everybody else prostrate except the hero and the ingenue.

I do not say that the manufacturers and directors do not produce some work that delights this class of picture-lovers; but I do believe that they underestimate their number and importance, and overestimate the number of those who can be thrilled only by battle, murder and sudden death, or amused only by what I call "corporal comedy." If the producers could only be made to believe that we are not

chronically famishing for "thrills," anyhow! A much milder sensation, if it is genuine, will usually more than satisfy our requirements.

For the sake of definiteness, I may add a sort of tabulated statement of our desires and aversions.

What We Want More Of

1. The "real thing" in "strong plays," such as the work of Harry Carey and Claire MacDowell in the Biograph dramas, and of Romaine Fielding and Mary Ryan for Lubin.
2. Comedies that do not depend upon a more or less veiled naughtiness for their point. The best ones I have seen are those in which John Bunny appears, and some of those produced by Pathe, Essanay, and "Alkali-Universal like."
3. The plausible, every-day story with the "touch of nature," like Miss Justice's "When Tony Pawned Luisa," her "Pay-As-You-Enter Man," the little Vitagraph play, "Her Faith in the Flag," and many of the best Edison playlets. These have brought tears to the eyes of at least one hardened veteran, who frequently smiles when the hero dies in studied agony and the heroine leaps over the precipice.
4. The Animated Weeklies.
5. "Educational Films"—those showing animals, industries, exploring expeditions, and fine scenery.
6. Dramatizations of famous novels, like "The Last Days of Pompeii" and "Resurrection."
7. Famous players from the regular stage in photoplays.
8. Costume and historical plays. These are expensive, we know, but they are extremely refreshing and illuminating to the variety-starved villager.
9. Anything with Mary Pickford, House Peters, Romaine Fielding, Benjamin Wilson, or Harry Carey in it!

What We Don't Want

1. The Adventures of Anybody, What Happened to Anybody, or The Perils of Anybody, in four thousand parts. Nine lives is the limit, even for cats; and we don't believe picture-show actors have any more.
2. Comedies whose humor depends upon smashing furniture, knocking people over and sitting on them, or lifting ladies' skirts indecorously high. (They don't need to be lifted nowadays, anyhow; so this kind of thing is "naughty" without even being interesting.)
3. Glaring and raging as means of expressing ordinary emotions.
4. Any more drunkards, or any more agonizing deaths (however clever the professional dier) than are absolutely necessary.
5. Angels with paste-board wings, operated by derricks.
6. Hardly any detective stories—at least till we get rested.
7. Ditto Indians.

K. W. BAKER.

Nacogdoches, Texas.

Some Confessions

By Kathlyn Williams, Westerner

ONCE, when I told a girl in a New York students' boarding house that I was born in Butte, Montana, she said that it sounded "theatrical enough." It was the first time that I had heard the charge launched against my birthplace and I rushed into hot defense. An older woman who had known the Black Hills well before she drifted to New York to run a *maison* for the accommodation of aspiring artists and singers took my part. "Mining camps are never theatrical," she said sharply. "They are too dramatic for that."

Looking back, I could see that Butte had been truly dramatic in the days when I had known it. The Butte I knew was not exactly that which Mary McLean pictured, although we saw it at about the same time. With a writer's trick of subsoil exploration she dug up those features of the town that have stamped it on the minds of her readers as an abode of the seven devils of sordidness. Butte had other leads however. Those others are the ones I remember.

The blue of the Montana sky, the purple of the Montana mountains always make the background of any picture of my childhood that I conjure from the big storeroom of my memory of those times. The high board sidewalks, the shacks, the little stores, one story high, with the facades that tried to pretend a greater height, the shack schoolhouse, the fascination of the railroad station, the mystery of the great chimneys, the crowds of men going to and from the shafts, all jumble into one big impressionistic picture now from which I have to pick out details as one finds the parts of a puzzle picture. But it is still so real and so vivid that when I saw the stage set for the street scene in "The Spoilers" I turned away to hide my emotion, so surely did that scene look like the Butte I had known.

In a place like that a child gets impressions quickly. A girl battles for her rights with the same need of battle that a boy develops. I don't remember any particular conflicts, but I do recall the feeling of being on guard, not aggressively, but constantly. That alertness is, I believe, a phase of western character-making.

Children everywhere are natural play actors. But I think that the dramatic quality of a mining town has a way of bringing out the dramatic desire of a child. I know that we all played at acting from the time we were able to toddle. We used to stage Indian fights in the hummocks around town in places where Indian fights weren't things of a dim past or of a faraway country. Sometimes the In-

dians came and watched us, laughing silently over our efforts. We played "Romeo and Juliet" when I was eight years old, using the steps of our house for a balcony scene. I was Juliet, nominated in gratitude for the use of the steps. I have often thought that my most magnificent performance.

That was, I am sure, my first public ap-

and the ranch gave me the chance to know them better than I could in town. I was in the habit of taking long rides on my pony without any thought of fear, and one day when the foreman warned me of a bad bull that was making a lot of trouble I laughed at his warnings.

I had been riding for some distance when my pony began to whinny with fright. I dismounted to see what was the trouble. Instantly he bolted. I turned around to see if any of the men were in sight. Then an ice pack hit my spine. The big red bull was standing about twenty feet away from me. My first impulse

was to run, but I remembered that if I moved, the bull would come after me and either kill or seriously injure me. I remembered stories I had heard of people making friends with angry bulls. It was a long chance, but westerners take long chances. I stood up and held out my hand to the animal, talking all the time as if

I were talking to a pet. The bull kept pawing the ground angrily. After a few moments though I noticed a change. The bull seemed to no longer regard me as an enemy. After a little while he ambled off.

When I told the story back at the ranch the men pretended not to believe it, but the foreman stopped them. "Of course she quieted him," he said. "She's got the trick of it."

The experience and the foreman's words set me to thinking. I used to test "the trick" after that and I found it always worked. During that summer I lost all fear of animals. I am not foolhardy because of it, for I have learned that the danger from animals usually comes when they are frightened, and fright is something for which people are often responsible. Animals take fright from unexpected things and fright with them often becomes anger. Their instinct is to strike quickly. Animal training is largely a question of managing never to arouse an animal's fright and in allaying that fright if it is once aroused. That is "the trick."

I wasn't thinking of using my knowledge of animals however in those days. I wanted to go on the stage. Back in Butte I studied hard with a view toward that end. I really didn't think much of my voice except as an asset for a stage career. But other people who didn't approve of my dramatic aspirations were setting a different value on my voice.

Senator W. A. Clark, my guardian, was in favor of a grand opera career for me, and sent me to New York to train my voice. But my voice failed. Madame Shaw said that I had overused and mistreated it and that I would never become a great singer.

My mother, who had been a singer herself before her marriage to my father, who was a mining man, was bitterly disappointed. She had made sacrifices for my instruction at the Wesleyan university at Helena and she thought that Madame Shaw's verdict closed the door on



pearance, quite public, in fact, because the population of that part of town assembled for the free show. We played it to the end however. The plaudits of the crowd inspired me to desire for a theatrical career. I became a "child actress," in demand at the Butte entertainments of the better class. It was before the days of motion picture theatres and Butte was a considerable distance off the route of big companies, so that private entertainment enterprises had a wide field there. I used to sing at many of these entertainments. They tell me that I had a wonderful voice for a child and I know that I was often billed as a "phenomenal child singer."

It was during that time that I discovered that I had a gift of making friends with dangerous animals. It was a gift that I never thought of utilizing later but one which I boasted of at the time in a child's fashion.

My uncle had a ranch in the Flathead country near Helena. One of my great pleasures was visiting there. I always loved animals

would be issued for pay vouchers. It was exactly what I had expected. I was sure that I would never receive my pay for that day. I went back on the next day with a misgiving that I was very foolish to continue. That night I received \$20 for the two days' work. I thought that I had more than earned it until I saw the picture.

The picture of myself on the screen dashed my last bit of superciliousness toward moving picture actresses. Instead of a scornful and successful actress, dominating her scenes, Kathlyn Williams was a small, nervous person, crowding against the side lines, over-acting and under-acting. Was this the young person who had thought she could show the motion picture world the way to act?

It was, and my vanity was torn to shreds. The screen is an Alaskan field at best. It is a frigid background upon which appears nothing but black and white shadows. To make an impression there requires an artist. The



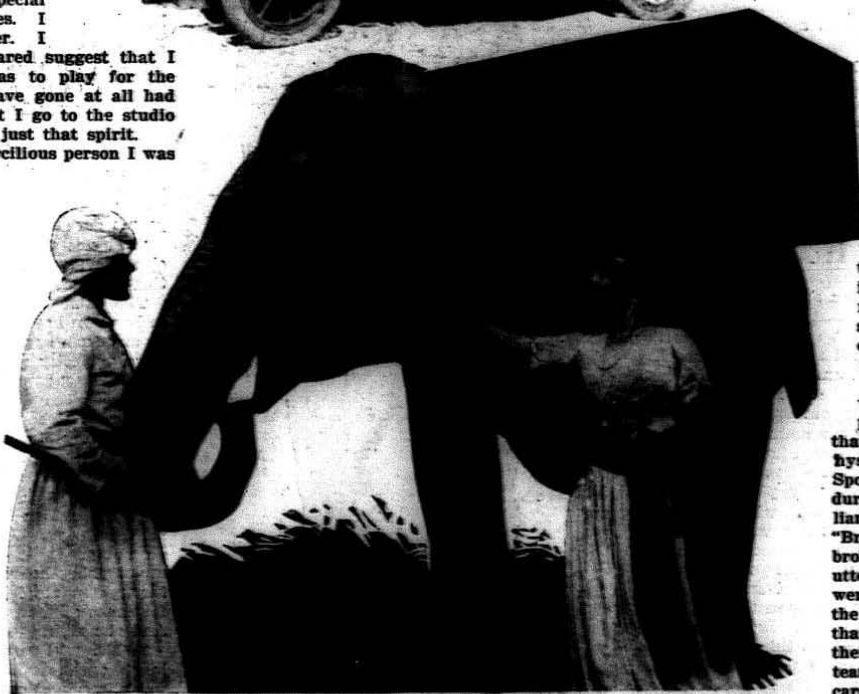
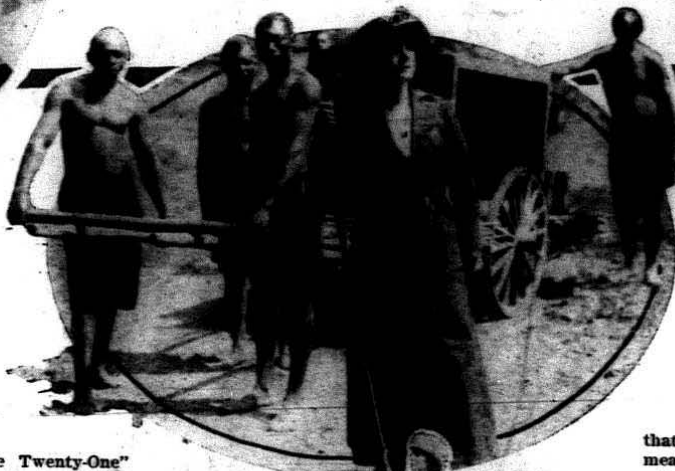
my career. I didn't feel as badly as I should have felt. The closing of that door opened another. I went to the Sargent school of acting in New York, and worked hard there for two years. At the end of that time I passed with five others out of a class of over forty pupils. Doris Keane was one of the five, and Martin Brown was another.

My first dramatic engagement was in "When We Were Twenty-One" with William Morris. I followed Maxine Elliott in the part. I was starred in it and played in that play for two years. Then I joined the Willard Mack stock company in Los Angeles and played at the Belasco Theatre there.

It was while I was there that I received a telephone call from David Griffith of the Biograph Company to come and see him. He wanted me to take a special part in one of his pictures. I was indignant at his offer. I wondered that any one dared suggest that I would so lower my art as to play for the "movies." I should not have gone at all had not a friend suggested that I go to the studio "just for fun." I went in just that spirit.

I know now what a supercilious person I was as I entered the studio yard to meet Mr. Griffith. I regarded the moving picture business as the puerile by-play of a real profession, a bit interesting, but not to be thought of in connection with the career of Kathlyn Williams, actress. I remember seeing Florence Turner in the studio and remarking her beautiful diamonds. "Fakes," I said mentally, not believing that moving-picture artists could afford any kind of jewelry.

After a little wait however the absurdity of the affair appealed to me. I decided that I would play the picture just for a lark. I played for a day. We finished late and were told that no tickets



Kathlyn Williams I saw ramble about in her scenes, conveying little or no intelligence to the spectator. Incidentally, the haughty spirit of that personage was crushed.

It was a bitter if effective lesson and one which I have never forgotten. No day has passed in pictures since that time in which I have not striven to improve; in which I have not learned something. On the screen my first mistakes were so pitiful that I realized deeply what success must mean to those who had scored.

I joined the Selig Polyscope Company and have been with that corporation for five years. I do not think I did anything worthy until I went to the Chicago studio. Up to that time I had watched myself on the screen with greatest care. I saw mannerisms there I never had known I possessed. The

thought often came to me that the camera was not reflecting my work correctly. Sometimes it was positively uncanny. But I watched and worked very hard to overcome the faults I could see so plainly. Under Mr. Turner I really got into my parts. I came to put my finest feeling into the roles, more so than on the stage where words cover the lack of pantomime often.

So thoroughly did I work into the atmosphere of my scenes, that now I often grow hysterical. In "The Spoilers," for instance, during a scene with William Farnum and the "Broncho Kid," my voice broke and I could not utter a word. They too were so thoroughly in the spirit of the scene that tears rolled down their cheeks. As far as tears go, my later career has been flooded.

(CONTINUED NEXT WEEK)

The Luckiest Girl in Pictures

An Interview with Pearl Sindelar

By Johnson
Briscoe



Miss Sindelar in a Character Make-Up in
"The Italian Bride."



Miss Sindelar's Expressive Features Are Now Familiar in
Every Part of the Civilized Globe

IF a flat ultimatum were delivered to you to give up either Pathe or "Potash and Perimutter," which would you choose?"

It was a direct question, and Pearl Sindelar was fully equal to it. She gave a most expressive shrug of her shapely shoulders and met my question with one of her own, "How can you ask?"

"But don't for a single minute think that I am depreciating pictures, for I assure you that I am not. It is simply that I prefer acting before the footlights to acting before the camera." Her eyes glistened enthusiastically as she went on. "I seem to be the luckiest girl in the world, for here I am doing two things at once, in the way of work, and both are the things which I most want to do."

We were chatting away in Miss Sindelar's studio apartment in the Long Acre district, an individual, picturesque spot, and she was proving a most delightful interviewee, for we at once hit upon what is apparently her one hobby—her work.

"After nearly two years in picture work—I was for a short time with Biograph before joining Pathe, where I have been for the past fifteen months—you cannot know what a real joy it is to be playing a leading part on Broadway again."

For the benefit of those who may not know it, Miss Sindelar is now playing the leading role of Ruth Goldman, the designer, in "Potash and Perimutter," under the direction of A. H. Woods, at George M. Cohan's Theatre.

"But were you not nervous at resuming your stage career again after such an absence?" I naturally asked.

"Yes, indeed, I was," she replied heartily. "I was really frightened to death at first, but every one was so good and kind to me, helped me in every way, and after a night or two my nervousness quite disappeared."

"Did you find that your acting methods had in any way changed, that you had become over-elaborate in gesture or were at all extravagant in your methods through your picture acting?"

"On the contrary," she said, with the utmost conviction, "I found that my work upon the screen had been of the greatest help to me. For one thing it had taught me poise, a quality which I sadly lacked before. Formerly, I was as excited and high-strung upon the last night of a play as upon the first. But my picture work has taught me to take things more calmly. I was in 'The Girl in the Taxi' for two seasons, and for a long time before that had been playing sketches in vaudeville where a rapid pace was the chief requisite. I am afraid



She Played the Part of the Designer in "Potash and Perimutter"

I had begun to be extravagant, to exaggerate, to play too speedily and swiftly.

"You see, the day of extravagant gesture in the pictures has altogether passed. The modern director demands that your expression convey the idea with naturalness; it is no longer necessary to wave your arms wildly in the air in order to inform the audience that you are going to take a walk up the road. Such were the methods of yesterday."

"But your voice," I kept at it rather persistently, didn't you find that that had 'gone off' through not using it in pictures?"

Miss Sindelar seemed prepared for everything. "Not in the least. After one or two rehearsals, I found in several of the speeches that I had to pitch my voice higher in order to 'top' several laughs which the other players had learned to expect through frequent playing of the piece. Not only that but my voice is in better condition than ever because of the rest it has had during the past two years. Besides, all the while I have been studying vocal culture. You see, there's a great advantage in picture work. Living in one place all the time you are able to do a lot of studying on the side."

All the same I was bent upon finding if there was any rift within the lute. It seemed almost too, too much, that this fortunate young woman should be at the top of two professions, when to hold even a small place in either one of them is about as much as most people dare hope for.

"Did not the Pathe people raise strenuous objections when they learned of your intention to return to the legitimate stage?"

The calm serenity of Miss Sindelar, secure in her own happy success, was not to be ruffled by any such suggestion either. "Why, no, they were perfectly splendid about it, even though I was almost prepared to give up my picture work for the time being, if it should prove necessary. They have even gone so far as to arrange my studio working hours to suit my convenience. You see, if he wishes, the director can make it comparatively easy for a player, calling him only when necessary, for those scenes in which he figures. For instance, on matinee days, Wednesdays and Saturdays, I do not go to the studio at all. Other days my working hours are so arranged that I am through in ample time for the evening's performance at the theatre. It is a pleasant life." And she sighed contentedly.

"What will you do when the time comes to go on the road?" Here, it seemed to me, was a knockout question. But did it ruffle Miss Sindelar? It did not.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 30)

From All Over the World

Sir Edward Carson, the
Bitterest Opponent of Home
Rule in Ireland, as He
Looks Making a Speech
to His Loyal Ulstermen



William J. Burns Was the First Person to Welcome Sir Arthur
Conan Doyle, the Noted Novelist, and Lady Doyle, Who
Arrived in New York on May 27th on the Olympic

Mrs. D. C. DuBarry, of New York City, Seems Glad to Get Back
to Tampico. She Was the Only Woman Refugee from That City
During the Battle between the Federals and the Rebels Who
Returned There When It Was Over



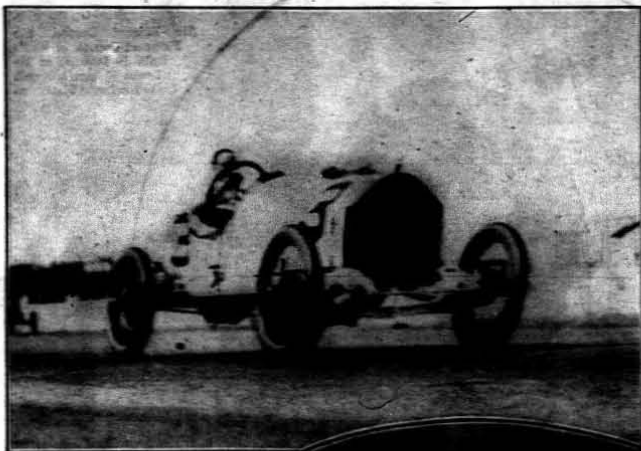
When Evelyn Nesbit Thaw and Her Small Son, Boarded the
Olympic on Which They sailed for Europe. Fun-Pun Here the
Secretary of the Curious With as Much Equanimity, as His
Mother, though Hardly With as Much Good Nature

King George,
Snapped Just
as He Was
Leaving His
Water at Al-
derhot, on One
of His Fre-
quent Trips
Down from
London to
Visit the
Troops Sta-
tioned There



Huge Crowds Thronged the Waterfront in Port Arthur, Canada, When the Largest Freight Steamship in the World
Was Launched. This Hammett Boat is 600 Feet Long, 32 Feet Deep, and Will Carry a Load Equivalent to 20
Freight Trains of 20 Cars Each. The Entire Hull is Divided into 15 Watertight Compartments Which May be
Flooded or Pumped Out Separately at Any Time

CURRENT EVENTS IN PICTURES



Benny Oldfield, by His Daring Driving, Put Up a Gallant Fight for America in the Indianapolis Race. His State No. 2, the First American Car to Cross the Finishing Line, Landed in Fifth Place



The Thirty Competing Cars Were Led Around the Course by the "Pace-Maker" Which Turned into the Fifth after One Lap and the Mighty Grid Was On



The Norwegian Collier Stentor, Which Sank the Empire of Ireland on May 28th in the St. Lawrence River During a Heavy Fog, is What the Reports Call, "Only Slightly Damaged, Except for a Twisted Bow." Though to the Lay Person the Injury Looks Much More Serious. Immediately After the Stentor Sank at Montreal, It Was Seized in a \$2,000,000 Salvage Claim

Rosa Thomas, the Winner, Photographed Immediately after the Race



Until the Water and the Weather Got Warmer, Surf Bathing Simply Isn't to Be Done. The Beach and Marine at Camp Island



Harmon 24, Driven by Joe Harmon, Was Completely Wrecked When He Tried to Avoid Running Over Oldfield, the Latin Driver



Winning 1913 Wallace Cup. Left to Right: Ethel Henderson, Co-winner; Adelaide Ross, Bow; Mary Turren; Stroke; Elmer Tyler; Estelle McElroy. Back Row: Ethel Ross, Dorothy Randle, Mary Phillips and Lou Barnes

Making the Movies

THE moving picture theatre shows life more accurately and realistically than any other. All it lacks to complete a perfect illusion of life is sound, and that we have already had in some degree. We chuckle at the comedy, we are saddened by a pathetic incident, we weep over an intimate glimpse of some life tragedy, we thrill over daring deeds and hair-breadth escapes.

And why are we so moved? Is it not by the absolute reality of it all?

So convincing are the pictures, so apparently true to life, that we seldom remember that it isn't real life itself that we are watching. We quite overlook the fact that we are gazing only at moving photographs of actors and actresses.

And how are the pictures made? Who has not asked himself that question? I had, again and again, until finally this curiosity led me to the great Selig plant in Chicago. I wanted to know; I wanted my questions answered; I wanted to see a moving picture made. I wanted to learn the "ifs" and the "hows" and the "whys" and the parlance of the movie studio.

Every movie fan knows the simple details of picture projection. He knows, for instance, that there is an immensely long film which revolves off one spool and on to another, much as the ribbon on a typewriter winds and unwinds, and that the thousands of pictures which compose this film are thrown on a screen in rapid succession by a powerful lantern, run by electricity and requiring only one man for its operation.

But it is a bewildered, flustered fan who emerges from the moving picture studio. He rubs his eyes as though he had been in a deep sleep. He may even have to pinch himself to be sure that it was not all a dream. He is astounded, fairly breathless, not only from his glimpse of the complexity of the whole business, but by its magnitude as well.

In fact, the very first impression I got was that of the immense size of this undertaking. The word "studio" had given me certain definite impressions, of which size

By A. L. SLOAN

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

was not a factor at all. But the "studio" I approached was not a studio at all; it was a big brick factory, with a still bigger enclosed yard, walled in on three sides with smaller buildings.

I entered and was conducted through offices and passages,

and up flights of stairs, stopping only to have a look at the bulletin board where the moving picture actors had their "assignments" posted. (Assignments may not be the correct term, but it is the one which comes first to my mind.) It was at this point that I realized for the first time one of the advantages of moving picture acting over acting on the stage—that of having daylight work and regular hours.

Al. E. Christie and His Company Taking a Scene from "When Tombs Threw the Ball"



Making Pictures in Florida. Sid Olcott, the Man in Shirt Sleeves Just in Front of the Camera, is Directing the Production of "The Idle Rich"



A Bar-ter on the Stage—An Actor's Comedy Entitled "Tombs on the Stage"

THE studio proper proved to be a huge room, glass walled and glass roofed, occupying the entire top floor of the building. My attention was immediately attracted by a ballroom scene, which occupied the center of the floor space, and in which was being enacted an episode in a society drama. It looked very much like a real stage, except that it was not built on an elevated platform, with the orchestra in a pit in front, but was on the spectator's level, forming a part of the picture, and the scene painting was not in color, but in black and white. The players were waiting the order from the director to begin, standing around in their ballroom costumes, which appeared by no means as magnificent as they did later when the picture was flashed on the screen of the theatre.

"Lights!" shouted the director.



Members
of the
National
Press
Associa-
tion
Watching
a Selig
Pro-
duction

Then it was that I noticed that, in spite of the fact that the studio was as light as a photographer's gallery, there were banks of mercury vapor tubes above and around the scene, which gave forth a dazzling splendor a few seconds after the director's order was given.

"All ready!" called the director.

The camera man began to turn the crank of his machine as the players took their partners for the dance. The band struck up "Too Much Mustard," and the dancing began. The scene represented a military ball, attended by courtly looking army officers in stately uniforms with orders across their breasts, and beautiful women, wondrously garbed.

They danced gracefully, smiling and chatting to their partners, while the liveried servants stood statue-like at their posts—and the band played on—and the camera saw it all.

The director did not say much because the cast had been well drilled in the rehearsals that had preceded the actual taking of the scene. Once in a while he cautioned an actor to look away from the camera, or told a man to be more lively or a pretty girl to smile more broadly, or the bandmaster to be a little more eccentric in his gestures.

"All right," called the director.

The music stopped. The camera man opened his machine, took out the film and rushed away with it to the developing room. My guide explained that it was the last scene to be taken with this particular "set" and the director was anxious to see whether it had come out successfully, in order that the scene shifters might "strike"—that is, take down—this scene and prepare another. The studios are so busy that no scene is left standing any longer than is absolutely necessary.

Up to this time I had been so absorbed in the taking of the ballroom scene that I had not looked around me. My attention had been so taken up with observing the accurate attention given to every detail that it would have been difficult to get me to look elsewhere.

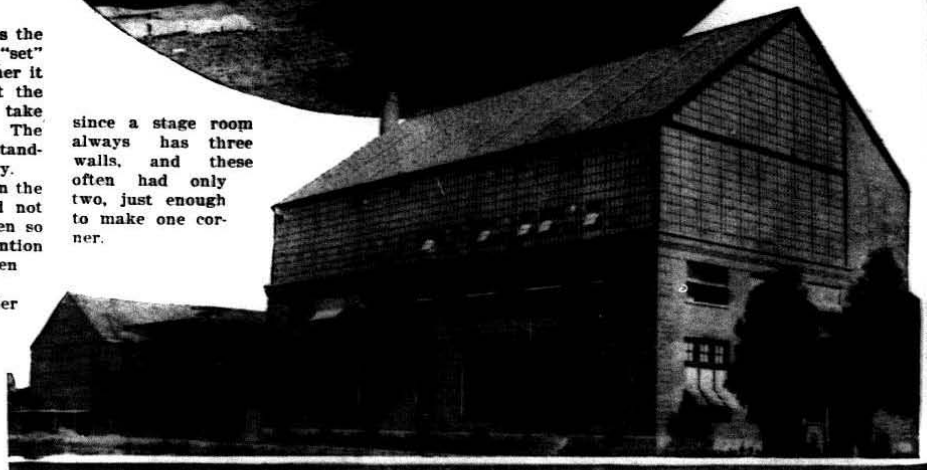
Now, from my vantage point in the center of the room, I gazed about me. Every inch of space seemed to be occupied with something or other. Here a scene was being set up; there, another was being taken down, and, again, another was in use for rehearsal. All of these scenes were on the floor level. I discovered that what appears on the screen to be a beautiful room is generally nothing but a section of a room, less complete, often, than a room on the stage,



Filming a Dramatic Scene
in the Crystal Com-
pany's Studio



since a stage room always has three walls, and these often had only two, just enough to make one corner.



The Selig Company's Big Chicago Studio

The moving picture actors and actresses themselves were very different in stage appearance from their brothers and sisters of the spoken drama. "Make-ups," in the ordinary sense of the term, is not used at all. Highly rouged lips and scarlet painted cheeks have no place here, and the darkened eyelashes lose their value. Indeed, dazzling lights rob the movie performers of most of their natural comeliness.

Watching the rehearsal of a scene gave me some idea of the difficulties of an actor. I saw some of the differences between the work of a "regular" actor on the stage and one in the movies. I no longer wondered why so many of our great actors fail in pictures. Even Sarah Bernhardt failed the first time she appeared on a film, although, quite characteristically, she made a success of the second one she attempted.

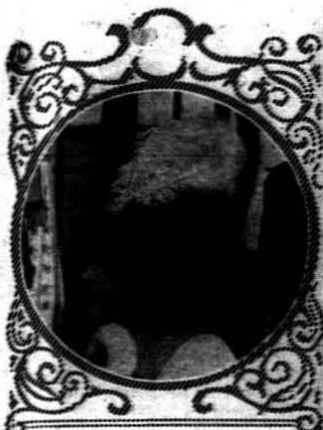
The camera is relentless, much more relentless than an audience. It overlooks neither a twinkle of the eye nor a movement of the body. There you have the secret of the unqualified accuracy demanded by picture acting. Anything

forced, anything unnatural, becomes immediately apparent.

All action must be absolutely spontaneous, and, above all things, there must be no posing. The players must sink themselves in their parts and act as they would in real life, not as they may in stage life. The chief trouble with professional actors is that they cannot get away from their conventional ideas of acting and their consciousness of being watched. They always want to look at the camera, because they are used to looking toward an audience.

"Camera consciousness," I learned, is the great bugaboo of the director. Consciousness of posing before the camera usually spoils even the best player, if he is not able to overcome it and acquire the natural, spontaneous bearing which makes the best pictures, for the motion picture reveals each tiny mistake.

Producing a
Scene in
the Selig
Company's
Yard



Alice Hollister as Marion Hall



Bitter Indeed is the Argument That Follows on Donald Hall's Discovery of Marion's Flirtation with Major Humphries



Guy Coombs as Donald Hall



Although Her Love for Him is Dead, Marion is Terrified When Humphries First Threatens Her. Then Repudiates and Denies Her



Donald Orders Major Humphries, Who Has Been Making Love to His Wife, to Leave the House

"Through the Flames"

A Story in Which Love and Tragedy are Intermingled

TWO-REEL KALEM FILM

CAST.

Donald Hall, a millionaire.....Guy Coombs
Marion Hall, his wife.....Alice Hollister
Major Humphries.....Harry Millarde
Mr. Rogers.....Henry Hallam
Milly Rogers, his daughter.....Marguerite Courtot
Mergery, Milly's little daughter.....Baby Young

SYNOPSIS.

WHEN Donald Hall discovers that his beautiful young wife is infatuated with Major Humphries, a thorough-going scoundrel, they quarrel bitterly, and the upshot of it is that Marion recklessly accompanies Humphries on a motor trip out to a popular road house while Donald is at a director's meeting. A fire breaks out and the road house is burned to the ground. Donald finds Marion's charred handbag among the ruins of the building and believes her to be dead, but in reality she and Humphries have escaped and gone to Europe. Donald goes to the country and in the course of time he falls in love with Milly Rogers, an adorable and innocent young girl, and marries her. Their happiness is short-lived, however, for Marion, repudiated and abandoned by Humphries, comes back to her husband. Although Donald promptly pensions Marion off and they try to hush the matter up, Milly leaves him and goes home to her father. She dies when her baby is born and Donald receives a message to the effect that baby, too, is dead. Years later Donald returns to the spot where he and Milly first met, heartsick and weary. As he stands with a pistol to his head, just about to pull the trigger, he sees a little figure trudging toward him. It is Mergery, Milly's daughter, who has come back to get a forgotten doll before going to bed. A moment later Donald has his daughter clasped to his breast and realizes that life is again worth living.



Later, Marion Insists that Her Husband Has No Right to Dictate Her Friendships



Just before Going to the Director's Meeting, Donald Questions Marion but She Refuses to Admit That She is Going to See Humphries

"A Foolish Agreement"*Which has Startling and Disastrous Results*

EDISON F. L. M.

CAST

Henry Wallace.....	Charles Sutton
Mrs. Wallace.....	Margaret McWade
Harry Wallace, his son.....	Barry O'Moore
Hetty Wallace, his daughter.....	Gladys Hulette
Helen Wright.....	Bliss Milford
Saunders, a burglar.....	John Sturgeon
Bert McClure.....	Elmer Peterson
Ralph Bennet.....	H. S. Mack
A Cashier.....	Harry Eyttinge
A Broker.....	Julian Reed
A Doctor.....	Harry Linson
A Nurse.....	Beatrice Mabel
A Policeman.....	William West

SYNOPSIS.

WHEN Harry Wallace comes home one night and discovers a burglar opening the safe, instead of turning him over to the police he decides to give him a chance to earn an honest living and offers him the position of butler in the house. His two chums, Bert McClure and Ralph Bennet, protest vehemently, whereupon Harry proposes a novel test of their own characters. Each one deposits \$200 in a certain safe in order to see how long they can resist taking it. A few days later Mr. Wallace's bank, at which Bennet and McClure have accounts, closes. About the same time Mrs. Wallace is taken ill and a change of climate is advised, a measure which the Wallace's cannot afford to adopt. On the evening following the closing of the bank Hetty Wallace enters the library, turns on the lights and finds—her brother, her father, McClure, Bennet and Saunders, each dismayed at the presence of the others, and an empty safe. When a policeman is called in each one present insists that he is the thief. But it is Hetty herself who produces the money. She has stolen it to save her brother from temptation.



Hetty Protests That She is the One Who Has Stolen the Money



Nothing Dismays the Policeman, Not Even the Assurances of Each of Half a Dozen People That He is the Thief



Harry O'Moore as Harry Wallace

Charles Sutton as Henry Wallace

When Harry Wallace Comes Home Late One Night and Finds a Burglar in the House, He Engages Him as Butler



The Three Young Men Put \$200 Apiece into the Safe in Order to See How Long They Can Resist the Temptation of Taking It



Mrs. Wallace's Children Are Torn with Grief and Despair When They Learn That Her Life Can Be Saved Only by a Change of Climate



George Field as Stephen Karr



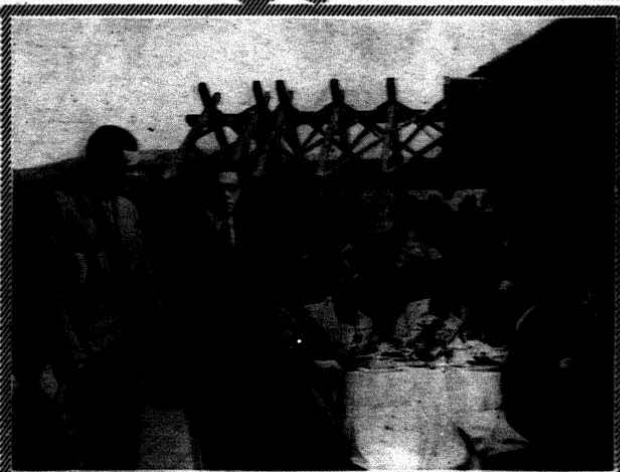
"Blue Knot" is Brought into the Dining Room for His Share of the Felicitations of the Guests



Winifred Greenwood as Beatrice Beneful



Everyone is Astonished and Delighted When Jimmy's "Dark Horse" Wins the Match



Stephen Manages to Make Jimmy Look Foolish to Beatrice and Her Family

"Blue Knot, King of Polo"

And How He Helps to Win the Game and the Girl

AMERICAN GIRL

CAST.

Mr. Karr.....	William Bertram
Mrs. Karr.....	Ida Lewis
Jimmy Karr {their sons.....	Ed Coxen
Stephen Karr {.....	George Field
Beatrice Beneful, Jimmy's sweetheart.....	Winifred Greenwood
Mr. Beneful, Beatrice's father.....	John Steppling
Elmer Boeske.....	Elmer Boeske

SYNOPSIS.

JIMMY KARR and his brother Stephen are both in love with the same girl. Beatrice Beneful is patently in love with Jimmy, but her father has no use for him because he spends most of his time playing polo and most of his money on his string of ponies. His latest extravagance, perpetrated just before Beatrice and her father come down from the city to see a polo match, is to buy an unpromising looking horse at an auction, one which he picks for a winner. Unable to swing the purchase alone, he appeals to his brother Stephen, who not only refuses to help him out, but also manages to make him look foolish to Mr. Beneful. But a friend, Elmer Boeske, comes to the rescue, and Beatrice, too—without Jimmy's knowledge—buys an interest in "Blue Knot." Stephen then tries to ruin Jimmy's chances of success by getting into a scrap with him and breaking his arm, but again Boeske comes to the rescue, plays in Jimmy's place and wins with "Blue Knot." Beatrice's father, astonished and delighted over Jimmy's "horse sense," congratulates Jimmy and offers him the management of his polo string. He further gives a dinner in Jimmy's honor, to which Stephen is not invited, and announces Beatrice's and Jimmy's engagement. "Blue Knot" is also brought into the dining-room and gets his share of the felicitations of the guests.



Elmer Boeske with "Blue Knot"



Ed Coxen as Jimmy Karr



Flora Finch as Mrs. Bunny



Mrs. Bunny Settles Down in the Very Room in Which Bunny Has Taken Refuge



John Bunny as Bunny



Mrs. Bunny Has Words with the Landlady and Decides to Leave



Everything Bunny Sees on His Tour of Inspection Delights Him

"Father's Flirtation"

TWO-REEL VITAGRAPH FILM FEATURING
JOHN BUNNY

SYNOPSIS

MR. AND MRS. BUNNY decide one day to visit their daughter Betty, who is away at college. As soon as they arrive Mrs. Bunny proceeds to inspect Betty's room; Bunny proceeds to inspect the town. Mrs. Bunny has words with the landlady and decides to leave; Bunny has words—of quite another sort—with a charming widow. Of course, it is to the very boarding house kept by the charming widow that Mrs. Bunny and Betty come in search of rooms; and it is the very room in which Bunny has taken refuge that the widow throws open for his wife's inspection. Mrs. Bunny decides to take the room and settles down to rest. Left alone, her roving eyes encounter a pair of feet sticking out from under the bed and with a wild shriek she rushes for help. Bunny also rushes for help and incidentally runs into his first piece of luck—a dress belonging to a lady boarder about his size. While he is putting it on the lady boarder comes in. Bunny gets past her, however, and into the maid's room. Also he gets past the maid—for a consideration—and out on the street. There his attire excites suspicion as well as comment, with the police station as the logical sequence. He discovers shortly that everyone, including the owner of the dress, is willing to keep silent—for a consideration. At last he is free. But he has forgotten the widow. When he arrives at the house he discovers that she, too, is willing to keep silent, but only—for a consideration. As Bunny puts his flattened wallet back into his pocket and trudges upstairs to his wife he murmurs ruefully, "Never again!"



Bunny Has Words—of Quite Another Sort—with a Charming Widow



When the Widow Invites Bunny to Carry Her Parcels Home He Accepts with Alacrity



James Cruze as Jim Norvick, the Reporter



The Princess Olga is shown a picture of the Trailer Number Who Has Just Been Found



Florence LaBadie as Florence Gray



Seventeen Years Later the Little Foundling Has Become the Pet of the School



She is as Popular with Her Teachers as with Her Companions



Everyone Gathered to Say Good-Bye to Florence When She Left

"Million Dollar Mystery"

TWO-REEL INSTALLMENT OF THE THANHAUSER
FORTY-SIX-REEL SERIES

ALL STAR CAST.

Sidney Hargreave, the millionaire.....Albert Norton
Jones, Hargreave's butler.....Sidney Bracy
Florence Gray, Hargreave's daughter.....
.....Florence LaBadie
The Countess Olga.....Marguerite Snow
Norton, a newspaper reporter.....James Cruze
Susan, Florence Gray's companion.....Lila Chester
Braine, one of the conspirators..Frank Harrington

SYNOPSIS.

MANY years ago, just at dusk, a man drove up to the door of Miss Farlow's private school for girls and left a baby with a note fastened to its clothes on the doorstep. Seventeen years later finds the little foundling popular with her companions, loved by her teachers. In fact, the pet of the school. She has been given the name, Florence Gray.

Her father is Sidney Hargreave and he writes to Miss Farlow about this time and asks that his daughter be sent to him. One night Hargreave goes to a fashionable restaurant to dine. There he meets the Princess Olga Perigoff, Jim Norton, a reporter, and Braine, a friend of the Princess. Braine and the Princess excuse themselves and leave, to attend a masked meeting of "The Black Hundred" where they are informed that a traitor member of their society, after many years' search, has been found, and plans are being laid for revenging his treachery. From that hour on Hargreave is shadowed. The next day he visits a hangar and talks to an aeronaut, goes to several banks and collects a huge sum of money. But when he is ready to go to meet Florence, his daughter, who is to arrive that day, he finds the house surrounded. He escapes from the roof in a balloon. The gang see him go, break into the house and open the safe. It is empty. They try the third degree on the butler but fail to get any information. And while they search and search, 300 miles out at sea a balloon might be seen floating on the water, a mass of wreckage.



When the Gang Found the Safe Empty They Tried the Third Degree on the Butler

THE CROSS ROADS

The Intimate Confessions of Mollie Morgan

ILLUSTRATED BY VINCENT J. MCGUIRE

I WAS almost helpless with anger and dismay when Mr. Cole made me understand so plainly that he wanted me to go. He did not dismiss me; for some reason, apparently, he didn't want to do that. But what he had said, of course, made it impossible for me to remain with the Smilax Company, and he knew it very well. It was a long time before I saw that he was right. Whether the stories about me were true or not—I am trying, of course, to show how it looked to him—people believed them. And, whatever the facts might be, it was going to be bad for the work of the company. Either I would be at odds with some of the actors, or a condition would arise that he had been particularly careful to avoid, and one that was bound to interfere with work.

But just then I could think only of my own predicament, which was natural enough. I had made a fight against very heavy odds; and now, when I thought I had won, that I was in a fair way to gain a real position, and a reputation that would be an asset to me, it was all spoiled—and by the appearance of the man who had already wronged me as deeply as I had supposed was possible. I have never really known whether George Converse was responsible for what happened. I found it pretty hard to believe, even in the first flush of my anger, that he had deliberately spread stories about me with a view to ruining my chance for success. He was petty, almost incredibly small, but I could hardly think he did that!

For one thing, no matter how he told it, the story would not make him look very well. But, as I left the Smilax studio that day, it was not of much importance for me to discover how this disaster had come about. The only thing that counted was that it had come. Once more I was facing the world, and once more it was for me to discover some means of wresting a living from it, a living that it had shown pretty plainly that it did not care whether I got or not.

I think there was a good deal of excuse for the way I collapsed when I was alone in my room. It all seemed to me so bitterly unjust. I had done my best always, or thought I had. Perhaps it was wrong for me to yield so readily to George Converse, back in Harborough, but if you understood the life I had led before he came there, you may think—as I still do, and always shall—that if ever a girl had an excuse for running away from home I was that girl. And I had been unable to see anything wrong in what we planned. He was my lover; we were simply going away to be married. There was nothing in my experience to warn me against him; nothing to make me look, as I should look now, for a base motive.

But now I was being punished. I had the name of a bad woman, and none of the rewards

We Found Ourselves in a Little Group of Men Who Seized Our Bridles



that are supposed to be her's; none of the compensations. I asked myself that day, as I was to do a good many times again, what was the use of being good? Why should I preserve the reality of virtue when I was, as it seemed, damned by everyone who knew anything about me? Why shouldn't I get the wretched price, the return for what I had to pay, anyhow.

But I still had a good deal of resiliency left in me, although just then, as I lay, choking back my sobs, on my bed, I didn't know it. Because I didn't really plan to let myself go, although I certainly was thinking of it. No—I was wondering what point I should attack next, where I should take up the fight. I must have inherited a good deal of stubbornness from my father. All his years of pinching and toiling on the farm had never robbed him of the one thoroughly admirable quality he had, a dogged determination to keep on fighting. He had never given up the farm, even though it seemed to be nothing but barren, rocky soil. He had fought with it, wrestled with it, determined to win some sort of living from it, and in the end he had been richly rewarded. He might have hired himself out, many times, in the years of my girlhood, and done better for himself and for me than as a landowner, but he would not do it. He had struggled with his bad crops, and his costly farming, and with the debts and mortgages that kept his nose always to the grindstone, and a sort of success had come to him in the end. To be sure, it seemed, in my eyes, a sort of success not worth having, for it came when he could no longer enjoy it, but it was, after all, success.

And so when I pulled myself together I had abandoned all thought of giving up the fight, and I sat up to try to work out some new plan. There was no use, it seemed to me, in staying in southern California. I had been in the game long enough to know that my reputation would follow me about. It ought to make no differ-

ence, if only I made good, but I knew that it would. Some people would not want to have anything to do with me; others would be willing enough, but they would feel, because of what they thought they knew about me, privileged to impose conditions that made my cheeks flame, even to contemplate.

I suppose I exaggerated my own importance in thinking that everyone would know about me, and be thinking of me as Cole did. But I couldn't help being sensitive, and I don't know that I am sorry for it. I simply couldn't face people while I was sure of the sort of comments they would make as soon as my back was turned.

I went back to New York. The place didn't seem quite so terrible now. I had a little money, enough to carry me along for a while, and I cut down the expenses of my trip as far as possible. Moreover, even

though my engagement with the Smilax company had been a dreadful fiasco for me, personally, I began to see that everyone needn't know that. At any rate, there would be pictures that I could point to, and I had at last acquired a foothold, perilous though it was. The stamp of professionalism was on my work; directors couldn't sniff at me as an amateur. And I would not, of course, be looking for work as an extra woman. That was bound to make a difference.

Almost as soon as I reached New York, I ran into a little luck. One of the new feature film companies that were beginning to spring up just then in great numbers, was planning a picture that had to be taken in Cuba. People were not anxious to make the trip; I consented, however, and the more readily because they had happened to see something of my work, and actually came to me! It was the first token of my advance, you see, and I was more than glad to jump at the chance. A very large company was to be taken down, with a famous actor from the legitimate stage as the star. All expenses were to be paid, and I was to receive fifty dollars a week besides, which did not seem at all bad.

We started for Cuba soon after I reached New York, and the trip down was about as delightful an experience as I had ever had. I enjoyed the life on the ship, although, of course, it was not much of a voyage. I had always longed to travel. When I was a little girl I had loved to read of travelling, and I had dreamed of a time when I should go to strange lands myself, without ever daring to hope that my dreams would come true. And so it was with a long drawn out sigh of happiness that I watched the smoke of New York getting fainter and fainter on the horizon as we slipped down the coast.

"First time you've been out of sight of land, Miss Morgan?" asked a pleasant voice. I

turned to see young Hemmingway, one of the actors, beside me. He was always smiling; I had picked him as one of those in the company I was sure to like.

"Yes!" I said. "I suppose I'm silly, but I love the idea!"

"Well, I hope you won't have to change your mind," he said, looking very portentous. "But I warn you now, take your last look at us, until we reach Havana. Most of us are going to be very, very seasick!"

"I hadn't thought of that at all!" I said, a little dismayed. I hated the idea of having the trip spoiled by such a silly weakness.

"Don't start, then," he said, earnestly. "That's the reason most people get sick—because they're so sure that they will. Some of them can't help it, of course. But I really think that most cases of seasickness are due to the vivid imagination of the victims."

Whatever the reason, I wasn't sick. And neither was he. He never was, he explained. But he was right about the others. We saw almost nothing of the company all the way down, and it wasn't until we were entering Havana Harbor that they began to appear. The first thing I looked for, of course, was the remnant of the Maine that was still to be seen then, just a little wreckage, sticking out of the blue water, so much bluer than any I had ever seen before. That was before they raised the wreck. Gradually, the beauty of the background got hold of me. It was so much more wonderful than I had ever dreamed it could be!

We didn't stay in Havana, but took a train for the north of the island at once. Santiago de Cuba was to be our headquarters and a good deal of the actual work of the picture was to be done in the country that our men had fought over in the war. We saw the battle fields outside the city, El Caney, and San Juan, and they didn't look like battle fields at all, but just like peaceful country.

The work was very interesting, but it seemed to me to promise to be very easy. The picture, as it was planned, was to depend so much on big effects, in which great crowds appeared, that I thought the leading players scarcely figured in at all. Young Hemmingway, with whom I was very good friends by this time, liked the whole idea.

"They've got the right dope for this picture," he said to me. "We're only needed to give a sort of continuity to it. They're dead right in making their big play on the spectacular side of the show. That's what's going to make it go."

However, I am ashamed to confess that I didn't talk much about the work we were doing. I didn't want to. I was too busy having a good time. For the first time in my life, I think, I let myself go. The transition was extraordinary. I simply forgot everything that had worried me; George Converse, my trouble with the Smilax people, the thought of what was coming next. For that matter, there seemed to be no reason why that should worry me at all. Fred Armstrong, the director, was satisfied with my work; he practically told me that he could use me in the other pictures that were to follow.

Everything was new to me, and, although we were busy, the work was really not difficult. We all had a lot of time to ourselves, and I began to go around a good deal with Char-

lie Hemmingway. He was only a boy; not much older than myself, and, in some ways, much younger. I had seen a good deal of life for my age, you know! I knew him, down there in Cuba, as I had never known any other man. He was unaffected; he was clean, and decent. I had met plenty of men who were both, of course, but I hadn't known them. And, as I came to know him, and to get in touch with him, and to understand the way he looked at things, I wondered more and more at the blind ignorance with which I had plunged into my mad adventure with George Converse!

I realized that I had never known George at all! And, somehow, that didn't have the effect on me which might seem the natural one. It didn't add to the shame and misery with which I looked back upon my life with him; it rather helped to lighten the burden of those memories.

It is a wonder to me that I have never become a fatalist, accepting dumbly whatever fate chooses to inflict upon me. I have been near it, more than once. But I have never quite lost the feeling that, in the long run, as we seem to be held responsible for what we do, so we must have some measure of control, however slight, over our actions, and over what is called our fate. And yet, though I do believe that, ever since that time in Cuba, I have been a little afraid of being happy. I was happy then; happy in a perfectly innocent friendship with Charlie Hemmingway; happy in my glimpsing of a new land, in the fulfillment of old dreams. But ever since then what has seemed to be perfect happiness has always put me on my guard, just because, I suppose, I was so utterly unprepared for what was to happen in that land of dreams.

We had a whole day to ourselves, after we had been at Santiago for nearly six weeks. Fred Armstrong and his assistants had to rehearse a great many native supers for some of the big scenes in which they were to appear. There were hundreds of them. And so all the principals who had been brought from New York were free for the day. Charlie and I had been planning for just such a holiday. We meant to get horses, and go for a long ride. We had both been trying to learn Spanish, and had had a good deal of fun together in the attempt, and on this day we were going to put our lessons to the test, by going away without a guide.

"Maybe we'll starve before we get back," Charlie said, cheerfully. "But we're going to ask for everything we want in Spanish!"

Most of the others made use of that free day, despite the glorious weather, to play cards or write letters or do other things that could be done just as well at night! But we rode off, blithely, into the unknown. And what a good time we had, too! It was perfect, or nearly so. We rode for a long time, inland, along roads that were entirely strange to us. The people we saw, negroes, many of them, seemed to me a good deal like the ones we would have seen at home, in the South. When they saw that we were smiling and happy, they were happy, too, and smiled back at us.

We stopped for lunch at a hacienda quite a long way from town, but the joke about our Spanish was spoiled there, a little, because it was a very American host who entertained us. He looked like a Spaniard, but we knew by his laughter that he wasn't, as soon as Charlie had stammered out his request for hospitality—for which we wanted to pay, of course.

"Lord! Come in!" said the American, weakly. "Pay? You're crazy! I ought to be paying you! I don't see many white people out here and I don't have time to ride into town much. I'm serving my sentence here, but I'll get home next year."

He told us that his name was Brown, and that he was managing a sugar plantation for one of the big companies at home, and he gave us the best meal I had ever tasted, and made us tell him all about home in payment for it. And he grew remorseful about his laughter at our Spanish, and told us we didn't speak badly at all. But we didn't care. It was all part of our good time, though we hadn't planned it. But when we were going, he looked at us dubiously when he saw that we meant to keep on.

"Oughtn't you to turn back?" he suggested. "It gets dark pretty quickly, and beyond here—"

"We wanted to strike a different road going back," explained Charlie. "And the map shows a road a few miles along that would give us another way to go back."

"Oh!" said Brown. "Yes, you can do that, I guess. But I'd be pretty nearly back before dark, if I were you. This isn't Long Island, you know, or Westchester. We're getting pretty civilized, but we still have some undesirable citizens, though the government, since the last election, is handling things better."

We didn't take his warning seriously. One reason, I think, was that we both had other things to think about. I had seen for some time that Charlie Hemmingway was—well,

growing fond of me. And I was afraid. I wanted him to like me; I liked him better than any man I had ever known. And yet the memory of George Converse was between us. I couldn't let him make love to me, tell me the thing I knew he wanted to tell me, until he shared that memory. And I was afraid to tell him. Afraid that it would change him; make him see something in me that would drive him away. I never for a moment thought of deceiving him, but I was woman enough to want to postpone the moment when he must know, although I could see that it was coming.

As we rode away from the hacienda I knew that I was going to have trouble. The scenery; the fact that we were so alone, in this strange country; everything conspired against my desire to keep things between

(Continued on page 29)

It Was Not Until We Met Armstrong, Riding Out to the Camp, That I Understood



"Too Cheap to Be Good"

—That is what a great many people say of the Photoplaywrights' Association of America.

BUT THEY ARE THE SCOFFERS—the ones who are unable to believe that in these modern days of honest advertising, the truth and **only the truth** must be told.

We have been telling you the truth when we said that a membership in the Photoplaywrights' Association of America (for one dollar a year) will insure careful criticism of all the scenarios you care to submit. And the criticism is given by honest and expert critics who know their business. Now we are from Missouri and we like to be shown. And we believe in doing unto others, etc., etc.

So read the letters below, each one a bonafide expression of appreciation. They are only a few of the many similar letters we receive from our friends.

Chicago, Ill.

Dear Mr. Thomas: I received the criticism on my story "The Reformers" this morning. I realize that it is just as you say—thin. However, I have been greatly benefited by your frank suggestions and am doing just exactly what you advise me to do and I appreciate very much your being so honest in your criticism for if you are always like that I am sure I will benefit by it.

Yours truly,

B. R. W.

Dear Mr. Thomas: I appreciate your criticism and thank you for your kind suggestions. I have learned considerable by taking your advice. However, I am sorry that some one beat me to the idea around which I wrote my story.

Yours very truly,

DR. J. L.

Milwaukee, Wis.

Dear Mr. Thomas: I just sold a three-reel scenario entitled "The Passing of the Beast" to the Universal Co. I believe there is one person I have to thank for that script landing—yourself. You probably remember the prescription you ran in the Photoplaywrights' Department of the Photoplay Magazine about a strong idea, clever plot and a punch with suspense. I took all of it in and set out to build a script just like that. Incidentally, I incorporated an article you wrote some time ago about characterizing and the result was three full interesting reels. Your letters have also been of the greatest help and without your assistance and advice I would not be able now to class myself as a photoplay author.

Very truly yours,

C. J. C.

Detroit, Mich.

Dear Mr. Thomas: I am glad to let you know I received your letter and my story entitled "When Love Returns" and thank you ever so much for your frankness in regard to same. I took your advice because I know it is correct. You have helped me before and I know you will help me again.

Yours thankfully,

A. M. K.

Leavenworth, Kansas.

Dear Mr. Thomas: I wish to thank you for your kind letter and for the encouragement given me after reading my several stories. You have saved me considerable money in postage stamps by advising me from a critical standpoint that these stories were unsalable because they lacked sufficient plot. You suggested an idea to me which I believe I can weave into one of my stories and make it salable, at least I shall try it.

Respectfully yours,

H. M. DE.

Waterloo, Iowa.

Dear Mr. Thomas: I have just received "The Dread of Red Mountain" with your criticism. You certainly were very kind and I am not discouraged. You were right in guessing where I got my plot. I shall do as you advise about re-writing it.

Very truly yours,

MRS. C. E. Y.

NOW WHAT DO YOU THINK?

Is there any doubt left in your mind that we are giving amateur writers just what we say we are giving them?

The writers of the foregoing letters are people who are in the scenario writing game for all there is in it.

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The Photoplaywrights' Association of America
8 South Dearborn Street, CHICAGO

The Business of Being Funny

(Continued from Page 9)

postmarks showing they came from every part of the world.

"That's only a starter," he remarked, and indicated numerous drawers crammed with more letters.

"Well, do you save them all?"

"Hardly. These are the ones I have held out of the fire for some special reason. Goodness gracious! If I tried to keep 'em all I'd have to build a wing onto the Vitagraph studio."

At this juncture a call boy inserted his head in the half-open doorway and yelled, "All ready, Mr. Bunny!" He had been making up as we talked, and the call signaled him to the studio stage.

The scene in question was one of the sentimental, mushy-love sort. Dressed in an afternoon frock, Bunny, in the role of the ardent admirer, knelt before the lady of his heart, squeezed her tiny hand and told of his undying love. Was it funny? Just wait 'till you see it!

Now for Bunny's past.

He was born in New York City, September 21st, 1863. His father was George Bunny, several generations of the Bunny family coming from Penzance, England. He of the Vitagraph players, according to the Bunny family tree, was duly christened, but John, the ninth, the first actor in the family, and the first John in nine generations who has not been a sailor or a member of Great Britain's Royal Navy. His mother was Eleanor O'Sullivan, of County Clare, Ireland.

John, the ninth, was educated in the public schools of New York City and the St. James High School of Brooklyn. His first position was that of a clerk in a general store. His first professional work began when he was twenty years old, as end man in an obscure minstrel company. His stage career, covering nearly thirty years, included engagements with Maude Adams, Annie Russell, Sol Smith Russell and he appeared under the management of H. W. Savage, William A. Brady, Charles Frohman, Daniel Frohman and the Shuberts. He did everything from minstrelsy to Shakespearean roles, and 'tis a matter of record that he made a wonderful Falstaff. His last professional engagement was with Weber and Fields.

"I began my career as a picture actor in 1910, about Christmas time," he says, my salary being forty dollars a week. Just about that time I needed the money, and I looked upon the motion picture as affording only temporary employment. I'd been getting a hundred and fifty a week from Charles Frohman, and Henry Savage had seen me for two hundred a week. So naturally I couldn't see anything tempting in pictures at the start. Now, well you know."

But he told me he expected to remain with the Vitagraph Company just as long as they would stand for him, regardless of the tempting offers of \$1,500 a week to enter vaudeville.

"Why this studio is just like home," he exclaimed. "I know every little cherub and fellow worker in this plant. We just get along splendidly."

Some of the principal Vitagraph productions in which Bunny has appeared are "John Tobin's Sweetheart," "The Autocrat of Flap Jack Junction," "The Old Fire Horse and the New Fire Chief," "Mr. Bunny in Disguise," "Bunny's Double," "Bunny Buys a Harem," "Bunny's Swell Affair," "Bunnyhug Buys a Hat For His Wife," and "The Misadventures of a Mighty Monarch." The last named play was made while Bunny was enthroned as King of the Mardi Gras at Coney Island in 1913.

"Ah, this is a great game," says John, the ninth. "This 'business of being funny,' as you call it."

NOW it is the Orange County Motion Picture Corporation with Tommy Henshall at the helm. Florence Seidell, a licensed aviateuse, is interested, and films will be written around her. The company is financed by Orange county capitalists.

The Cross Roads

(Continued from page 27)

us as they were. And so as we rode we engaged in the old, old duel of sex, the man, attracted, pursuing, the woman retreating—but not, God knows, because I wanted to! It distressed, terrified me, and yet I was wildly, madly happy; for I was sure, now, of the truth—that I loved him, wanted him as I had never wanted anything before! I suppose a hysterical note was getting into the laughter with which I turned him from his purpose. And I know that we were absorbed in one another when, without the least warning, we found ourselves in the midst of a little group of men, not more than nine or ten, all told, who seized our bridles and made us stop.

I was more curious than frightened, at first, as I looked at them. They were swarthy, of course, and of mixed blood, all of them, though the negro predominated. They gesticulated a good deal, but one of them took the lead. He stood right in front of Charlie, and began to speak to him, in a broken speech as mixed as his own blood. But we could both understand.

"Why, can you make it out? These beggars are bandits, and they're talking about holding us for ransom—us!" said Charlie to me, after a minute. "Quite a compliment, I call it!"

Then he turned vigorously to the leader of the bandits, and told him who and what we were. He tried to make him understand that we were only actors, too poor and friendless to be worth anything to enterprising bandits, but the man only shrugged his shoulders.

"We shall see," he said. I can't even try to reproduce the extraordinary jargon he used; it was easy enough to understand, though. And so were the actions that followed. We had to dismount, and one man took our horses away. The rest tied Charlie's hands, and made us go with them. They took us to a tumble-down old place, and put us inside, while they settled down to smoke and play cards outside.

"Whew!" said Charlie. "Too bad we didn't have a camera man along! This is one of the old Spanish blockhouses, that were used during the revolution. Poor fools! Did you get the idea? We're supposed to be rich tourists. They think they can scare us into sending for money, because, of course, they know that they couldn't really get away with any kidnapping—not of Americans. And the speech making party has gone into town to see if he can raise the wind. Remember that yacht that came in? He thinks we belong to that, I guess. As I said, it's quite a compliment. When he finds out he's stung he'll turn us loose, of course."

I couldn't really be frightened while Charlie was there. He was so cool, so contemptuous, that the idea of danger seemed absurd. And, indeed, it was. It happened exactly as Charlie had foretold. The half breed leader came back, after a few hours, in a vile temper—but he let us go, and he even brought our horses back to us. And so, very late—it must have been midnight—we started back.

"They're so blamed inefficient!" said Charlie. "The idea was all right. I'm afraid we've got lots of countrymen who would have paid rather than bluff it out, as we had to do, not being able to pay. Their play was to frighten whoever they caught and get the whole thing over quickly. They wouldn't dare to pull off a real kidnapping, because the Cuban government has got to behave itself, or get into trouble with Uncle Sam. But, if we'd been from that yacht, they might have got away with their little game."

It was dreadfully late, of course. And we lost our way, and it took us hours to get back, so that it was broad daylight when we rode into town. But we were exhilarated by the adventure, mild as it had really been, and such minor discomforts as hunger and loss of sleep seemed very trifling. It seemed to us that we had simply a good story to tell and a warning to give. It was not until we met Armstrong, riding out to the camp, that I understood. He pulled up his horse.

"Hemmingway!" he said, sharply. "Haven't you any sense at all? Even if Miss Morgan doesn't care, you ought to know better than to

(Continued on page 30)

PLAYERS BIRTHDAY CALENDAR
BY JOHNSON BRISCOE

June 20

CISSY FITZGERALD, the one and only, who is shortly to make her debut upon the screen, appearing in a special series of Vitagraph pictures, the first of which will be called, "The Fascinating Mrs. Thompson."

RUSS WHYTEAL, whose sympathetic work in both "The Witching Hour" and "The Pigeon" will long be pleasantly remembered.

STYL ARUNDALE, the successful English musical comedy actress, lately returned from an extended tour of Australia, and at the present moment playing in "The Joy Ride Lady," at the New Theatre, London.

June 21

HELEN COSTELLO, one of the two talented daughters of the ever-popular Maurice Costello, who accompanied her parents upon their picture tour around the world and who has long been held in affectionate appreciation by patrons of Vitagraph pictures.

J. HARRY BENNING, the actor playwright, part author of that delightful play, "The Yellow Jacket," which was recently produced in Germany.

FANNY HARTZ, who, to all appearances, has resumed her stage career, having lately concluded a season at the Little Theatre with Grace George in "The Truth."

CAMILLE D'ARVILLE, of happy comic opera starring days but who has been living in retirement in California for several years past.

WELLS HAWKS, the popular publicity man and short story writer, his Red Wagon tales being classics of their kind.

RICHARD BUEHLER, who is specially popular in stock company circles, at present playing leads with the Poll organization in Washington, D. C.

THOMPSON BUCHANAN, the playwright, author of that most diverting comedy, "A Woman's Way," but who has not turned his hand to playwriting of late.

HARRY MCAULIFFE, who has carried upon his shoulders the stage management responsibilities of many important companies.

June 22

BOYD MARSHALL, the handsome young juvenile whose work has been attracting considerable attention in recent Thanhouser pictures, those released under the Princess brand in which he shares the honors with Muriel Ostriche.

ELITA PROCTOR OTIS, the admirable actress of adroitness and character roles, who has recently been doing some special work upon the screen, notably in the picture productions of "The Great Diamond Robbery" and "The Greyhound."

VAN DYKE BROOKE, the sterling character of the Vitagraph forces, one of his most successful recent pictures being in the title role in "Miser Murray's Wedding Present."

ARTHUR BOUTCHIER, the distinguished English actor-manager, recently seen in the music halls in the sketch, "Find the Woman," and who some time ago appeared before the camera in a most elaborate series of "Macbeth" pictures.

MARTIN HARVEY, still another of England's leading star actors who had a brief experience as a screen star, appearing in one of his most successful plays, "A Cigarette Maker's Romance."

OLIVE OLIVER, who lately finished her season as leading woman with Robert Hilliard in "The Argyle Case," in which she did notably fine work.

PORTER EMERSON BROWN, author of that successful play, "A Fool There Was," which has known five years of uninterrupted prosperity.

MARTIN BROWN, the remarkably talented dancer, late with the Ziegfeld "Follies," and

now appearing in "Hullo, Tango," at the Hippodrome Music Hall, London.

FRED TYLER, who has for many years appeared in the support of Maude Adams, last season being to the fore in "The Legend of Leonora."

FREDERICK ESMELTON, the stage director, lately seen with the Harry Davis Stock in Pittsburgh.

June 23

LILLY BRAYTON, the distinguished London actress, wife of Oscar Asche, and co-star with her husband in the recently revived production of "Kismet," a play, incidentally, in which there would seem to be untold possibilities for a picture scenario.

CHARLES F. NEWSOM, who, somewhat coincidentally, has been associated with Otis Skinner in the American production of "Kismet."

NORMAN TREVOR, the successful English actor, who, oddly enough, has never ventured an appearance in this country, lately appearing in London in "Helen with the High Hand," at the Vaudeville Theatre.

June 24

LILLIAN WIGGINS, the vastly popular Pathe star, who has gone to Europe to take the leading roles in a series of pictures to be filmed on the other side.

J. GORDON EDWARDS, the stage director for the William Fox companies, and who is now abroad, looking for new ideas—whisper it—in the motion picture world.

VAN RENSSLAER WHEELER, who did notably good work this past season in the production of "Sari."

GWENDOLEN FLOYD, the English actress, who last appeared in our midst in that most charming of plays, "Milestones."

JONATHAN KEEFE, the inimitable impersonator of "rube" characters, now creating no end of laughs in "Too Many Cooks," at the Thirtieth Street Theatre.

BERT LEVY, the artist-caricaturist, vastly popular with our vaudeville patrons.

E. VIVIAN REYNOLDS, the stage director these many years at George Alexander's St. James's Theatre, London, where the most recent production was a revival of Wilde's "An Ideal Husband."

June 25

CHESTER BEECROFT, than whom we have no better-known name among picture publicity men, at the moment being advertising manager for the Photoplay Productions Company, sponsors for that successful film, "The Littlest Rebel."

FRANCES NORDSTROM, who has lately been dividing her time between stock work and vaudeville, in both of which fields she has long been favorably known.

SYDNEY PAXTON, who for the past two seasons has been a shining light in the cast of "Fanny's First Play."

June 26

EDWARD KIMBALL, the character picture player, for some time with Vitagraph, whom most of you can lately recall as Lord Storm in "The Christian."

DOROTHY JARDON, the popular prima donna, who last season sang the chief role in "The Pleasure Seekers."

RUTH BENSON, who appeared last season in "The Family Cupboard" and in several of the one-act plays at the Princess Theatre.

FRANKLIN RITCHIE, whom we saw on Broadway in "Israel" and "The Marriage of a Star."

MABEL INSLER, who has been playing second leads with the Harry Blaising Stock, at the Bijou Theatre, Minneapolis.

HUBERT OSBORNE, who for some time past has been identified with the role of Witless in "Everywoman."

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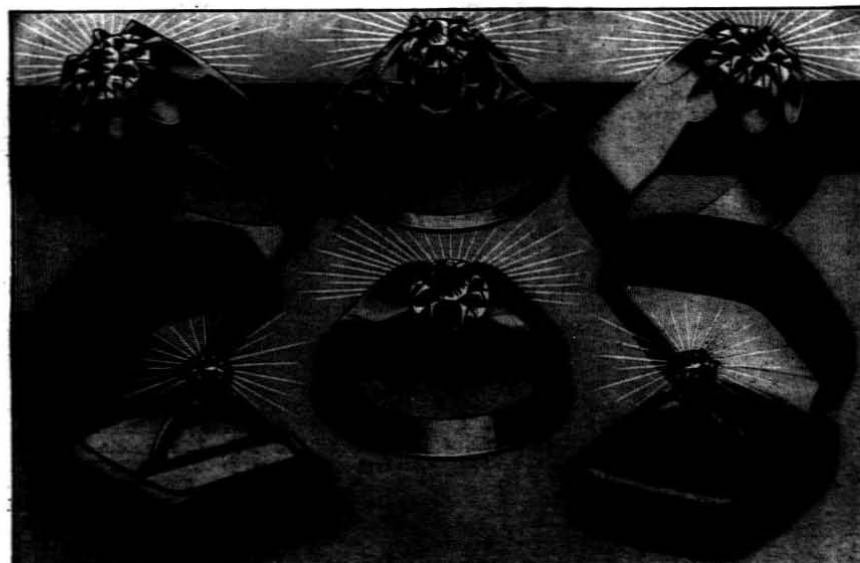
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The Cross Roads

(Continued from page 29)

ride in like this! You're fired, of course, both of you. It's too raw! I don't care, personally, what you do, as long as it isn't spread all over the place! But this—to be away all night—

I saw Charlie Hemmingway's face go white with rage.

"Why, damn you!" he shouted. "Let me explain!"

And he poured out the whole story. But Armstrong's face never lost its cynical look.

"My dear chap!" he said, protestingly. "It's too thin! Even if Miss Morgan—even well, if we didn't know her views, this couldn't be overlooked on the strength of a story like that. I wouldn't tell it, if I were you."

And he rode off, without waiting for anything more. Charlie turned to me, appalled.

"For heaven's sake, what does he mean?" he asked, blankly.

The time had come when I must tell him my story.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Pearl Sindelar

(Continued from page 16)

"Why bother about the future? I am now identified with one of the biggest Broadway successes, one which will probably run here for months to come, and after that we will play lengthy engagements in all the leading cities, in many of which there are motion picture companies located. And then there are the summer months. You see, I don't propose to give up my motion picture affiliations, for I believe the pictures have a tremendous future, especially as educational factors. I know what they have done for me, how much I have grown, developed and learned through them. And both Mr. Woods and Mr. Lehrman, of Pathe, have been perfectly wonderful in their treatment of me, their thoughtfulness and consideration.

"All the same," I persisted, getting around again to my starting point, "if you had to make a choice of the two professions, the footlights, and not the camera, would claim you for their own?"

Miss Sindelar's expressive features, which are now familiar in every part of the civilized globe ("and that's something the stage could not do for me," she observed) were alight with animation and her parting word was, "But, you see, I don't have to make any such choice."

Beyond the shadow of a doubt, Pearl Sindelar is the luckiest girl in pictures to-day.

But if she did have to choose, I wonder . . .

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Yours truly, R. P.

WEST COAST STUDIO JOTTINGS

NEWS OF THE PHOTOPLAYERS IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

By Richard Willis

FRANK MONTGOMERY of the Kalem Company has just presented Mona Darkfeather with a seven-passenger Overland car, a beauty, and it has her name on the side of it too. The principal garage at Glendale is now named the "Princess Mona Darkfeather Garage."

W. S. Hart, well known in New York as a legitimate actor, has joined the Kay Bee forces and is to appear in a series of Western pictures written around him. Mr. Hart was the Messala in "Ben Hur," Trampas in "The Virginian," with Dustin Farnum. He has acted Cash Hawkins scores of times and has taken many other famous character parts.

There is a little new baby girl at Santa Monica, born to Mr. and Mrs. Al Vosburg of Vitagraph. If she proves to be as handsome as her father, or as charming as her pretty mother—Estelle Allen—Miss Vosburg will attract much attention in the years to come. Our best wishes to the parents and our congratulations to the baby!

J. W. Johnston, who was with Eclair for more than two years, is appearing with Jesse Lasky Company, playing Steve in "The Virginian" with Dustin Farnum in the title role. Cecil De Mille has taken the whole company to Escondido, California, in order to get a herd of twelve hundred cattle into the picture.

They have nick-named him Handsome Harold in the Famous Players studios. Harold Lockwood is not sure whether they are kidding him or not. NO, Harold, certainly not!

William Ryno and Jefferson Osborne, who went with Harry Matthews' company to Bliss, Oklahoma, and later to San Antonio, have returned to Los Angeles. Matthews has already left again for New York with Elsie Albert and Baby Early. Ray Myers is expected here soon.

Mabel Normand is soon to be featured in a wonderful trick film at the Keystone studio. She will appear to fall nearly 400 feet on a horse, with a policeman hanging to its tail. Observers will not be able to detect anything wrong, but some of us, at least, will know that it "isn't so."

Another famous old timer has been recognized on the Mutual stage, playing "extra." This time it is Billy Courtright, who was at one time one of the best known minstrel men. He is married to Jennie Lee, who is now appearing with the Biograph forces here.

According to a correspondent, "The Dream Ship" being produced by Harry Pollard, with Margarita Fischer in the lead, opposite him, is one of the prettiest fairy stories ever put on. Most of the scenes will be taken at the palatial homes near Santa Barbara and Montecito. The Pollards are welcomed to almost every big home in that vicinity.

News of the Imp fire cabled here caused double work at the Universal, and everybody is slipping in to do the best he can to help out. The Smalleys have split forces for the time being and Bob Leonard, Wilfred Lucas, Harry Edwards and others are duplicating burnt films at the rate of eight hundred feet a day. Edna Maison and others, all made up for new pictures, have "re-made" for parts taken before. The directors and their assistants cut and join the films at night.

Al. E. Christie, the Nestor comedy director, is putting on two of the excellent dramas he has had in cold storage, for a change, and Eddie Lyons will be seen as a real hero with Lee Moran as the baddest of villains, in two pictures. They have erred in the same direction before. Pretty Vicky Forde will enjoy it, for it will recall early Nestor days.

Murdock Macquarrie, who was Allan Dwan's lead for so long, is now directing at the big U. His first picture which is by Seymour Hastings, and is called "The Old Cobbler," is a big success. Mac himself, as the old cobbler, Lon Chaney, Mother Benson, Dick Rosson and Agnes Vernon do some fine acting.

Russell Bassett of the Famous Players met a lot of old cronies at the Famous Players studio in the East. Pop says it made him feel quite at home and that it was a "delightful experience." Dear old Bassett is one of the best loved men in the game. We hated to see him leave.

H. M. Horkheimer, of the Balboa Company, made a manly speech at the Photoplays weekly supper. He described his struggles, the opposition and law suits he has had to overcome, and told how grateful he was for ultimate success. He was most cordially received, and he deserves all the good that is coming his way. Everybody loves a good fighter and he is that.

J. P. McGowan entertained at his farm home near Glendale on the 16th, with Helen Holmes as the hostess. Everybody danced most of the evening. The Kalemites were conspicuous in attendance, as was natural.

Robert T. Thornby has a notably mature company at his disposal. His leading man, Billy Jacobs, is twenty-nine months old, Charlotte Fitzpatrick is five, Violet Radcliffe five, Chandler House six, and Carmen DeRue five. Thornby is putting on "It's a Boy" in which Billy Jacobs steals a baby because he is jealous of it.

Hobart Bosworth has produced 200,000 feet of film since August, 1913, in his Jack London productions. Only 1,000 feet has been "retakes" and most of that was due to bad film. Up to Truckee, in the snow, they took 43,000 feet in thirty-nine days. This was possible because everything was in readiness beforehand. It was wonderful work all the same.

Lorimer Johnson, who left the American forces to form his own company, is busy laying his plans and he expects to start up at Santa Barbara about June the fifteenth.

Cleo Madison had her feet very badly burned in the fire scene in "The Girl and the Feud." When she returned to work again, she fainted and the doctor forbade her to do anything until she was in better shape.

William Bertram, of the American, has a rabbit farm which brings grist to the mill, i. e., the family exchequer. Charles Bartlett of the Kalem Company visited him recently and made this witty remark, "Huh, I see you have Bunny here."

Genial William Horsley is on from the East to superintend the building of the new studios of the Universal Company. Horsley likes California and is gaining in weight.

Weekly note. Billy Garwood has another suit of clothes. The market for onions is strong. S'nuff.

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"Her Brother's Voice"	Selig
"The Little Stocking"	Imp
"A Motorcycle Elopement"	Biograph
"Downfall of Mr. Snoot"	Powers
"The Red Trail"	Biograph
"Insanity"	Lubin
"The Little Music Teacher"	Majestic
"Sally Ann's Strategy"	Edison
"Ma's Apron Strings"	Vitagraph
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Movie 13

WHOS' WHO In The PHOTOPLAYS

SHORT BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF THE PLAYERS

DOROTHY DAVENPORT, the pretty star of the Rex Company of the Universal, made her stage debut in "Under Two Flags" in 1902 when but seven years of age, for she was born



in Boston on March 13, 1895. The pictures claimed her in June of 1909 when she enlisted in the Biograph ranks. December found her a member of the Reliance Company and in October of the following year she was transferred to the Nestor Company. Engagements with Selig, Kay Bee and Universal followed, but now she has been definitely assigned to the Rex brand of the Universal. She was recently married to Wallace Reid, who had been her leading man in hundreds of films, and is exceedingly happy in looking after her newly assumed responsibilities.

MARGUERITE NEMOYER, the petite, brunette soubrette of the Lubin Company, calls Buffalo, N. Y., home, for it was there that she was born. Though she never has appeared



on the stage she was trained for picture work by Miss Mae Hoteley of the Lubin forces and made her first appearance in the "Clear-as-a-Bell" films some two years ago. Miss Nemoier is worked at present in the Jacksonville, Florida, studios and devotes all her spare time to her favorite sports of swimming, diving and motorcycling. She is unmarried and so enthusiastic over her picture work that she feels she hasn't time to even think of marriage.

DAVID THOMPSON, character-man, leads and "heavies" with the Thanhouser Film Corporation, calls it home now in New Rochelle, New York, where the Thanhouser studios are located, but Liverpool, England, was his birthplace in 1868.



His debut as an actor was made in September of 1901, when he appeared in "Soldiers of Fortune." Engagements with James Corbett, Blanche Bates, Amelia Bingham, Edwin Arden, Frank McIntyre, James K. Hackett and Kelsey and Shannon followed until 1908, when he joined the Edison picture players. Two years later he signed a Thanhouser contract and has been busy ever since in the New Rochelle studios.

WILLIAM CLIFFORD, leading man of the 101 Bison branch of Universal films, was born in New Orleans, Louisiana, June 27, 1878, and made his stage debut as Baradas in "Richelieu" in 1894.



He has supported such stars as Walker Whiteside, Mildred Holland and Robert Mantell, appearing in such productions as "Robert of Sicily," "The Triumph of an Empress," "We Are King" and "When Knighthood Was in Flower." His film debut occurred in 1910 in the Pathé studio and a few months later he shifted to the Melies studio and the following year to the New York Motion Picture Company, from which he came to the Universal's Bison company. He is of medium height, a decided brunette and happiest when in his cosy home with his wife.

HELEN LINDROTH, as the Duchess in "A Celebrated Case," gave a performance that will long be remembered. In speaking of it, Helen said, "I loved that part, and I think I was happier in it than any part I have had in a long time."

FRANK W. SMITH is the leading character man of the Universal's Eastern studio, and is unexcelled in his line, as anyone will admit who has seen him as old Jarvis in



"The Jarvis Case," the miser in "Rags and Riches" or as Abraham in "Leah, the Forsaken." Born in Paris, Kentucky, in 1860, he made his first appearance five years later at the New Orleans varieties. He has supported such stars as Rossi, Ben DeBarr, Fanny Davenport and Robert Mantell. His first picture work was done in the Edison studios, but since 1910 he has been a member of the Universal's company. Golf is his favorite pastime when away from the studio.

"JERRY" HEVENER, one of the Lubin leads and a director under the supervision of A. D. Hotelling, made his stage debut in Shakespearean roles, appearing on November 10, 1891, in "Hamlet" with Richard Mansfield.



Work under Tom Keene, Wilton Lackey, Nance O'Neil and Creston Clark followed and he has headed many dramatic stock companies in the leading cities of the United States. In 1904 he joined the Lubin Company for picture work and has steadily risen until today he is frequently called upon to direct. For a short period Mr. Hevener left the Lubin Company to appear with Kalem, Eclair, and Solax, but now he is back in Philadelphia, the home of his birth, and playing again in Lubin films. His favorite pastime when away from the studio is raising chickens, and he proudly boasts of many prize-winning birds. He is happily married, his wife's stage name being Grace Mae Clark.

EASTERN STUDIO NEWS

GOSSIP OF THE PLAYERS IN AND AROUND NEW YORK

VINNIE BURNS of Solax's Fort Lee, N. J., studio has gone to Fort Clark, Texas, to appear in a war picture which has as its locale the Mexican border post at which the Solax Company is now encamped. Miss Burns is ever in search of adventure and her newest assignment was received by her with especial joy. Harry Schenck, who spent two years in cavalry service in the vicinity of Fort Clark, Texas, is to direct the picture.

Yale Boss, the fourteen-year-old leading juvenile at the Edison Bronx studio, receives as much mail as the average grown-up screen favorite. A more surprising fact is that the letters are fifty per cent affection, which Yale scornfully passes upon as "mush." We think he is a great little actor.

Edmund Breese, who played the lead in "The Master Mind," a Jesse L. Lasky production, attended the first-night showing of that film at the Strand Theatre. He thought he was successfully hidden from sight in a dark corner of a box but the spot-light found him and directed toward him the applause of the capacity house.

Glen White, whose name became known to screen fans through his work with the Universal Company, has signed as lead with T. Hayes Hunter's Colonial productions.

Muriel Ostriche has added another silver cup to her collection of dance trophies, made during the recent months when dancing contests have been an every week attraction at the various New York cafes. Her latest triumph, she carried away from Rector's.

House Peters has said good-bye to the Famous Players and betaken himself to the land of sunshine and film studios where he is to sign as leading man with the California Motion Picture Corporation. His work with the Famous Players has brought him much praise and many friends as his new work undoubtedly will also.

Leo Delaney, after a six years pleasant stay at the Vitagraph studio in Brooklyn, has left that company and declared himself on the "rest list." He doesn't say what is to come after the rest, but the offer of several affiliations has been made him.

Mary Fuller added an uncalled for touch of realism to a scene being taken in one of the "Dolly of the Dailies" series, the other day. After a hand-to-hand conflict with a number of Chinamen in an opium den, Mary is carried away by Dick Neil. Mr. Neil's toe caught on a carpet, and he and his burden took a forward and downward plunge. Miss Fuller declared she received no injury, but a slight limp in her walk was noticed as she made her way to her dressing-room.

Florence Hackett of the Lubin company at Philadelphia, believes that the trials of a motion picture actress greater than those of an actress on the legitimate. To rally others to her aid in this belief she has offered an award.

Dustin Farnum is appearing with Winifred Kingston in "The Virginian," under the direction of Cecil B. de Mille for the Lasky Features at Hollywood.

After a month of vacation, Charles Bennett, who played characters with the Vitagraph, has joined the Keystoneers, appearing opposite Marie Dressler.

Allan Dwan, the Flying "A" and later Universal director has left for the east to join the Famous Players forces. He will probably put on "The County Chairman" with Martin Arbuckle as his star.

Charles Eldridge, whose bright personality and white hair have been missed from the Vitagraph pictures for almost six months, has again enrolled under the spread-eagle banner. He is certain to be welcomed by all photoplay fans.

Pearl White and Francis Carlyle nearly ended "The Perils of Pauline" series by falling down a flight of stairs. They have for consolation the fact that, though the fall was caught by the camera, it cannot be used in the series because a stage-hand rushed to the rescue, while scenario makes them the only ones there at the time.

Whoever fills House Peter's shoes for Famous Players will have to be capable of getting a "ripping souse" from a few glasses of celery water.

Heien Marten's popularity may cost her the salary of a secretary if her admirers continue to flood the mails with compliments and—yes, sometimes proposals.

Al Jennings, now playing the story of his life in Thanhouser's "Beating Back," is ready to leave for Mexico any time the president accepts his offer to recruit a company of "rough riders."

Annette Kellerman is "sea-food" no longer. The next producer to sign her up will have to take her as an actress and not as a sea-nymph.

Katherine Lee may be only four years old, but she certainly did monopolize the interest while she lasted in "Neptune's Daughter."

James J. Corbett, otherwise known as "Gentleman Jim," is soon to appear in pantomime in Blanche features. Part of his support will consist of people who appeared with him on the stage in his own plays.

Lionel Barrymore has left the Biograph company to play the lead in the Colonial Motion Picture Company's film, "The Seats of the Mighty."

Wally Van has added a few extra pounds to his plumpness and his eyes seem to have become even brighter than before. "I don't know why," he professed, back of the wings on the Vitagraph theater stage one night after his exit from the silent comedy. "People say so, so I guess it's true." To the public, Wally is ever affectionately referred to as "Cutie." He hates the name.

Mary Pickford attended Loew's Circle theater one night recently to see her own latest screen picture, "Tess of the Storm Country," made by the Famous Players Film Company. The house was so crowded Mary had to stand. The manager brought her a chair, from which she looked over the heads of the people to see the picture that had brought the house twice its usual attendance.

Florence Lawrence has begun her week-end trips to her fifty-acre farm just outside of New York state. "The rose-bushes are coming on beautifully," she reports, "and if you could only see the potato plants!" There can be no doubt but that Florence is a regular farmeress and knows what she is talking about.

CAN YOU TALK?

Do you really, honestly believe that your vocabulary is as extensive as it should be—as it is **POSSIBLE** to make it?

Have you ever had the unpleasantly embarrassing experience of trying to describe an incident to a group of people and not being able to find the word that exactly expresses your meaning?

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in an easy, rapid manner without stopping to think of just what word is the one?

How much time do you waste in thinking of what to say?

It's surprising, isn't it?

These two books, "Correct English" and "The Correct Word," are the best little time-savers you ever saw.

They are written by Josephine Turch Baker, one of the foremost authorities on English Grammar in this country.

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Success



Judge from my picture as to the truth of what I say to you—that the crowning feminine attribute is a bust of beautiful proportions, firmness and exquisite development. Then ask yourself how much you would like to have such a photograph of yourself, showing the glory of womanhood with its lines of infinite charm and grace. It would be worth far more than a two-cent stamp, would it not? Then let me give you my message—let me tell you of what I have learned and let me give you recent pictures of myself to prove what I say—for if you will write me to-day

I Will Tell You How—FREE

I will tell you gladly and willingly. Why should any woman neglect an opportunity to escape the pain and heartache of being skinny, scrawny, angular and unattractive in body? Misery is not our heritage. Nature planned that you—a woman—should have the rich, pulsing lines of warm, living flesh molded after the mother of us all, the description of whom perfumes our sacred literature with love and admiration for the divinity of woman's form. For why should there be that pitiful aspect—the face of a woman and the form of a man.

Write To Me To-day

I don't care how fallen, or flaccid, or undeveloped your bust now is—I want to tell you of a simple home method—I want to tell you how I gained perfect development. No physical culture—no massage, foolish baths or paste—no plasters, masks or injurious injections—I want to tell you of my own new method, never before offered or told about—insuring immediate success and permanent beauty.

Send No Money

Just write me a letter—address it to me personally—that's all. I believe you will bless me through years of happiness for pointing the way to you and telling you what I know. Please send your letter to-day to the following address:

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Our Photoplay Books

are all up-to-the-second views and ideas of men whose opinions are valued and worthy of study. Outlines of three of them appear on this page. If additional information is desired—about these or other books—a postcard will bring it to you by return mail.

Refer to "Photoplay Books" as Number Six.

Simply sign your name and address to a post card, refer—by number—to the book about which you want more information and mail it to us TODAY. You will get an answer by return mail.

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INFORMATION DEPARTMENT

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ABOUT PLAYS AND PLAYERS

P. O. L., WASHINGTON, D. C.—We don't get cast sheets of Ambrosio productions and so can't tell you who those players were. The Cines Company operates outside of Italy when the occasion demands and the jungle pictures you saw in "Between Savage and Tiger" were real jungle scenes and not faked studio sets, of that you can be positive.

MAIDA R., CHESTERTON, IND.—Clarence Burton was "Bob Benson" in Powers' "The Pearl of the Sea" and "Myra" was Edna Maison.

CRISSE W., OSHKOSH, WIS.—Carlyle Blackwell is now with the Famous Players. The first release in which he is to appear under the new conditions will shortly be announced. Fred Mace left Mutual to make feature films for himself, but it is now reported that he has signed a Pathe contract.

REDDY, CHICAGO, ILL.—The film "A Million Bid" which you saw was the same picture that was shown at the Vitagraph Theater in New York City. All of the Vitagraph theater productions are released through the General Film Company as soon as the run on Broadway is finished. You seem to have the other "million" films confused. "The Million Dollar Robbery" is a Solax feature while "The Million Dollar Mystery" is a Thanhouser production which hasn't been released as yet. The latter was written by Harold MacGrath.

EXHIBITOR, SPRINGFIELD, ILL.—"The Greyhound" is not an animal picture but a five reel visualization of the play of the same name which was written by Paul Armstrong and Wilson Mizner. Your mistake is almost as funny as the story of the man who wrote his exchange for a "stirring battle picture" and received next day "The War on the Mosquito."

X. Y. Z., LITTLE ROCK, ARK.—Thomas Santachi is still with Selig or was the day this copy went to the editor. Sometimes photoplayers move so fast that they're with a new company before our copy gets into the hands of our readers, but so far as we know Santachi is perfectly contented and satisfied just where he is.

CHESTER W. C., PLYMOUTH, IND.—The complete cast for Selig's "Her Ladyship" is as follows:—Lady Cecile—Gertrude Coghlan, Earl of Clifden—Walter Roberts, Lord Sibley—Clifford Bruce, Richard Dixon—Harold Vosburgh, Jeanette Marsh—Adrienne Kroell and Little Elsie—Ruth Hazlette. Am unable to tell you where Ray Myers and James Cooley are now. Cooley was last with Mutual. So far as we have any record W. Christie Miller was never with Eclair. Don't place Francis Newburg with Selig. Only the exchanges could tell you which weekly is most in demand, the Pathe or the Hearst-Selig.

"AN INTERESTED READER," GREENFIELD, IOWA.—You certainly have gone back into ancient history. Over half the questions you ask are based on films which were released as long ago as August and September, 1913, and we haven't any records that run that far back. In fact at that time Broncho and Kay-Bee were not telling who played the principal parts in their pictures, so we simply will have to "give up" that bunch of questions. The complete cast of Imp's "Rounding Up Bowser" is as follows:—Bowser—Mr. Lee, father—Wade Scott, lover—Mr. Wood, and keeper—Frank Deer. Your chances of getting into motion picture work wouldn't be one in a thousand. There are thousands and thousands of trained players seeking work at the studios now. Why add yourself and your inexperience to the crowd already there?

PAUL I. C., WINNEBAGO, MINN.—The leads in that Lubin film were Melvin Mayo and Dolly Larkins. Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher in Vitagraph's "Never Again" were Sidney Drew and Jane Fearnley. The technical term in a scenario to which you refer means a close-up view of the action.

EDWIN F. N., CHATHAM, MASS.—We can't place the film you mention as an Imp release. If you could give us its release date we might be able to find the cast sheet and give you the information you were seeking.

SNOW-CRUZE FAX, CHICAGO, ILL.—Billy Quirk plays the lead in Vitagraph's "The Girl From Prosperity."

NAN, CHICAGO, ILL.—House Peters left the Famous Players organization several weeks ago but we don't believe any of the productions in which he is now appearing have been released as yet.

JAMES L. R., ARLINGTON, GA.—We should suggest your applying to your city clerk for a motion picture operator's license. If he is not the proper official to issue the license he can tell you to whom to apply.

COWBOY, PHOENIX, ARIZ.—Broncho Billy's sweetheart in Essanay's "Broncho Billy's True Love" is Marguerite Clayton, while the eastern girl is played by Elsa Larimer.

HAZEL, NEW YORK CITY.—We are sure you must be mistaken in thinking Fred L. Wilson of the Rex Company a former classmate of yours, for he graduated from the University of Iowa, and later studied music in Chicago.

B. G. T., MARSHALLTOWN, IOWA.—Sam in Komic's "The Fatal Dress Suit" was Eddie Dillon, and the villain was James Young. Shorty Hamilton was "Chuck" in Domino's "Freckles." Keystone comedians are often really badly bruised and bumped in their rough and tumble stunts, so we can't tell you the secret of "how they manage to escape injuries while working in the films"—for they don't escape.

CECILE S., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—Roscoe Arbuckle of the Keystone Company is not "made up fat." He really grew that way and tips the scales at around two hundred and eighty-five pounds. Minta Durfee, the little blonde lady who sometimes appears in Keystone pictures, is his wife.

"LAUGHTER," NEW YORK CITY.—The complete cast of Majestic's "In the Spider's Web" is as follows:—James Stevens—Ernest Joy, Mrs. Stevens—Lucille Young, Jack, an ex-convict—William Nigh, Quirk, "The Spider"—Jack Leonard, Carter, a clubman—Lee Hill, Ted Browning was the "Weary Willie" in Komic's "Victims of Speed."

CONFUSED, BROOKLYN, N. Y.—It was Dorothy and not Lillian Gish who played Stella in Mutual's "The Floor Above." The other girl was Estelle Coffin. Harry Von Meter is the character man of the Flying A company. Louise Lester is their character actress.

JANE W., WHITEWATER, WIS.—In Thanhouser's series of pictures called "The Adventures of the Diplomatic Free Lance," the roles of "Lord Trevor" and "Nan," his ward, have in all cases been played by James Cruze and Flo LaBadie. "Abdul" is George Barnes and the tall, lean, lank player that you refer to is Cyril Chadwick. The stories are adapted from a series of novelettes written by Clarence Herbert New and which appeared in The Blue Book.

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Where Women as Well as Men are Enjoying Comforts and Independence on Small Farms

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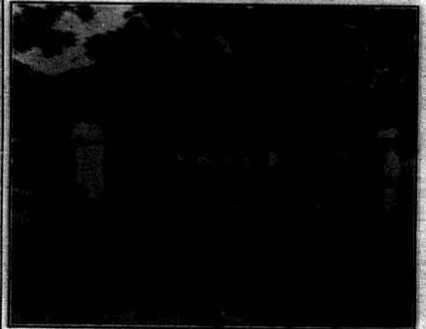
winter farming are probably best expressed. Here the women are doing things. They are operating "little farms" and are helping in the accomplishment of big successes on the big farms.

Here in Northern Florida where railroad and steamship terminals are close at hand, with good facilities for quick marketing of crops and plenty of trains for traveling about, where the summer and winter climate is best suited to Northern people, is the place that holds rich opportunities for women as well as men.

If you stop and think a moment, it is the women that hold communities together and because of the genial climate, good soil, great demand for every winter and sum-

mer grown product of this favored North Florida district at good prices, women are exerting a powerful influence in its splendid development.

The following table shows what can be produced from a "little farm" of just one acre. These figures are official, taken from the twelfth Biennial Report of the Commissioner of Agriculture of the State of Florida and are average winter crops and our people



Chicken Ranch handled exclusively by two Northern women who moved from the North to make money on poultry and eggs, with very successful results.

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Strawberries	• \$487 per acre
Head Lettuce	• 264 per acre
String Beans	• 240 per acre
Green Peppers	• 318 per acre
Cucumbers	• 319 per acre
Egg Plant	• 300 per acre
Cantaloupe	• 200 per acre
Bermuda Onions	• 400 per acre

These same acres can be planted to two more crops during the year. There are many other fruits and vegetables that are successful money making crops, all of which are always in great demand, cash paid on the ground to every grower.

Figure out your earning on just a quarter acre each of four to six of these staples which is the type of "little farming" in this wonderful out-of-doors climate so successful in Northern Florida. It costs less to get started on these small farms in Northern Florida than on grain or stock farms anywhere in the Northern States and the living conditions are almost ideal.

We sell small farms of ten acres for \$300 on easy payments, \$10 down and \$10 monthly, no interest and no taxes until paid for.

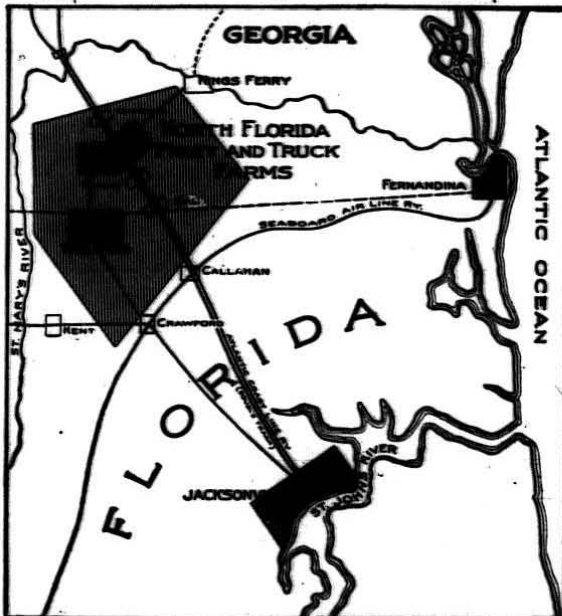
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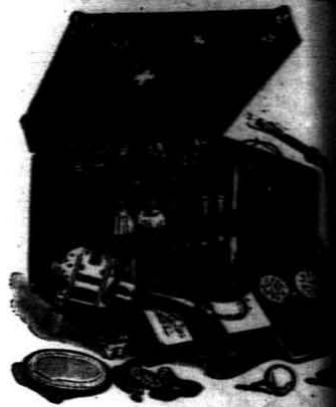
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"I was a nervous wreck. Today I can honestly say that I am relieved from my nervous trouble entirely."

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"My husband who was a sufferer of Lumbago at intervals always gets relief from the vibration."

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"I find your vibrator a wonderful thing for all ailments. It helps me wonderfully."

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Vibratory massage reduces inflammation, stimulates muscles, removes pain, relieves congestion, and relieves a congested area and starts a general circulation. —Butler, "Internal Medicine."

It is recognized by the medical profession at large that pressure and massage cause absorption. —Osler.

Electro-vibratory massage produces at once the warm, prickling, burning sensation, and the reaction is always pleasant and agreeable. —Hardman.

Take care of your skin. Massage is a wonderful help. —Prof. Hindhead.

Vibration or mechanical massage, as a placebo, is very good; as a stimulant in general I consider it good. The pneumatic vibration of the tympanic membrane has restored good hearing to myself and many others. —"Massage in Trauma," by Ford. Engelbrechtson.

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Scenario by Lloyd Lonergan

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"WE'RE HERE BECAUSE WE'RE HERE"

MOVIE PICTORIAL

Edited by ROY S. HANFORD

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THE MOVIE PICTORIAL

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"The Weakling"

He Proves Himself as Strong as the Strongest

By VIVIAN BARRINGTON

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE KALEM FILM FEATURING ALICE JOYCE

JUDGE BERRY smiled as Nancy came in, book in hand. He was already at the dinner table, waiting for her. But he was used to that and he didn't seem to mind. His daughter ruled the judge as absolutely as he ruled his own court room. Her whim was his law in their home. They lived alone together, save for servants, and the relationship between them was a close and intimate one.

"Well, Nancy," said the judge. "Late again! Who kept you this time? Litt Largin?"

"Of course," she said, returning the smile. "He's a human question mark, Dad! What a shame, what a pity it is that a boy with as good a mind as his has never been to school! He's starving for knowledge. And until I began to try to teach him and some of the others around here a little of what I know—and it's so little, really!—he never had a chance! He couldn't even read!"

"I know—it's a terrible thing," said the judge, shaking his head, soberly. "The way these mountaineers have been neglected is a crying reproach to the state and the country. They come of the best stock in America. Their ancestors were pioneers; they reclaimed a wild and barren land. They helped, after that, to win independence; these are the people, you know, who fought the battle of King's Mountain in the Revolution, and kept the southern campaign alive—without which Washington would never have won at Yorktown. And now, they're regarded as degenerates—which they're not—as poor white trash, anything you like. They are moonshiners, but every time I have to sentence one of the poor devils I feel like making an apology."

Judge Berry knew what he was talking about. A man of culture and refinement, he was still in close touch with the people among whom he lived. While not a wealthy man, still he might have sought a more congenial environment. But he preferred to stay among the mountaineers, and to do what he could to help them, feeling that, given half a chance, they would make honest and loyal citizens. As it

was, he felt, they and their potentialities were being wasted. They gave little to the state; they got less in return. Their children were not properly educated. The few schools were poor affairs, and there was no proper supervision of them, so that few children were sent to school at all.

Nancy Berry, brought up among these people, had returned from college fired with the desire to do something for them. Her first thought had been that she might begin by teaching the children. But this proved to be impossible. The mountaineers were queer folk. Moreover, they distrusted her because of her father. The judge, by virtue of his office, was a sort of feudal enemy. Moonshine whiskey (whiskey made without the formality of notifying the tax collectors of the revenue office), was a leading product of the district, and it was Judge Berry's duty to try and if possible convict those who offended against the law. So the mountaineers would not send their children to Nancy.

Then she began to make friendly advances to the older girls, already married, some of them,

for in that part of the world they marry and begin the serious business of life very young. Here she had better luck. These girls and young women read her truly, and knew that her friendship for them was real, not a

mask intended to cover some deep laid plot or plan of espionage. And, through the girls, she had reached some of the younger men. These were ready to admire her because she was a young girl, and a pretty one, and vastly different from the women they knew. And it was in this way that she had discovered Litt Largin.

Litt had a really remarkable mind. Without formal training of any kind, his eager thirst for knowledge had still given him an education of a curious sort. He knew the woods, and the life of the birds and animals. He had studied the weather, and could forecast it in advance. He had, that is, a remarkable faculty of observation. And when he came to Nancy, shyly, and asked her if she would teach him to read, Nancy almost cried at the pity of it.

She had to be very patient with him at first. But she succeeded. He learned quickly, after the first stumbling steps had been taken. And he remembered, and, better still, understood the things she told him. He applied his mind to what he learned to read, thinking things out for himself, reasoning about them, and often astonishing and baffling Nancy with the questions he asked.

"Litt! You ought to go to college!" she told him one day.

"What, me?" he asked, in amazement. "Oh, shucks, Miss Nancy, you're dreaming! I couldn't go to college!"

"Oh, but you could, Litt, and you should!" she said, her eyes shining. "You really have a mind and you ought to learn to use it. I don't believe you want to stay here and try to scratch a living out of your share of your father's land. You ought to be a lawyer, or an engineer! You ought to do big things in the world!"

But Litt had a weakness that, as yet, Nancy had never suspected. She had been surprised, sometimes, by his gentleness; she had won-



He Would Creep Up Near Them and Spy on Them

dered why he, alone of all the boys, seemed to have so much time to spend in letting her teach him. The truth was that Litt was an outcast, almost a pariah. In a community where physical courage was taken as a matter of course, where lingering feuds still broke out, without much provocation, into savage clan battles, Litt was marked off from all the rest because he was a coward. So they all called him.

What made Litt a coward was, first, lack of the proper stimulus to courage, and, secondly, his vivid imagination. He could visualize, at a thought, all the pain, all the suffering, that he might have to endure if he fought. And his whole being shrank from such consequences. His family and the clan of Litt could not understand him. To them he was simply a coward, without extenuating circumstances. And their treatment of him had, of course, only made his cowardice more marked.

Dave Largin, Litt's brother, was his opposite in almost every respect. A dark browed, sullen man, four or five years older than Litt, he had none of his brother's quickness of wit. He was nearer to the average type of mountaineer. At first he had sneered at Litt's devotion to Nancy, and his eagerness to learn what she could teach. But, after he had watched them several times, he began to change his mind. He would creep up near them, and spy on them, while they worked. And the beauty of Nancy had its effect upon him.

One day he met her in the woods, when she expected to see Litt. She knew him, as Litt's brother, and nodded brightly to him.

"Howdy, Miss Nancy," said Dave, with a leer that he thought was a smile. "Say, couldn't you-all give me some of the time you-all wastes on that no account brother of mine?"

"Why? Do you want to learn to read?" asked Nancy.

"Read? Naw!" Dave exploded, with a hoarse

William J. Burns' Latest Case—The Lost Million

EVEN AS THE MYSTERY STORY is the greatest thing in fiction, so also is suspense the greatest thing in photoplays.

The story that keeps you laughing makes you enjoy the show; but the photoplay that sends you home wondering is the one that brings you back.

It was ever thus—the thing that baffles the many is the thing that interests the most.

Now comes "The Million Dollar Mystery"—the very apotheosis of surprise and suspense.

The principal question it asks is "what became of the million?"

And not the least interesting thing about it is that nobody knows the answer. Ten thousand dollars will be paid to the person offering the best solution of this enigma of the money bags.

And "Movie Pictorial" wants one of its readers to win that ten thousand.

As a matter of fact "Movie Pictorial" readers have a better chance than anybody else for the reason that "Movie Pictorial" has retained William J. Burns, the world's greatest detective, and head of the William J. Burns International Detective Agency TO HELP THEM SOLVE THE MYSTERY.

Beginning next Saturday his analysis of each week's installment of the mystery film will be published in "Movie Pictorial."

Burns is engaged only to HELP "Movie Pictorial" readers.

Neither he nor anybody connected with him directly or indirectly will be permitted to obtain the prize.

His lifetime of experience is free to all, and his deductions can be secured only in these pages.

We shall not essay to win this prize ourselves.

But we are of the opinion that if we were to attempt to unravel such a mysterious mystery as this we would be very glad indeed to be guided through the labyrinth by such an eminent and successful unraveler of mysteries as William J. Burns. Let's look at page 11.

laugh. "But, say, you-all ain't keepin' company with no one—an' it's time I got a woman—"

Without a word Nancy turned on her heel, her cheeks flaming with anger! So that was what they thought—that! Because she was kind to them, they were privileged to make love to her! She was even angry with Litt, at first. But she soon saw the injustice, and laughed. Moreover, she felt that she must have squelched Dave. But she had not. The next time he met her was in the village. He had been drinking and he approached her while she was speaking to Litt.

"You-all was pretty rough with me," he said. "Say, I want you for my woman. I guess you're pretty stuck-up."

"Litt!" cried Nancy. "Can't you protect me from this man's insults?"

"Shut up—and get out, Dave," said Litt. "You're annoying Miss Berry."

Dave turned on him, black with rage.

"I'll give you thirty seconds to make yourself scarce, brother or no 'brother!" he snarled. "Now—git!"

eyes to the fact that she had, unconsciously, come to think a great deal of him, and in a fashion in which she had never thought of any other man. Nancy was honest; she did not hide the truth, even from herself. And so, though the discovery made her furious, she admitted to herself that she had been on the very verge of falling in love with Litt.

"With a coward!" she told herself, scornfully.

She still walked in the woods, in the places where she had been wont to meet Litt. But now he stayed away. Actually, though she did not know it, he was nearby, watching over her. Dave had made an evil boast concerning her, one night when he was drunk, and Litt, white-lipped, had sworn to foil his brother.

His chance came. One day he saw Dave start up in Nancy's path. He didn't wait for Nancy's scream. Dave made a movement to seize the girl; before he had completed it Litt, conquering his imagination, his fear, leaped for him and bore him down. For five minutes there was a fearful struggle between the brothers. Nancy, terrified, shrieked for help, but there was no one to hear her. And in the end she saw Litt rise. Dave lay very still. One arm was lying limp, but that seemed the least thing to consider.

"I killed him, I guess," said Litt, breathing hard. "Well, it served him right, the hound! But it was what I was afraid of—"

For just one moment Nancy looked at him. The next found her clinging to him, drawing his arms about her, kissing his bruised lips.

"Oh, Litt, go! Go, quickly—in case you must—I couldn't bear to have you arrested, when you did it for me!" she cried incoherently. "I'll look after him. Only go!"

He obeyed her, reluctantly. The wonder of what she had done awed him. He knew that she loved him, though between them there was no word of love.

"I'll write," he said, simply.

Dave Largin was not dead. But his arm was hopelessly injured. He would never use it again; he had to learn to be left handed. And there survived in him a bitter hatred of the brother who had crippled him.

As soon as Nancy knew that he was safe, she wrote to Litt, who had kept his promise and told her where he was. And then she went to her father and told him, bravely, the truth.

"I love Litt," she said. "And, I'm going to marry him. Dad, won't you help? Won't you send him to college? He's going to be a big man."

She had her way, as she always could with her father. He made a journey to see Litt, and when he returned, he told Nancy it was all arranged.

"I've lent him a little money, he wouldn't take much," said the judge. "And he's going

For a moment Litt wavered. Then, shamefacedly, his hands dropped. He turned away. Nancy, scarcely believing her eyes, saw that he meant to desert her. So it was true, after all! He was a coward! Her father's sudden appearance saved her. But she was shocked and hurt by what Litt's action had revealed. Nancy loved and admired courage in a man. Litt was big, and strong—but, plainly, he was a weakling.

So she thought. Even Nancy was deceived by appearances. For it was impossible for her, as it was even for Litt himself to understand what it was that had made him yield so tamely to Dave's threat. He slunk away; for a week Nancy did not see him. She had been deeply wounded; it was the shock of her discovery of Litt's unworthiness that opened her



Nancy, Scarcely Believing Her Eyes, Saw That He Meant to Desert Her



Dave Made a Movement to Seize the Girl

to take the engineering course. I, well, I guess you're right, daughter. Litt's going to win out, he's going to be a big man."

The beginning of Litt's college career seemed to justify the judge's prophecy. He had a great deal to make up; his classmates, though they were younger, had had far more schooling. Yet, at the end of his first year he had caught up with them, and he was planning his work so that in less than three years he might be at work. For he wanted to be married; study, though it was necessary, seemed to him a terrible waste of time. But Nancy made him stick to it. And for a time her pride in him grew, daily.

But then disturbing stories came to her. Things happened in college that seemed to show that Litt's old weakness was still to be feared. He wouldn't play football, big and strong though he was. There was no one big thing, but straws, borne by the wind, showed Nancy where it was blowing, until her heart was sick within her. For she couldn't marry a coward! No matter how much she loved him, she couldn't—for she would never respect him. And for her, life with a man she did not respect would be impossible.

Litt himself knew that things were going wrong. And yet he could not seem to fight down the cowardice that afflicted him. It was in his blood. And in the end it brought disaster. Litt's course was finished. Nancy, with her father, went to see him receive his diploma.

Fate willed matters so that a thief was discovered that day. He had been rifling the clothes left in the gymnasium by the baseball teams that were playing a Commencement game. And he was trapped in the building. Every exit was guarded, and search was being made for him inside. Litt, with Nancy, happened to enter the building, to show her the trophy room. And there, skulking, was the thief. At the sight of them he started forward.

"Stop him, Litt!" cried Nancy.

"Out of my way, let me out!" snarled the thief.

And Litt gave ground—let him escape!

That was the last blow. Nancy, tears of humiliation in her eyes, stared at Litt for a moment. Then she turned away.

"Go, please," she said. "And spare me, Litt. Don't try to see me, any more."

Crushed, he did not even try to plead with her. That night she went home with her father; two days later Litt found employment as assistant engineer of a coal mine a few miles away. And so, for months, though they were only a few miles apart, they did not see one another.

Then Litt's father was arrested on the old charge, of moonshining. And, when he was put on trial, both Litt and Nancy were in court, each brought by the hope that the other would be there. As the case was called their eyes met. Litt's did not fall; he looked steadily at her. But Nancy winced and turned away. Then she looked at Litt's father, bearded, menacing, as he stood in the dock. She shivered.

The trial was a mere formality. Dave Largin sat behind Nancy; she heard his muttered oaths as point after point was made against his father. There could be only one outcome; the jury brought in a verdict of guilty without leaving its box. And then, before he passed sentence, Judge Berry asked the old man if he had anything to say.

"I reckon I have," said old Largin. "Jedge, doan' you-all send me to jail! Fine me, I'll pay the fine! But, if you say jail, you-all won't leave this yere court alive!"

There was a gasp from the crowded court room. Nancy, looking at Litt, saw his eyes blaze. She turned to follow them, and saw Dave, his left hand in his pocket, leaning, half out of his chair. Then her father's voice broke the silence.

"Prisoner at the bar!" he said, sternly. "You have threatened this court. Except for that, you would have been sent to prison for one year and fined five hundred dollars. It is the judgment of this court that you be confined in prison for two years and fined one thousand dollars!"

Thus did Judge Berry face the threat old Largin had made! The old man looked at Dave. Nancy screamed as he hurled himself past her. His gun was pointed straight at the judge. But, before he could fire, Litt threw himself in the way, the shot was fired; and, with a moan, he collapsed. And, before Dave could fire again, he was seized.

"Coward!" said the judge, two weeks later. Litt, sleeping in the house, was out of danger at last. And Nancy had come to her father. The judge smiled. "Not exactly a coward!" he went on. "Too much imagination for his own good—but it saved my life! He knew what was going to happen. And you'll notice, my dear, that he rises to meet the big emergencies! No, he's no coward. You can depend on him!"

"I'm going to!" said Nancy.

Travel Pictures

BURTON HOLMES has been captured by the lure of the movies. From his travelogue has been born the "travelette." The travelogue will continue as of old, but the travelette will invade the better class of motion picture theatres throughout the United States, Canada and Europe. The travelette will go to every nook and corner of the civilized globe and will be heard in every language, if its originator's plans are carried out.

It follows out the suggestion frequently made to this traveler and lecturer that it was unfortunate that the results of his upward of a million miles of travel and his twenty-five years of observation have necessarily been confined to so few of the larger cities in this country.

This arrangement opens up and releases for the big "movies" miles and miles of travel motion pictures illustrating life in every quarter of the globe and thousands of colored views from a library that cannot be duplicated in the world.



Before Dave Could Fire, Litt Threw Himself in the Way

When Movie Met Movie

A Story of the New York Exposition

By KATHERINE SYNON

SIX hundred thousand people and eighty millions of dollars came together under the roof of the Grand Central Palace in New York from June 8 to June 13 at the second International Motion Picture Exposition.

Manhattan, immersed in railroad investigations, sympathy strikes and summer resort news, sat up and began to take notice when one of the biggest crowds that the hall has ever held gathered for the opening of the show. Even the polo crowds faded into comparative insignificance when nearly one hundred thousand people had passed within the doors and packed solidly the aisles where nearly all the American and some of the foreign manufacturers were displaying results of their industry. After President Wilson had opened the exhibition by the pressure of an electric button in the White House the only time when there was a clear space between the booths was before the show opened in the morning and after it closed at midnight.

New York, like the other part of the United States, had gone "movie mad." From Broadway, where motion picture houses have been replacing the older theatrical business, came thousands of "fans," eager to see the actors whose work on the screen has been their de-

light. There came, too, actors and actresses who had posed for the films, and actresses and actors who had a desire to pose. The New York literati turned out for the occasion. So did congressmen, and judges, and publishers. From the United States came film producers, and film companies, and film manufacturers, and nearly everybody connected with the motion picture industry, representing an investment of \$80,000,000. From the East Side, and Fifth avenue, from Yonkers and Brooklyn, from the Jersey coast and Long Island, from Philadelphia and New Rochelle came the crowds, who made holiday of every day of the exposition and who showered on the actors and actresses the immediate admiration that the latter say is the only thing they miss when they leave the stage for the film.

For six nights, while outer New York sizzled and sweltered in one of its terrific heat waves, Grand Central Palace surged with stars, and comets, and satellites, crossing courses so often that the picture universe was threatened with annihilation had not the sun of good nature radiated. But good-nature was the middle name of every man, woman and child who came to the show.

Any one who believes that the American pub-

lic isn't curious should go to any point where the public can see a motion picture star. Mary Pickford held a reception at the booth of the Famous Players one night and the spectacle of the throngs who pushed, and shoved, and jostled for one glimpse of the little, unaffected girl whose fame has encircled the world looked like the corner of State and Madison streets in Chicago at noon or Park Row in New York at six o'clock jammed into a ten-foot space. Alice Joyce gave an exhibition for the Kalem films the same night in one of the theatres of the upper floor, and there were just as many people there as crushed in down below at the Pickford party. Francis X. Bushman of the Essanay, who won a medal as the most popular film hero in America, tried to promenade around the place with Beverly Bayne, who was resplendent in a raspberry-hued gown of much style, but their progress was altogether too triumphal for their comfort. King Baggot was nearly mobbed as he watched the dancing at the Universal.

The Universal dancing pavilion, which was off in a far corner of the immense hall, was decorated with the modest invitation to "Come and dance with your film favorites." But before there was a sign of an orchestra there was a waiting list of two hundred people and a crowd



Top Row: Mignon Anderson; James Cruze; Marion Leonard; Ethel Grandin; O. A. C. Lund; Alice Joyce. Middle Row: Alec B. Francis; John Bunny; Pearl Sindelar; Maude Fealy; Norma Phillips; Clara Kimball Young; Matt Moore. Bottom Row: Marguerite Snow; Mae Hotely; Helen Marten; Thomas Moore; Beverly Bayne; Lila Chester; Crane Wilbur



Top Row: Francis X. Bushman; Rosemary Theby; Mary Fuller; Gladys Fitz-Gerald; Lillian Walker; Arthur V. Johnson. Second Row: Pearl White; Ormi Hawley; Ruth Stonehouse; Leah Baird; Harold Lockwood; King Baggot; Florence La Badie. Bottom Row: Richard C. Travers; William Shea; Harry Benham; Mabel Trunnelle; Ethel Clayton; Irving Cummings; Barbara Tennant

that nearly knocked over a counter at which a distracted woman was trying to demonstrate a projector light. When Matty Ruppert, who plays the leads in the Universal Boy films, came out in his Ford Sterling costume and took his place at the piano there was a volume of applause that would have warmed the soul of Paderewski. It spurred Matty to violent effort and he pounded out ragtime that rivalled Europe and his band and which nearly put all the mechanical pianos on the floor out of business.

Matty's titillating tinkling at the keys brought out little Katherine Lee of the auburn curls. She tripped the tango demurely with a youth whose brow indicated visible cranial enlargement. He was at the bursting point when a fat woman who had wedged her way to the front row of the ranks of spectators gasped, "Why, she's the little girl who died in 'Neptune's Daughter.'" The girl was too much for Katherine's gravity, and the crowd laughed with her. She had to retreat from the spotlight, however, and the youth registered disappointment.

Billy Welch was the next artist to make a floor appearance as a tango specialist. Billy chose from the waiting lines a copper-haired maiden who blushed over the delicate attention and who languished through the movements of the dance in spite of all that Billy and Matty did to keep the function lively. She seemed to feel the most intense regret when the music came to a sudden stop. Although Matty and Billy both looked gravely regretful for the instant, there flashed a gleam of eyes between them that resembled coalition and a plot against the Victorian maiden. Billy's next partner was vivid, anyway, and they danced together so long that murmurings of discontent floated down the waiting line.

When King Baggot came along there was a near-riot. Maidens began to primp expectantly, giving glances shy and otherwise to the hero. King took a glance at the length of the line, however, and discovered that he had a very weak ankle. He found it equal to carrying him

back to the main aisle, however, where David Belasco, who was in the wake of Jesse L. Lasky, cornered him.

Belasco had a crowd after him, not because he was Belasco, but because the crowd thought he was some famous personage of the motion pictures on account of the attention he was receiving from the potentates of the business. One of the women who stared at him curiously voiced the belief of her companions. "Well, his face is certainly familiar to me," she announced, "but I can't place what I've seen him in. I guess it must have been a minor role, but a good character part." Belasco smiled sadly at the recognition.

The Lubin brought an imitation of the Liberty Bell and a whole troupe of players from the Philadelphia plant. There was a rumor when the show started that Theobald Lubin had died of nervous prostration when he had been told that his managers had contracted to bring the fourteen companies from the City of Brotherly Love to the exhibition, but the old man was quite revived before the end of the evening when he saw the mobs around the booth where pretty little Justina Huff, who has just been made a leading lady, was drawing admirers as molasses draws flies. Justina went into the background, however, on the night when Lillie Leslie and Joseph Smiley came over from Lubinville. Lillie and Joseph, as the principals in one of the few real "movie" weddings, came downstage center the minute they appeared in the hall. The tale of how Joseph, as producer of the company, had planned a wedding scenario, given himself the role of bridegroom, engaged a real minister to serve as clergyman, and held a real license in his pocket while the camera recorded the event and no one but the minister and Lillie knew that the wedding was real, went through the hall while the crowds came to gaze on the honeymooners. Lillie couldn't stand the attention, and went visiting over on the other side of the hall.

Over there the Kalem crowd held forth, the

Lawrences, Adelaide and her husband, Robert Ellis and Irene Boyle and little Lygia Sznura, who insisted on seeing how the wheels of the exposition went around. Somebody discovered that one of the upper floor theatres was running a picture in which she had acted and three youths led Lygia and her chaperon up to see the spectacle.

Clara Kimball Young of the Vitagraph, who had appeared at the Vitagraph theater up on Broadway on the first night of the exhibition, came to the Palace on the second, and, although she wore no placard, seemed to be acquainted with everyone in New York, according to the recognition which she received. She had a triumphal progress around the hall. With the exception of a man who thought she was Kathryn Williams, everyone knew her the very first time. The mistake of the onlooker was probably due to the fact that she was in the Selig booth when he passed.

The Edison people had a running fountain in their exhibit and a stately row of handsome heroes who looked haughty beyond words when seen from the floor level, but who melted into cordiality to the ascending crowds. At the Famous Players Elizabeth Sharpe revealed a gorgeous English accent to whomsoever she talked. Elizabeth, who is an English beauty of the Mrs. Langtry type, fair, fragile, violet-eyed, talked about Mary Pickford to anyone who would listen, voicing her adoration of Mary in a most unprofessional way. Irene Palmer was distributing the booklets that announced that the Famous Players had won to the movies nearly every great actor and actress in the regular work, all the way up to Bernhardt and Mrs. Fiske. Rida and Florida Bellaire, insisting that those were their real names, assisted her.

On the balcony six theaters were running simultaneously with pictures of which the principals were in the building. Mr. and Mrs. Alex Francis of the Eclair discovered themselves in one and Mrs. Francis gave a little shriek of amazement, then rushed her husband dancing-

ward. The Francises were among the hundreds of domestic duets that are so characteristic of the movies. Contrary to theatrical tradition, too, the crowd didn't seem to mind discovering that the curly-haired heroes had wedded the beautiful maidens of the films. In fact, the crowds seemed to regard such conduct as the right and proper thing.

It was on Tuesday night that the Gayer Set went off to Coney Island to a clambake, but everyone who went promised everyone else to preserve absolute silence about the bandit hold-up and the bathing disaster and the philandering. But what's a secret between friends? By Wednesday night even Jesse Lasky had heard all the tales.

One day the convention got down to business and the several hundred delegates adopted a resolution concerning a censorship plan, indorsing the methods of the National Board of Censorship and protesting against the compulsory and inadequate methods of many cities and states.

Incidentally, exhibitors visited and compared, and a vast amount of business suggestions and ideas changed hands. But the real world of the show was the pleasure end. There was a big dinner party one night where everybody wore his very best clothes, and there was the grand ball that closed the affair and brought out some of the most gorgeous gowns that Broadway has glimpsed this summer. The hall would have been illuminated by the diamonds of the stars, even had the lighting plant gone out of business. There was every sort of step devisable in evidence at that ball, but nobody tripped, and the nine different kinds of organ that had held forth in the hall united in pealing. "In the Heart of the City that Had No Heart" as a vaudeville to New York. And the last fan departed, bearing twenty pounds of trophies and the memory of the biggest, gayest, merriest exposition that ever struck Manhattan.

A Ladder to the Stars

FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN and Beverly Bayne came from the west on the limited train. Went all the rounds of the Picture Land lane.

She with her smile, and he with his cane, "We're fond of the place and we'll come back again."

Said Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne.

David Belasco and King Baggot talked together in the main aisle for ten minutes on the opening night. King was in the legitimate drama for a week this spring. These theatrical folk are so clannish.

There was a man in Flatbush,
And he was wondrous wise,
When he was only ten years old
He'd learned to advertise.
So when the Motion Picture show
Set up in New York town,
He brought there Clara Kimball Young,
All in her gayest gown,
He then retired in triumph,
With a hat of extra size,
For Clara was the cynosure
Of fifty thousand eyes.

Little Mary Pickford had a reception that made Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont remark when she heard of it that if women were given the right to run for office she'd promote Little Mary against the Colonel.

Little Donald Pribyl, who was wearing the blue Selig ribbon and who kept his father, John Pribyl, the editor of the Selig Polyscope Company, busier than had the production of "The Spoilers," found a friend in New York when Harry Lauder appeared. Harry had met Donald in the Chicago studio when the Selig had taken his photographs. Donald, who isn't three years old yet, was generously distributing the stage money that had been used in the production when Harry found him at his self-appointed task. The Scot regarded the child with amusement. "Dunnald," he grumbled, "ye've a Scotch name, but ye're a bit too free with the giving."

Alice Joyce, "the Kalem Girl," was a fixed star who had so many satellites when she came to the show to give a performance on Wednesday night that the Kalem booth put out the lights.

Onoto Watanna, whose novels of Japan are being produced in motion pictures came to the Selig booth with Leroy Scott, the novelist, and his wife, Miriam Scott, who are of the Greenwich village colony of New York literati. Mme. Watanna brought her little daughter, Doris, who found the motion picture shows an infinite delight.

Little bits of handshakes,
Little bits of song,
Little bits of pictures
Moved the crowds along.

"Pop" Lubin heard a rumor that his entire Lubin troupe was booked for every evening to exhibit in a group. When Pop revived he issued mandatory warning. "You're all back to Philadelphia in the morning."

Some one started a rumor that the Lubin liberty bell at the booth was really the wedding bell that had rung out wild chimes for Joseph Smiley and Lillie Leslie, who became his permanent leading lady a few weeks ago, and the rush of lovelorn actors to the vicinity was like a bargain sale at Macy's.

The Seamy Side of Success

"I DO NOT believe that I will ever take part in a big serial such as 'Lucille Love' again!" This is the emphatic statement made by Miss Grace Cunard, to whose already enviable reputation her successful work in "Lucille Love" has added not a little. And she goes on:



Grace Cunard

"The experience is too nerve-racking!" "Why, right at the outset, one faces, not the problem of getting out one successful photoplay, with innumerable others too vague and shadowy to worry about in the background, but of getting out fifteen two-reel photoplays. It is not only much more tedious than any other form of photoplay acting, but it has such disadvantages as this:

"Before I started I found myself worrying, until I was nearly mad, for fear I might become

There were more celebrities at the show than any event other than a Lambs' Gambol could have brought together. Frances Starr, Thomas W. Ross, Henry B. Warner, Edmund Breece, Edward Abeles and David Belasco were at the Lasky booth on the same night that Rex Beach and Fred Stone came in the amity of brothers-in-law to the Selig booth which was all lit up with pictures of Beach's story, "The Spoilers." Ethel Barrymore came to the All Star the next evening.

F. J. Remburch of Indiana orated until he improved the convention to adopt a resolution approving of a 500 feet film unit. Art isn't long, according to the gentleman from Indiana.

The Vitagraph people showed Broadway both methods and finished products when they introduced a novelty at the Vitagraph theater by running in connection with the film dramas scenes of these plays with the actors of the films really taking part.

Thomas A. Edison, surrounded by a phalanx of adoring youths, went visiting from booth to booth on the next to the last night of the show. The old man's friendly interest, his kindness, and his simplicity of manner endeared him to the crowd whom his fame had attracted, so that his progress was a friendly procession.

As John Bunny went down the aisle, Deeked in his large and his luminous smile, A youngster pursued him with sight-seeing intent.

Kept beside Bunny wherever he went, Then said in the first long, silent pause, "He ain't as fat as I thought he was!"

ill, or something might happen to me, and then what would become of the series? Or perhaps something might happen to other important members of the company. Then, what would we do?

"It must be remembered that 'Lucille Love,' like other serial stories adapted for the motion picture stage, is a series of adventures strung together on a central plot, all more or less melodramatic, and all requiring a good deal of hazardous work with its attendant possible injuries to the actors. And, as a matter of fact, there were several accidents during the taking of the films.

"Ernest Shields was severely injured falling down a rocky embankment and into the sea. We had a hard job saving him, and his recovery in the hospital was slow and painful. It was in this series that the tragic accident befell W. W. Kirby, the well known animal tamer, which resulted in his death. Francis Ford, myself, and several others suffered many minor accidents as well.

"I was obliged to go to the hospital for an operation during the taking of the pictures; as a result, as many as possible of the scenes in which I was to appear were crowded into the days preceding it, and I left the hospital to take up my work again against my physician's advice. The lay person can have no conception, of course, of the terrible monotony of a long series. While I had as many disguises, and as many different scenes, and as many changes of dress as in the same number of separate plays, still I was Lucille Love all the time, and Lucille began to get on my nerves.

"There are compensations, however. One always gets a lot of recognition as a result of playing in a series; one becomes increasingly familiar to audiences; and one gets more letters than the postman can carry, too, though this last is not an unmixed blessing.

"I am deeply grateful to my public for all the nice things they say in the letters they send me, and I also wish to say to anyone reading this, whose letter hasn't been answered, that it will be. As soon as the series is finished I am going to take a great, long rest, and any letters that are unanswered at that time, shall have part of my vacation time.

"And after that—well, I hope, no more series!"

William J. Burns to Help

World's Greatest Detective to Analyze Million Dollar Mystery Week by Week

RETAINED EXCLUSIVELY TO AID MOVIE PICTORIAL READERS TO WIN TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR ONE HUNDRED WORDS

WILLIAM J. BURNS, the world's greatest detective, has consented to help readers of the MOVIE PICTORIAL solve "The Million Dollar Mystery."

Week by week he will put at their service the imagination, the resourcefulness and the ready intuition which earned him the reputation of being the greatest operative the United States Secret Service ever had and which later won him the name of the "man who has never failed." As the successive episodes of "The Million Dollar Mystery" are released and appear in the theatres Mr. Burns will study them and write an analysis in which he will point out the clues which he believes to be false and the clues which he believes to be significant. His analysis of the first episode will appear next week, his analysis of the second episode the week after, and so on. Mr. Burns will not, of course, be permitted to publish a final and complete solution of "The Million Dollar Mystery." His last published analysis will deal with the last episode released to the theatres. After that it will be up to some one who has seen the films, who has read Mr. Burns' analyses of them, and who has studied the mystery to write the 100 words which will win the \$10,000 prize offered for its solution.

Mr. Burns will go to work on "The Million Dollar Mystery" exactly as he has gone to work on a hundred cases for private corporations and the United States Secret Service. The only difference is that in his hunts for real criminals he employs dozens of operatives to secure the facts for him. In the case of "The Million Dollar Mystery" all the facts are provided from week to week in the story written

by Harold MacGrath and worked out for the screen by Lloyd Lonergan. Just as, in a criminal case operatives secure a hundred facts that are insignificant for one that is significant and follow a dozen false leads for one that is true so in "The Million Dollar Mystery" there are hundreds of facts that don't count at all toward the final solution for one that does count and dozens of hints that are misleading for one that goes straight to the mark. It will require imag-

By Augusta Cary

ination—the power to throw a web of theory from the basis of facts as the steel frame of a skyscraper is thrown upward from its foundation in bed-rock—to put the facts of "The Million Dollar Mystery" together in a final solution. It will require analytic skill—the power to sift facts which is partly sheer intelligence and partly that wonderful inexplicable

beaten the cleverest criminals in the world for a generation simply because he had the capacity to put himself in their place. That power is imagination.

Harold MacGrath and Lloyd Lonergan also have imagination. Mr. MacGrath is one of the most successful novelists in America. Lloyd Lonergan is one of the most successful scenario writers in America. Together they have created as difficult a mystery as they could. They have been compelled, of course, to put into the suc-

cessive episodes of "The Million Dollar Mystery" clues that will lead to its solution. But they have concealed these genuine clues among false ones. They have endeavored to mislead the spectator at every turn, to distract his attention from the suggestion which leads to the true solution of the mystery, to a suggestion which leads only into a blind alley. They have done all they knew to prevent any one from guessing the answer to their puzzle. But do they know enough to keep William J. Burns from guessing the answer?

"Never Fail" Burns was the man who at the age of 24 solved the celebrated "tally-sheet" forgeries. He was the man who unearthed the most skillful counterfeiters known, the notorious Arthur Taylor and Baldwin Bredell. He was the man who landed Bill Brockway, with no other evidence than a bit of oil-cloth that any less careful or imaginative detective would have passed by. He was the man who began with a few grains of sawdust and worked out the long chain of evidence which resulted in the confession of Ortie McManigle and the McNamara brothers after the explosion in the Los Angeles Times plant which killed twenty-one men and boys.

In this last instance one of Burns' operatives had discovered a clockwork bomb which had failed to go off. The bomb consisted of a small nickel alarm clock with a dry battery and a can of nitroglycerine. It was so arranged that when the alarm clock went off the electric circuit through the dry battery would be made and the nitroglycerine would explode.

"The trouble with it," Burns said, "was that

(Continued on page 28)



William J. Burns—"The Man Who Has Never Failed"

faculty of the mind which we call intuition—to tell which facts are important and which are not. Mr. Burns has imagination and analytic skill. He has exercised the highest sort of courage and persistence in his profession; he has never quit and he has never failed. But the quality above all others which has made him a great detective is precisely this quality of imagination. This shrewd, silent, reserved man has won by sheer power of thinking. He has

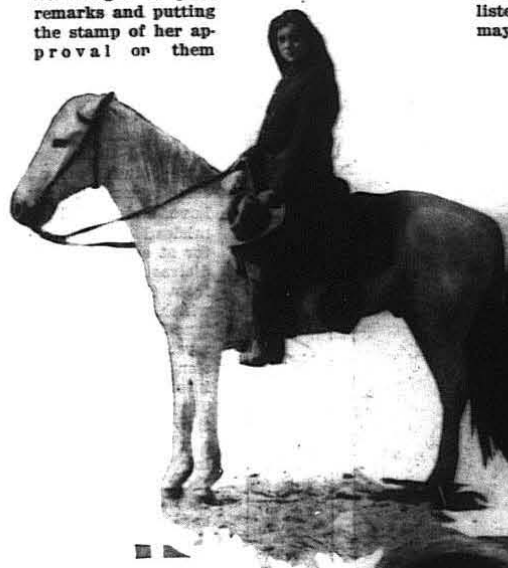
A Star and Her Mother

Interviewing Anna Little

By RICHARD WILLIS

IN the first place, this isn't an interview with Anna Little; it is an interview with Anna Little and her mother. They are such good "pals" that it is difficult to imagine interviewing one without the other. Not that Anna's mother says much, but then—she doesn't need to. She is there, listening to her daughter's quiet remarks and putting the stamp of her approval on them

see, at first she gives the impression of being very young. She is young, of course, in actual years, but what I mean is that one's first impulse is to give advice and encouragement, as she sits opposite you with her serious brown eyes under the level brows looking frankly into yours. But you discover, shortly, that she listens attentively to anything you may have to say, judges it for exactly



I Often Hear People Say: "I Wonder Who That Dark Girl Taking the Indian Part Is"

without words, quite as effectively as though she were talking.

You discover, in the first five minutes of talk where it is that Miss Little gets her dignity and poise, her wholesome outlook on life, her high ideals and her stout ambition. You

She Sits Opposite You with Her Serious Brown Eyes under the Level Brows Looking Frankly into Yours

what it is worth, and then as carefully states her point of view.

You find that she has had a great deal of experience and has profited by it; that she has won her way by persistent effort, by taking her work seriously, as well as through her beauty and her talent. She was not at all arrogant, during our talk, but on the other hand, she was not self-conscious. Her attitude, all the way through, was that of a person with a genuine pride in herself and her work; a pride that has no taint of vanity in it.

Our talk was not especially serious, rather it was gossip and most of my statements are the result of "impressions." I took immediate advantage of my privileges as interviewer, after Miss Little and her mother had welcomed me, and began asking questions.

My first discovery was that "Anna Little" is a stage name, adopted for some obscure reason, and that Miss Little's real name is Mary Brooks. She was born in California, but her first memories are of Chicago, where the family moved while she was still a baby. Her father was a business man and she has no relative from whom she might have inherited her ability as an actress.

"The nearest approach to art in the family is one of my uncles, Emerson Brooks, the poet. You know of him?"

"Yes, indeed," I answered, and added, "Then how did you happen to go into acting?"

"At first it was simply a means of earning a living," after father died," she said. "Until then I was just a happy-go-lucky school girl, rather prosaically fond of my studies and quite enthusiastically fond of all sorts of outdoor games.

"We went back to Los Angeles, when I was twelve years old and I attended the public schools there. I always got along with my teachers, because I did fairly good work. And I got along with my school mates because I went in for school athletics as soon as I got to high school. I played basket ball and made the team, and had a lot of fun out of it. I played field hockey, too, and tennis, but I was

not as good at either of those games, possibly, because basket ball absorbed so much of my interest and time.

"My one accomplishment was singing. We had a good singing teacher who took a special interest in me. But of course, it was from a private teacher that I got most of my training.

"When the time came for me to earn my own living, mother dis-

that it offers greater possibilities.

"Talking about the life in the open is an old story now, but it is a very true and sensible argu-

ment in favor of the motion pictures as far as the actors are concerned. One does not have to work late at night and drag one's mother around at unearthly hours. I used to hate to go to bed at night after all the excitement and the hard work and the late supper but now I can assure you I seldom go out. Mother says I am like the man of the

house for after supper I read the paper, yawn a few times and announce the fact that I am quite ready for bed."

"How did you get into the picture game?" I asked her.

"Mr. G. M. Anderson got me into it. He came to the theater one day and asked me whether I would like a try at it, telling me he knew that I could succeed if I got interested. It was the idea of open air work that appealed to me most, I think. Anyhow I decided to make the change and joined the Essanay Company and played western leads for about six months at San Rafael.

"Then I went to the New York Motion Picture Company at Santa Monica and I stayed with that concern for more than two years, playing leads all of the time. I really got a wonderful variety of parts, but for a long time people did not even know who I was. More than once when I watched my own pictures on the screen and heard people say, 'I wonder who that dark girl taking the Indian (or some other part) is,' I always felt half inclined to turn round and say 'Why that's me!' After a while I began to be known, and the letters started to come and I felt so pleased, for who does not love appreciation? I know I do."

Much as Anna Little likes picture work she does NOT like housework. She does NOT own an automobile for the reason that she has a wise little head on her shoulders and is saving against a rainy day. She is fond of pretty clothes and says that her mother designs all her dresses both for the stage and for her personal wardrobe. This is only one of the many

She Has a Genuine Pride in Herself and Her Work; a Pride That Has No Taint of Vanity or of Self-Consciousness in It

cussed the matter with my teacher and he advised me by all means to go into some work where this talent of mine would count. It was through him that I got my first engagement in the chorus of "The Tenderfoot," with the chance to understudy one of the principals. I was lucky enough to attract the favorable attention of the manager, and was soon taken out of the chorus and given a small part. After this engagement I was with the Ferris Hartman Opera Company in Los Angeles, and I sang many of the principal roles. You may get some idea of the variety of my work from the fact that we put on a new musical play every week.

"What sort of plays? Oh, musical comedies, comic operas and light opera, 'The Chinese Honeymoon' and the 'Wizard of the Nile,' for instance. By the way Bob Leonard was a member of the company, as well as several other people who have succeeded on the motion picture stage.

"The training we got was excellent. I think that it was much better than any that could be got with a company that supported one of the big stars. Perhaps the biggest thing that I learned was that the only road to success is work. Usually I was studying one part while I was playing another, and this called for a degree of concentration that helps one to form splendid working habits.

"However, I never became what you might call infatuated with the stage, rather I found picture work more interesting, and I believe

As Myra Goodwin, the Hypnotist's Tool, in "On the Verge of War"

things her mother does for her.

In fact, if you ask her mother who is responsible for Anna's success she will tell you that her daughter is; but if you ask Anna who is responsible for her success she will say that her mother is.



Natural Effects in the Movies

By MONTE M. KATTERJOHN

TO the lay mind, the production of a moving picture is a very ordinary proceeding. The

common belief is that the only requisites are a moving picture camera, enough film to record the necessary action, a company of players who can register a few varieties of emotion, a director who has a smattering of stage technique, and an automobile with which to transport players, director and camera-man from one spot to another—either to outside locations, or to private homes where the desired interior settings are to be had.

Indeed, the belief is quite common among those unfamiliar with the production of moving pictures that practically all interior settings are borrowed or rented from owners of private homes who are quite willing to allow their

demanding a new setting, the magnificently furnished living room faded away and in its stead appeared the den of a wealthy bachelor. Crisscrossed on the wall were a pair of ivory-ornamented opium pipes. Above them hung a splendid buffalo head. The couch which stood in one corner was covered over with a silken Turkish drapery. A polar bear skin was upon the floor. The furnishings were just as magnificently rich as were those of the living room which had been shown in the preceding scene.

Again came the sibilant comment. The gist of their remarks was that such settings were only borrowed or rented for temporary use, and that the picture was taken inside the home of

the man who owned the film company. The masculine whisperer declared authoritatively that few if any scenes

produced in moving pictures were just stage settings, with canvas walls and cleverly painted doors and windows.

"They have a man who just goes around and finds places that can be used in pictures. When they want a certain kind he just looks over his list and tells 'em where to go," he said.

"Don't that man get to see a lot of nice places though?"

"Uh-huh," agreed the other voice.

Had the writer turned to the whisperers and told them that the furniture of costly antique design, the oil paintings, the tiger and the polar bear skins, the hand-carved mahogany table, the buffalo head, and the other settings were studio properties, and that the walls of the magnificent room and the bachelor's den were painted canvas, the assertion would have been accepted with the proverbial grain of salt.

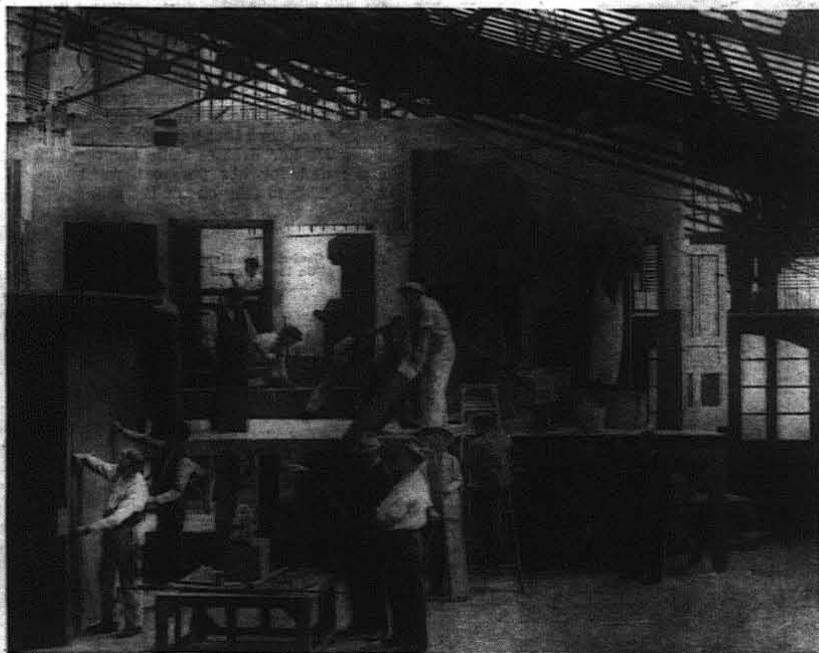
Nevertheless, it is true.

The criss-crossed opium pipes of inlaid ivory, the hammered brass vase of huge proportions, the couch with its silken Turkish draperies, and the many other settings which conveyed to the spectator the idea of wealth and refinement, were only an infinitesimal part of the great storeroom full of properties which are used daily in the production of moving pictures.

Piled high—even unto the ceiling—in the company's spacious property room are thousands of stage accessories—billiard tables, bookcases laden with real books, furniture of a dozen periods and designs, tapestries, a gold and silver inlaid throne, fragile and almost priceless chinaware, and countless other things which contribute to the realism and the naturalness of the motion picture play.

The modern motion picture studio is a huge affair, sufficiently large to house six ordinary legitimate theatres. There are several studios that employ more than a thousand people. This number includes players, mechanics, factory hands, executive staff and traveling companies.

The Work of a Month Was Destroyed in Only a Few Seconds in Reproducing the San Francisco Earthquake



Constructing a Scene Which Necessitated the Employment of Twenty Men for a Period of One Month

possessions to be utilized for the movies, they to be rewarded by the gratification of seeing their belongings flashed on the screen.

A few evenings ago the writer sat in a crowded moving picture theatre. A society drama was being shown on the screen. Suddenly the interior of a beautifully furnished living room was flashed before the audience. The furniture was of antique design, costly oil paintings hung on the wall, a magnificent tiger skin was in the foreground, and upon a beautiful hand-carved mahogany table was a hammered brass vase of huge proportions. The room and its furnishings conveyed the impression of immense wealth coupled with artistic taste.

From out of the Stygian darkness which pervaded the theatre came a loud whisper:

"Gee! That scene was taken in some millionaire's house, all right." A more feminine whisper came back in response.

"It certainly is pretty. I wonder what they had to pay for a house like that—to get their scenes?"

"Must cost 'em a whole lot," declared the other. "I guess it's the home of the man that owns the company," he continued. "The film manufacturers are all millionaires, and they buy swell places and then use them for scenes in pictures as well as for homes."

"I bet that is the way it's done," the companion assented.

As the plot of the story flashed upon the screen



If one is fortunate enough to gain admittance to the studio proper where the acting and picture making takes place, he will see things he will remember a lifetime. Perhaps an earthquake picture is being made, or it may be a wild animal thriller. The director stands beside the camera man and shouts his instructions to the players. After the scene has been rehearsed the work begins, and at a given signal from the director, the players go through their parts while the camera man turns the crank.

Simple, isn't it?

And yet this one scene may have required a full year's time in research work or probably a week's time in scene building. In the early days of the motion picture any kind of a stage prop would do. Nowadays the producers build their scenes. Every studio has its own carpentering, cabinet, and upholstering departments, and every bit of furniture is built within the studio walls. Picture producers strive for realism, and if the play under production demands a temple of ancient Rome, a temple is built.

One company recently produced a picture that called for the destruction of a home by an earthquake. For a full month twenty men were kept busy constructing the settings for a single scene, which, when everything was ready, would be destroyed in two seconds. Human beings were to appear inside the room when the quake occurred. Owing to this fact it was necessary to construct the walls from some light material, and build them so as to prevent the death of the picture players who were to be buried beneath the debris.

At the pulling of a string the walls collapsed. The inmates of the room were seemingly crushed by falling plaster, brick and beams. Fire burst out. The picture was very realistic—natural.

To secure natural effects in motion pictures, money is no consideration. If a certain thing is decided upon, the result must be attained, no matter what the cost may be. To produce the earthquake scenes mentioned in the above paragraph required an outlay of several thousands of dollars. Not a week passes but what some mammoth subject is released for exhibition, which it has cost thousands of dollars to produce.

At one of the big California studios, "Damon and Pythias," the great classical Grecian drama is now under production.



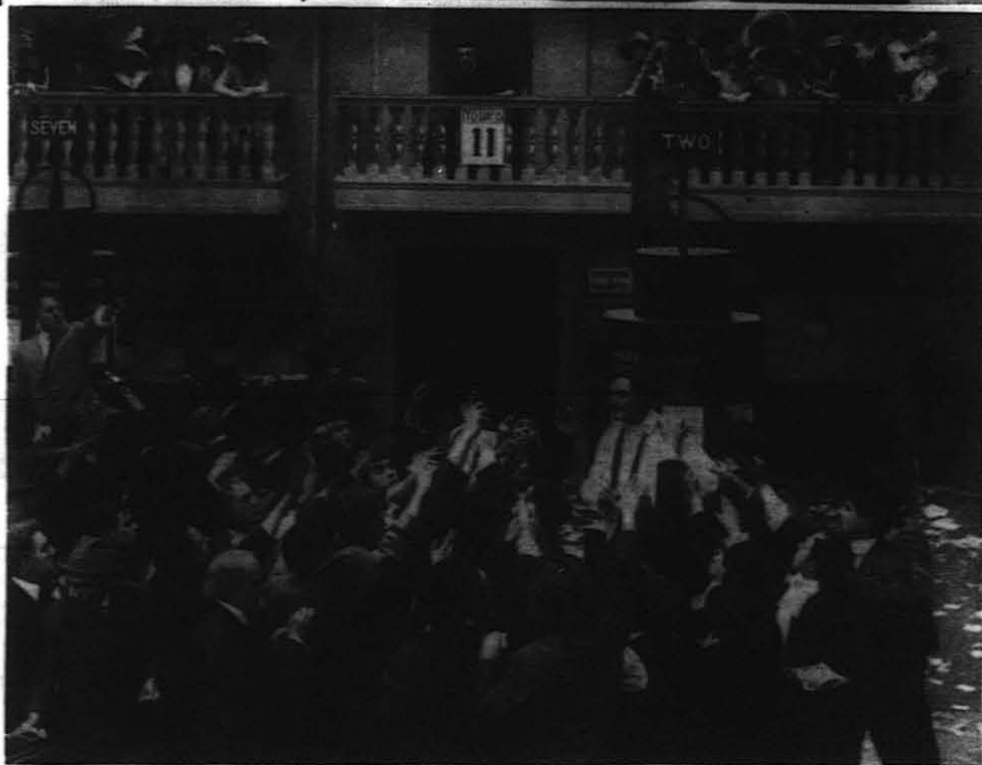
It Would Be Rather Hard for the Average Spectator to Tell That These Two Scenes Were Not Taken in the Places They Represent

To give the story realism it is necessary that its settings be in ancient Greece. In scenario form the production calls for an army of armor-clad soldiers, an amphitheatre in which the gladiators are to battle, a street in ancient Greece, an interior of a Grecian senate chamber,

another interior of a tirureme or slave-galley, and numerous other settings which serve to take the spectators back to the days of the Athenic wars.

In order to have the principals and other actors in the production properly garbed, hundreds of costumes must be made. Armor for the Grecian soldiers also must be numbered among the property assets. Three months of preparation, during which a hundred artisans and artists are kept constantly at work, were necessary before the first scene of the picture could be filmed.

The first and one of the most important rules of motion picture production is that epochal pictures must be true to type. To produce a Grecian classic amid twentieth-century settings would be the height of absurdity. To properly produce "Damon and Pythias," it was primarily necessary that every setting used in the hundred or more scenes be



A Most Realistic and True to Type Portrayal of the Stock Exchange

truly Grecian and representative of the period.

As a prelude to starting upon the pre-production work, the scenario with its descriptions of various scenic settings was submitted to the technical department for careful reading. From the scenario, the head of that department learned that a Grecian street, a Grecian senate chamber, an armor-clad army, and many other things of the same period, were necessary. These necessities were itemized.

It was essential that every piece of property for the production be an accurate reproduction. It would not do to have Grecian soldiers appear in armor which was really of Roman origin and design. To have the statesmen of ancient Greece appear in a senate chamber which was redolent of the time of Caesar would have meant converting a Greek play into a play of no period, something that might vaguely be labeled "classical."

The technical department consulted a score of books dealing with Grecian history. From them were secured dozens of pictures, some of them showing streets and buildings in Athens, others depicting the dress of Grecian warriors, and the armor of the period, while still others showed types of household furniture and costumes.

These pictures were sorted and tagged with the name of the mechanical department which could produce the kind of stage property wanted. An illustration showing a Winged Victory and another showing Justice blindfolded and holding a sword in one hand and a scales in another were sent to the modeling department. A dozen or more illustrations showing various types of Grecian armor were sent to the papier-mache workers. To the costuming department went pictures of Grecian men and women in civilian garb.

With the distribution of the illustrations the task of furnishing proper stage settings was really begun.

With printed reproductions of Grecian gladiators as their only model, two high salaried sculptors set about the creation of a dozen seven-foot statues which are to adorn the Grecian senate chamber. With a living model from whom to take measurements, the chief designer of the papier-mache department set about the making of armor. The head of the costume department inserted an advertisement in the daily papers and a score of expert seamstresses responded.

Among the myriad things required was a street in Athens. The action plot in the scenario stipulated that Damon and Pythias, coming from opposite directions, were to meet upon a street corner. It would have been easy to have had the two meet in the middle of the block and thereby saved several thousands of dollars in expense. But because the director liked the scenario, which called for the street corner, it was necessary that two intersecting streets, with their buildings, be shown. Consequently the company's force of carpenters was doubled and the task of reproducing two streets was commenced. The carpenters worked for six weeks, only to be followed by cement artisans. The layman knows that Grecian buildings were not of wood. The cement workers covered the wooden buildings with a composition which made them look like stone. Simultaneously, another force of carpenters built the wooden nucleus of what, after the cement workers had finished, was a massive marble amphitheatre.

The insight into the preparations necessary for a moving picture production which are afforded the man in the street by this article

probably gives him an idea of the steps which are necessary in almost every kind of film, whether drama or comedy. While "Damon and Pythias" comes under the classification of "special feature," and requires many more special settings than the ordinary moving picture, preparation and settings for even the simplest comedy or drama are expensive items.

A one-reel comedy was recently staged by a company, and which required the interior of a Pullman coach. The common belief will be that the producer rented an old sleeper for a day or so and put on its scenes at a cost of about fifty dollars for rental. The fact is, the company's force of carpenters built an entire sleeping car, with eight sections, outfitted each berth and otherwise made the setting genuinely realistic. The cost was several thousand dollars. The Chinese village in the "Lucile Love, Girl of Mystery" series, was used for only two scenes and cost \$5,000. Besides the high salaried actors, more than 200 extra people are used in this same series.

Except in special cases, such as the ones cited, exteriors are usually exactly what they seem. Real flat buildings, real railway stations, real trains, real lakes, form the background. But interiors, never. The reason for this is a factor, probably little considered by the spectator, the lighting. A real Pullman could not be used, because there isn't light enough in one to get a picture. A real drawing room is of no use, because of the lack of light. Practically all interiors are taken in the studio, where the "set" has banks of powerful mercury vapor lamps on all sides. It is very trying to work in this light, and it makes the actors look anything but attractive, this dazzling greenish light, but the picture is the thing, and this is the way to get it.

Henry King

The Man From Virginia

THE question that was put to Henry King more often than any other during the first ten months he worked for the Balboa Company, was, "Will you stick?"

And being six feet tall and blonde and a fighter, King's invariable answer was, "You bet I will."

The Balboa Company, which is owned by the Horkheimers, during the first year after its formation, had, perhaps, the hardest fight in movie history. But now, the predictions of everyone in the business to the contrary, it has made good; it has one of the best studios on the coast and an established market for its films. But it could never have won out—and the Horkheimers, who are fighters themselves, know it—if it hadn't been for men like Henry King, men who "stuck" in every crisis that they faced.

Henry King came honestly by his loyalty. He was born in Virginia and attended first the public schools and later was a student at Roanoke college, with its vineclad buildings and its time-honored traditions. He says that his memories of his work there are less vivid by far, than those of his parts in college entertainments, and in amateur theatricals about town.

"How some of the neighbors did shake their wise old heads," he laughs.

"That there performing will be the ruination of that boy," they used to tell his parents. And when the young Henry tried for an engagement on the stage, instead of accepting an offer from an older brother, a successful railroad man, they thought, of course, that he was done for.

It is pleasant to know that his mother has kept up the old home in Virginia, an estate of about four hundred acres, and that every year, Henry King has gone back. All of the neighbors who shook their heads over his choice of a profession, know that he's made good. It was very upsetting to them, at first, to discover that a boy who had "gone on the stage,"

hadn't gone to the dogs at the same time. But, by now, they have adjusted themselves to the fact of his success, and they all generously admit that they're proud of him.

"I got an engagement with a road show at fifteen dollars a week," he says, "and inside of three months was playing all of the juvenile leads. I stayed with them for a year, not that it was an important company at all, but because I was very green, and wanted to get as much training as possible before I tried for another job."

"When I left them, it was to go out with the Arnold Stock Company, which was travelling all through the south. Here I had to learn to sing and dance, as we put on musical comedies as well as plays. But the next season, my luck was bad. I was with eleven different companies in less than nine months."

"I was only nineteen when I was engaged to play in Shakespearean repertoire with Anna Boyle Moore, and after this rather varied apprenticeship I realized my heart's desire and went to New York, and secured the part of Jefferson Ryder, in "The Lion and the Mouse," under the management of Henry B. Harris."

"I would never thought of such a thing as changing to pictures after many successful seasons in such plays as "The Devil," "Graustark," "The Common Law" and "The House of a Thousand Candles," if Wilbur Melville hadn't come along, just as I was about to sign with Tim Murphy for a part in the "Top of the Morning." At first his words fell on deaf ears, but his eloquence and enthusiasm would have moved a cigar store Indian and I finally decided to try the new game."

"I came out here to Los Angeles with him and now, after less than two years in pictures, you couldn't get me to go back to the "legit" at any price."

"Perhaps I shouldn't be quite so devoted to



the work, if I hadn't been with the Horkheimers almost from the first. But after being here with them through the struggle, I feel so much a part of it all that I'd hate to give it up."

"Then, too," Henry King says, "if you're on the road for ten months with a show, or in New York, why when the season's over, it's over. That's all. No one feels any sentimental regret over it. But, after ten months in California, working all day in the same studio with the same people, going home to dinner every night down the same street, to your own bungalow. . . . Well, if you ask me whether I'll stay in the movies, my answer now and always, will be the same: 'You bet I will!'"

Why, Look Who's Here

IT REALLY seemed uncanny. It was almost like an optical illusion. One really doubted one's own eyesight. I almost pinched myself to see if I was awake. And after all these years . . . Yet there we stood, in the large Vitagraph studio yard, with the warm noon-day sun

By JOHNSON BRISCOE

sparkling eyes, her merry laugh, her wealth of golden hair—and, yes, her very wink, too; "Cissy's wink," as it was always called. I know, for she winked at me five times! That saucy, mischievous wink, over which the town's gilded youth of yesterday used to go into raptures.

"Where on earth have you been all this

time?" seemed to me to be a good opening conversational wedge.

"Oh, all over the world. I've been playin' in the London halls, the Tivoli, Oxford and Empire, and in France, Germany, South Africa, China, and Japan." Having met the lady only ten seconds before, it seemed ungallant to



beating full down upon us—Cissy Fitz-Gerald and I. Really, it savored almost of the supernatural.

To quote Edgar Allan Poe, "It was many and many a year ago, in a kingdom by the sea." Just how many years ago it was is absolutely nobody's business. Those of you who remember Cissy Fitz-Gerald know how long it has been since she last appeared here, and to those of you who do not recall her it doesn't matter anyway.

The Cissy Fitz-Gerald of to-day and Vitagraph is exactly the same Cissy Fitz-Gerald of the happy days of "A Gaiety Girl" and "The Foundling." I looked at her in utter amazement for it did not seem possible that she could have remained so unchanged in appearance. Yet there she was, the same delightful elfin-like creature, with her



challenge this statement, yet I was quite sure that she could never have traversed the globe and come back absolutely unchanged.

"Do you find New York has greatly changed during your absence?"

She opened her eyes in genuine amazement. "My word, I should say it has changed, changed in every way. It hardly seems like the same place. And these extraordinary tall buildin's you have. And the number of new theatres! Why, hardly any of the old places are left. D'you remember dear old Koster and Bial's? Ah, what a place that was! I danced there durin' my last engagement here. Now where is it?"

"Speaking of dancing, tell me, what do you think of our modern dances?" This was a question put before an authority for, when she was here last, her dances

(Continued on page 28)



She is the Same Cissy Fitz-Gerald with Her Merry Laugh and Sparkling Eyes—and Her Wink!



Boats That Are Attracting World-Wide Attention



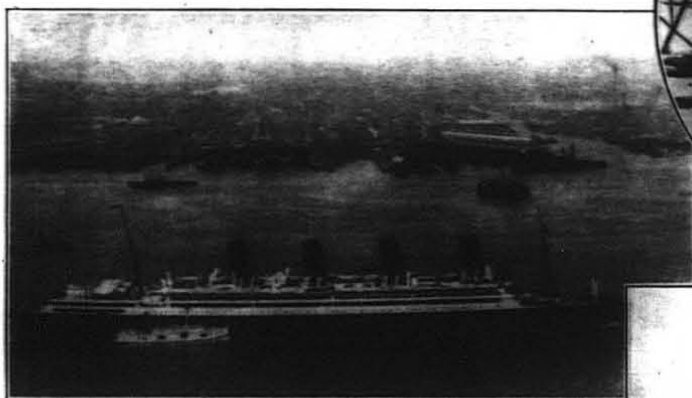
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Harvard's Second Varsity Eight Which Will Compete in the Henley Races in England



© Underwood & Underwood

Captain D. P. Burton, Commander of the Shamrock IV, is Famous as a Racing Yachtsman



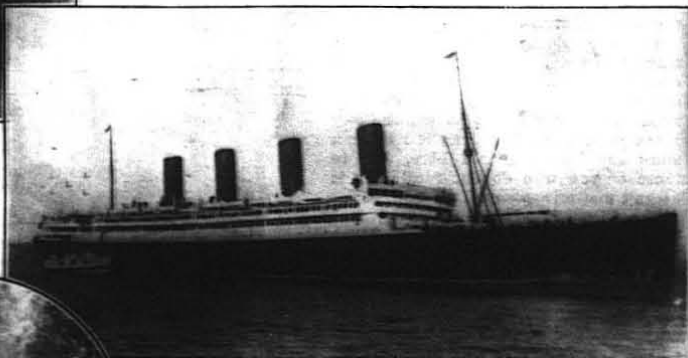
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The Aquitania, the Largest British Ship Afloat, Coming Up New York Harbor



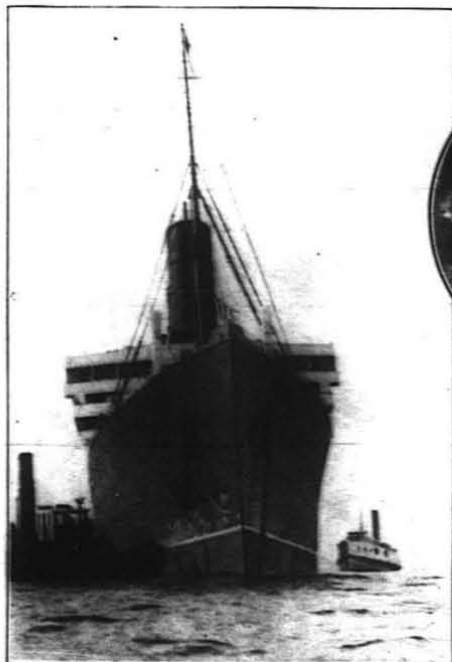
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Sir Thomas Lipton's Cup Challenger, the Shamrock IV, Being Launched at Gosport, England



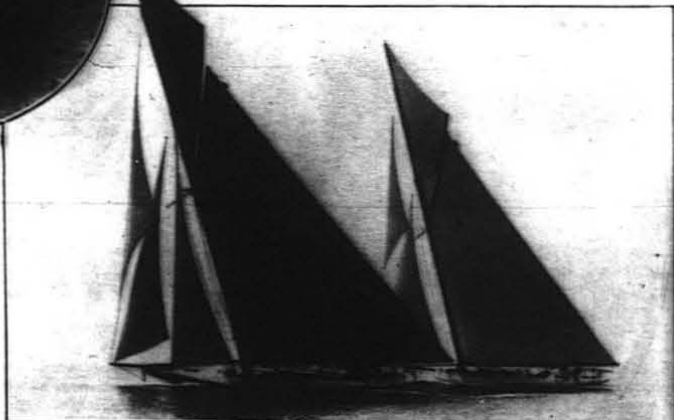
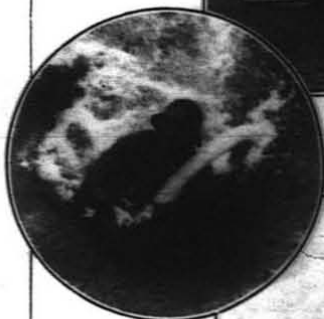
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Another View of the Aquitania Showing the Immense Size



© International News Service

Sailing in the International Cup Race is No Joke. Any of the Sailors Are Likely to Be in This Predicament at Any Time

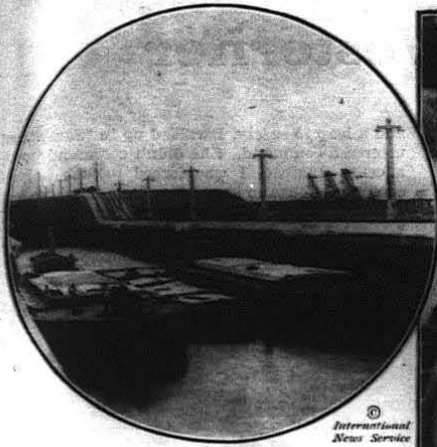


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The Vanitie and the Resolute Starting on the First Lap of the Second Elimination Race. This Was Won by the Resolute

The Aquitania Made the Voyage from Liverpool to New York in Five Days and Sixteen Hours: Her Crew Consists of 1,000 Men and Officers

The World's News in Pictures



© International News Service

Bringing the First Barges through the Panama Canal



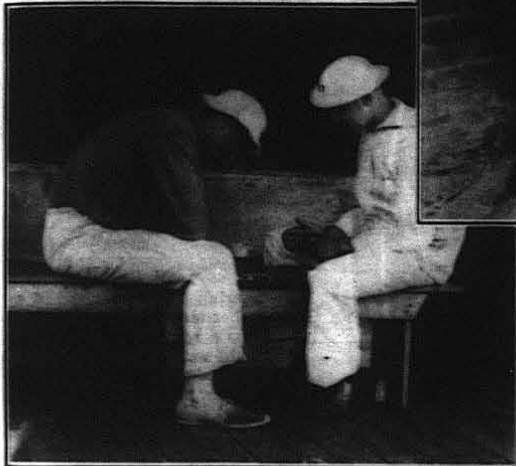
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Boy Soldiers in the Mexican Rebel Army. Some of These Youngsters are Only Eleven Years Old



Photo by Pacific Photo News Service

Gustave Petrol Will Roll a Huge Steel Ball, Weighing 150 Pounds from San Francisco to New York. He Will Start without Funds and Receive \$1,000 if He Completes the Trip in Six Months



© International News Service

After Strenuous Work in the Harvard Caraman Camp, Members of the Crew Seem to Like to Play Checkers

The English Polo Team That Partook in the International Polo Meet on Meadowbrook Field, L. I. From Left to Right, the Players Are:—Lockett Barrett; Chespe Tomkinson

© International News Service

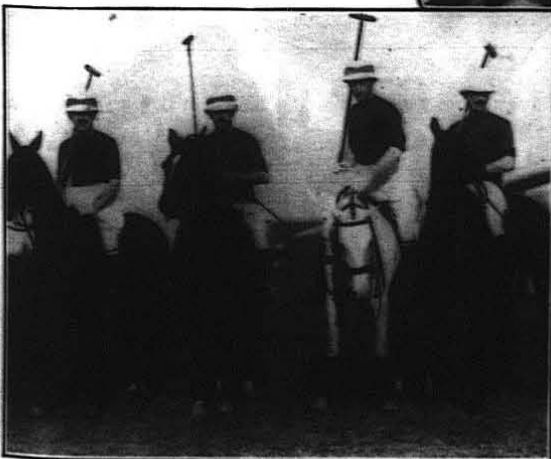


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Mrs. Sutcliffe Christening the Submarine Tender, "Fulton"

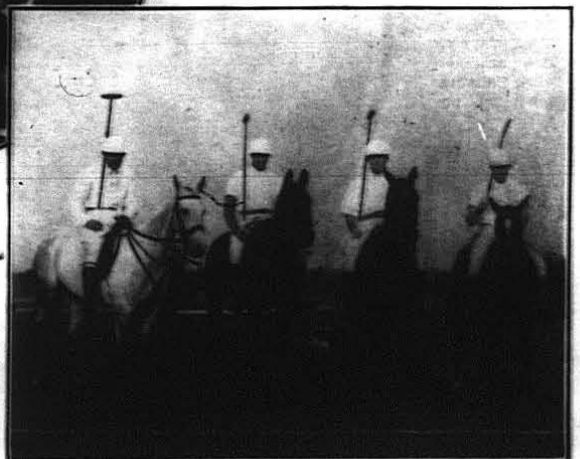
The American Polo Team That Played in the International Polo Meet. From Left to Right the Players Are:—Larry Waterbury; Devereux Milburn; Monte Waterbury and Rene La Montagne

© International News Service



© Underwood & Underwood

The London Police Had a Merry Little Time Subduing the Suffragettes in Front of the King's Residence



Some Confessions

By Kathlyn Williams, Westerner



their stools, peacefully. I stood by the door, trembling. At the signal I entered, bobbed a rapid bow and made a record exit, I can assure you. And all the while those animals merely sat there and blinked. I guess they didn't know I was in the world.

This picture seemed to inspire someone with the idea of a little more animal stuff, and so it has gone, until Mr. Selig has purchased the

and a leap to safety. I walked up to "Sassy" and uttered a command. She didn't command worth a cent. Instead, I was forced to lash her all around the cage to keep away from her jaws and slashing claws. I started with the whip early,



THE amateur writer having the privilege of rambling, I will add that I am my own severest critic. In very few pictures can I say that I was absolutely satisfied with myself, although others might praise sincerely.

I suppose some will want to know about those animal pictures which have expanded in such wonderful manner. They began oddly enough. The beginning was in a picture where I was supposed to enter a cage of trained animals. I did it, but the time in that cage was brief, very. The animals were sitting about on

remembering the time she had my head in her mouth. I have the scalp wound as a reminder.

It would occupy too much space to tell of all my escapes from the animals. A few will suffice. "Toddles," our "wise, old elephant," is one of my afflictions. It all began in Jacksonville, Florida. Toddles was chained near my window and used to put his trunk in for a few goodies now and then. They had warned me never to go near him when alone, but one day I decided I would feed him some oranges. No one was about. I approached the old

fellow and threw him one. It rolled out of his reach. I went in and picked it up. In a moment his



largest collection of animals ever utilized for the pictures. Beginning with the simple scene

noted, the directors made animal plays a little more thrilling, a little more dangerous, bit by bit, until "The Adventures of Kathlyn" came to cap the climax.

Compare my shaky bow just inside a cage to another cage scene taken a few days ago for the second series of "Adventures." I entered a cage with a bunch of leopards. Of course the director picked "Sassy," the largest and most dangerous, for the stunt. Instead of making a bow



animals with their hooks and clubs, but they might as well have tried to stop a tidal wave. "Curley," I wish I knew his other name, saved us. He is a skilled animal man. He hooked, prodded and yelled at our elephant until he worked the animal to the rear of the flying herd. When we were swept off by branches of the trees, Mr. Santschi's ankle was sprained but I seemed to be all right, save that I was terribly jarred. I worked the same afternoon on Toddles. They merely had him run away with



trunk was about me, and he began pulling me towards him. I was so frightened that I could not scream. I could only think of his crushing trunk and huge, trampling feet. Then Toddles must have relaxed his trunk to get a better hold, for, as I writhed, I drew out of his grasp and rolled out of reach. I was so stunned and bewildered that I sat there and looked at him. I could not move for a long time, and did not recover from the shock for days.

Yet I work with Toddles all the time. Whether he is sorry because of his attack on me I do not know, but, in scenes, if he grows restless, I speak to him and he grows quiet. The trainers watch him all the time, though. They declare that he will try it again some time.

Everything seems to have happened in "Adventures." First, there was the stampede. You know there is a great Durbar scene in the series. Tom Santschi and I were on one of the elephants during this event, when Anna May, a baby elephant, gave a call from the barn. Immediately all the elephants in the scene gathered, their heads together, making the funniest sounds imaginable. Then one of them started running, with the rest after him. Our beast was in the midst of the flying group. Between us and the barn were trees which surely would sweep us off under the feet of the panic-stricken herd. The trainers and all the other men present ran into the herd and belabored the frightened

me, as demanded by the scene. I confess to being somewhat "shaken" throughout the remainder of the day, however.

So many picture spectators think that all dangerous looking scenes are faked. I wish to explain that this is not true. Few of the many accidents and injuries occurring in pictures become known to the public, and yet I believe that more harmful accidents occur in moving pictures than in football. In my arena scene with 20 lions, in "Adventures," I actually entered the place ten times and stood among the great beasts. One of them, attracted by my long veil, made a leap for it, but I saw him and evaded his leap. Once, as I left the arena, another fellow made a rush after me. I slipped through the gate just in time, and left the rushing lion to pop his nose against the hard wood as the gate closed swiftly. My experience in "Lost in the Jungle," where Fritz, the tiger, almost killed me, is too well known to tell about.

But I love all the animals. I spend all my

spare time at the cages feeding them. I believe that my affection for these creatures has much to do with my safety while among them. They must realize my love for them. I believe it not accept otherwise. "Perfect love casteth out all fear," you know.

I love the leopards best of all. The trainers tell me they are the most treacherous of the beasts. They declare that the lions are the safer. But they haven't "shown me" thus far.

I almost forgot to state that I am not an animal trainer. So many seem to think that is the reason I am appearing with the lions, leopards, tigers, in fact the whole menagerie in pictures. I do not like such a reputation. I always have to key myself up to the situation before taking chances in the arenas. After the scenes I always suffer reaction. I keep my nerve and do not spoil scenes while the camera is turning, and some times have to pretend fearlessness when the beasts are ugly and strike at me. But I am as wrought up as anyone else would be in the same circumstances. I go into the scenes "as cold as ice," and immediately after I emerge I am feverish. Your nerve doesn't save you that reaction.

I like the work. In many respects it is harder on one than the stage. If I didn't love the work I could not endure some of the strains put upon me. Some nights after work I arrive at home "dead." But the next day I am as enthusiastic to continue as ever.

The moving-picture life is normal, and W. N. Selig is a prince of good fellows.



(TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK)



Helen Holmes as Ruth Fielding



Confronted with the Evidence the Detective has Gathered, Blair Breaks Down and Confesses



G. A. Williams as Henry Fielding



Blair's Nerve is First Shaken When Pierce Produces the Decoy Letter



At First Blair Refuses to Drink and, if He hadn't Got Drunk That Night, He Would Never Have Lost the Letter

"The Flaw in the Alibi"

By Which An Innocent Man Is Saved

TWO-REEL KALEM FILM

CAST

Henry Fielding, of Fielding & Co., Bankers..... G. A. Williams
Ruth, his daughter..... Helen Holmes
Walter Randall, her sweetheart..... William Brunton
Howard Blair, Fielding's cashier..... Leo D. Maloney
Pierce, a detective..... Charles Wells

SYNOPSIS

HOWARD BLAIR, cashier for Fielding & Company, has two sources of unhappiness: he is heavily in debt and he loves the sweetheart of Walter Randall, his assistant in the bank. But he quickly discovers a way to rid himself of his debts and his rival at the same time.

By means of an anonymous letter to Randall, he gets him to leave his sweetheart, Ruth Fielding, early on the plea of an engagement. Randall goes to the place appointed in the letter and waits for some time, but finally decides it is a practical joke and goes home. The next morning there is great excitement when it is discovered that the bank has been robbed. An overturned clock in the office, with the hands pointing to ten o'clock, establishes the hour of the theft. Blair is able to establish an alibi, but Walter, of course, is not able to, and is arrested. However, Pierce, the detective on the case, finds the clock has been tampered with, and also finds the decoy letter sent to Randall. He confronts Blair in the office, and he breaks down and tells all: how he had sent the letter to Randall; how he had set the hands of the clock at ten and then gone to a friend's house and stayed until midnight. Of course, Walter is released and there is a happy reunion in the Fielding home.



When Blair Arrives at His Friend's House, He Makes His Apologies and Points Out That He is Not Very Late, That it is Just Ten O'Clock



Regretfully, at Nine O'Clock, Randall leaves Ruth, on the Flaw of an Engagement

"The Evil Men Do"*An Impressive Illustration of "The Wages of Sin are Death"*

THREE-REEL VITAGRAPH FILM

CAST

David Horton.....	Maurice Costello
Captain Clifford.....	Thomas R. Mills
Beatrice Elton.....	Marie Weirman
Margaret Forsythe.....	Mary Charleson
Colonel.....	Frank Currier
David Horton (12 Years).....	Dolores Costello
Beatrice Elton (8 Years).....	Helen Costello

SYNOPSIS

AS childhood sweethearts, David Horton and Beatrice Elton are inseparable. Fifteen years later Beatrice goes abroad and David marries Margaret Forsythe, a social climber. Margaret starts to entertain on a lavish scale. David, in order to pay the bills, speculates, loses everything and his wife elopes with Captain Clifford, a dashing army officer. Beatrice returns from abroad, meets David, learns all and urges him to go West and start again. Horton does so and locates at Ranchville, where he buys a small ranch. Meanwhile, Clifford has tired of Margaret and deserted her. He later meets Beatrice, they marry and he takes her out West.

Beatrice meets David at his ranch and tells him she is married. Horton meets Clifford, but keeps silent about Clifford's former life. Beatrice plans to reunite Margaret and her husband and invites the girl to Ranchville. On her arrival, Beatrice asks David to give Margaret another chance, pleading so hard he finally takes Margaret back. Foreseeing trouble should Margaret and Clifford meet, he urges her to leave that section until the Cliffords have gone. Unfortunately she does meet Clifford, and she is accidentally killed. Horton accuses Clifford, who confesses the whole truth, which Beatrice overhears. She tells Clifford it is all over between them and he kills himself. After the funeral, Horton and Beatrice leave for the East together, determined to start life anew as man and wife.



David is Dismayed when He Learns That Margaret is Coming Back, But Beatrice Prevails on Him to Welcome Her



It is David Who Discovers the Pistol with One Empty Chamber, Which Accuses His Suspicious of Captain Clifford

Mary Charleson as Margaret Forsythe



Maurice Costello as David Horton

When David Horton and Captain Clifford Meet After so Many Years, David's Attitude is Anything But Friendly



Her Husband's Conciliatory Attitude Towards Horton Often Piques Beatrice



Margaret Becomes Infatuated with a Dashing Young Army Officer, Captain Clifford



Mary Fuller as Dolly Desmond



When the Count Leaves the Dinner Party Early, Most of the Ladies are Disappointed, but Dolly Becomes Very Thoughtful



Duncan McRae as Count de Rochepierre



The Ladies Realize That Dolly Has Been Present When Both Mysterious Thiefs Have Taken Place, and They Leave Hurriedly and Somewhat Coldly



The Count Overhears Mrs. Cambridge Congratulating Herself on His Approval of Her Jewels

"Dolly Plays Detective"

The Ninth Episode in the Active Life of
"Dolly of the Dailies"

TWO-REEL EDISON FILM

CAST

Dolly Desmond..... Mary Fuller
James Malone, managing editor of THE COMET..... Charles Ogle
Mr. Cambridge..... Warren Cook
Mrs. Cambridge..... Miriam Nesbitt
Count de Rochepierre..... Duncan McRae

SYNOPSIS

IN the short time that he has held his new position on THE COMET staff, Malone, the managing editor, has grown very fond of the clever young reporter, Dolly Desmond. Dolly, however, ignores this except when it pleases her. One night, when they are dining at a cafe with the Cambridges, she flirts with Count de Rochepierre, just to tease Malone. The count is obliged to leave early, after arranging to play bridge with the women at Dolly's apartment, the next afternoon. A little later Mrs. Cambridge discovers that her pearl necklace is gone, and they are unable to discover it or any trace of the thief. Next day the count arrives at Dolly's early and begs her to accept a beautiful ring as a keepsake, before he sails for Europe. When the ladies come he leaves, apparently. That afternoon, the incident of the preceding night is repeated, but this time two necklaces are gone. Dolly's guests, to whom she is almost a stranger, leave hurriedly and coldly. Dolly puts two and two together and goes to see the count. In his quarters to which her reporter's star gains her admission, she finds Mrs. Cambridge's necklace. And that night, at a dance, she pulls off a dramatic arrest of the count and another "scoop" for THE COMET.



Miss Fuller Always Makes a Charming Dolly



Duncan McRae's Impersonation of Count de Rochepierre is Notably Successful

"Trinkets of Tragedy"

An Innocent Girl is Caught in the Web of Circumstantial Evidence

Two-Reel Essanay Film

CAST

Hyde, the detective Francis X. Bushman
 Fangbone, proprietor of a curio shop Charles Hitchcock
 Miriam, Fangbone's niece Ruth Stonehouse
 Frederick de Peyton-Reuter Bryant Washburn
 Major Alex Monro Rapley Holmes
 Foster M. C. Von Betz

SYNOPSIS

FREDERICK DE PEYTON-REUTER, a wealthy young man and an enthusiastic collector of curios, takes an ivory fan to the shop kept by a Russian, named Fangbone, to be repaired. Fangbone, when he discovers that the young man is fascinated by his beautiful niece, Miriam, delays mending the fan, so that Reuter will have to call more than once for it. Irtski, an enemy of Fangbone's, prints on the fan the death mark of his black hand gang. Reuter has come again to call for the fan, one afternoon, and is making love to Miriam when there is a shot, and Fangbone falls lifeless to the floor. Miriam, horrified, is forced to believe that her lover fired it, since he is the only person present besides herself. She forces him to leave, and the police break in to find her sobbing over her uncle's dead body, and arrest her. Major Monro, Reuter's counsel, engages the famous detective Hyde, to solve the mystery. With the mark on the fan his only clue, Hyde unravels the plot, and captures Irtski. Miriam is exonerated, and Reuter claims her for his own.

Young Frederick de Peyton-Reuter Becomes Infatuated with Fangbone's Beautiful Niece, Miriam, and Makes Ardent Love to Her

Peyton-Reuter Never Dreamed that Fangbone Had Ordered Miriam to Encourage His Attention

Francis X. Bushman as Hyde, the Detective

Ruth Stonehouse as Miriam, Fangbone's Niece

When Irtski was Accused by Hyde, of the Murder, He Made a Furious Effort to Escape

The Chief of Police Tries to Persuade Hyde that Miriam is Guilty but Hyde is Not Convinced

Only When Hyde Produces the Broken Fan and Shows Him the Death Sign On It Does Irtski Begin to Break Down

THE CROSS ROADS

The Intimate Confessions of Mollie Morgan

ILLUSTRATED BY VINCENT J. MCGUIRE

ANGRY as I was at Armstrong, my one obsession while he was speaking was to get Charlie Hemmingway away, or, at least, to make him keep quiet. My face was burning. I was a prey to all sorts of different emotions, shame and anger, fear and disgust. But, of course, the blow was too sudden, too terrific, for me to work out all the consequences then. I could see the tolerant contempt in Armstrong's face. It wasn't for what he thought had happened that he was condemning us. That was plain enough. We had broken the eleventh commandment, the one law that he and his kind respect and keep religiously: "Thou shalt not be found out!"

But at that Fred Armstrong helped me out in the end. He didn't give either of us a chance to talk back. He rode away, and, because a curious little crowd had gathered, as crowds always gathered, while we were in Cuba, on the slightest of pretexts, Charlie couldn't leave me. Instead he pulled up alongside and we trotted away. His face was red, too, and it was working with anger. And I could see that he was covered with shame and confusion, and that he was miserable as well as angry. He was blaming himself, bitterly. I almost laughed at that. And still I wondered if I was really getting hysterical; if the repeated shocks that had been coming to me since my mad adventure with George Converse had destroyed, at last, the normal, healthy nerves that were about the only things I could really thank my early life for having given me.

"Mollie!" Charlie said, finally. "I'll kill that beast! I'll get you to some place, and then I'll find him and kill him—but first I'll make him eat every lying word he uttered!"

"You—you musn't!" I gasped. "Charlie, you musn't! Oh, believe me, it's better to let things go! You can't do any good by fighting with him!"

Even then, vaguely, you see, I was hoping I wouldn't have to tell Charlie the whole wretched story. It had never seemed so bald, so unconvincing, so utterly silly as when I had rehearsed it to myself as I would have some day to tell it to him. Never before had I seemed to myself such a hopeless little fool. And I couldn't see how Charlie or any other man could believe me. And how that hurt me you will have to guess. I can't even begin, I see now, after trying very hard to do it, to express my feelings. I felt as if I simply couldn't bear to tell him the story, and see the look of disbelief I was so sure would come into his eyes.

Everything in the story was against me. He might believe some of it; the chances were he would not. But how could I expect him to understand the feeling that had prevented me

from taking George Converse at his word when he had followed me to Los Angeles and offered to marry me? To a man, you see, that would be incredible. Or so I thought then. I had formed a low sort of opinion of men. I felt I couldn't trust any of them, not even Charlie. I felt even he wouldn't understand that it would have seemed far worse to me to marry George, feeling as I did toward him, than to let people think what they liked of me.

I wondered, desperately, if any man could understand that feeling, and if any woman could fail to understand it! I know it seems absurd to talk of all the things that were running through my brain then, it takes so long to tell them here. But it took no time at all for the thoughts to fly across my mind. Everything seemed to flash into my brain and then flash out again, to make way for a new impression, usually one worse than the one it displaced. You have heard of the moment, when a person is drowning, when a whole lifetime is recalled in a flash. Well, I was drowning, in a way.

But, of course, I couldn't hold Charlie Hemmingway back by just asking him not to go for Armstrong. The only thing I could do was to tell him the truth. I might have dodged that; I might have let him go. But, though I was weak enough, and cowardly enough to have done it, I was, luckily, too much afraid to give way. For I knew that it had come to a point

where Charlie had to know, and it was better for me to tell him than to let him go to Armstrong in ignorance. For Armstrong would have defended himself, of course, by telling the story; he had heard, and I was afraid even to guess what sort of a horrible, garbled story that was. I knew some, not all, of the rumors that had flown about Los Angeles, connecting me with the love affairs of George Converse, and his troubles with his wife, and it seemed likely to me that by the time they had reached Armstrong, they must have been magnified a good many times.

Well, all this that I have been trying to describe about my mental state, and my struggle between two fears, happened in a very few moments, so that Charlie was still staring at me, almost indignantly, and with his mouth open, when I had made my decision. He hadn't expected me to try to stop him, you see. He thought that I would want him to resent the insult, and that I would be glad to have him stand up for me. And oh, how glad I would have been, if . . . !

"Mollie!" he said. "What do you mean? Why wouldn't it do any good? I'll make him understand. I'll make him crawl to you on his hands and knees, and apologize—or else I'll thrash him until he can't stand."

I had to laugh. He was so boyish; so melodramatic, as people are likely to be, I've noticed,

when they come to the real things of life. Perhaps the melodramas aren't as strained and exaggerated as we sophisticated people like to think. We all get pretty crude and primitive when our emotions get a chance to sway us.

"Why, if you did that," I said, choking, and trying to force my laughter down, because I knew how angry it would make poor Charlie, "you'd be arrested! People don't settle things that way down here. They'd put you in a dirty jail, and they might keep you there, and then I'd be all alone, without a single friend."

That thought settled my laughter very quickly. Because I felt so sure that when I had told him the truth I was going to be friendless, anyhow.

"But I've got to risk that," Charlie said, doggedly. "If I let him get away with that he'll talk to others, and people will believe there's something in it."

That finished me. I couldn't hesitate after that. And so I pulled all my nerve and courage and determination together, and I tried to look at him.

"Charlie!" I said. "There—there is some truth in it! He thinks it's all true. It isn't, quite. But it's bad enough. I've got to tell you, I see."

And so, on the veranda of the hotel, where, for a



"And So on the Veranda of the Hotel—for a Wonder We Were Left Alone—I Told Him the Whole Story Very Much as I Have Told It Here"

wonder, we were alone, I told him the whole story, very much as I have told it here. I didn't try to excuse myself; I didn't try to put the blame on anyone who hadn't earned it.

And, just as I had feared, even Charlie Hemmingway seized on the one point that would, I knew, stand out for any man.

"He—wanted to try to do the right thing—in the end, didn't he?" he said, dully. "When he went to Los Angeles and asked you to marry him, I mean."

"I—yes, I suppose he did," I said, lifelessly. I couldn't say anything more. I couldn't try to make him understand. Of course, that would absolve George Converse for every wrong he'd ever done me—in the eyes even of a decent, clean-living man. I had been sure of that.

"But—oh, of course you couldn't marry him!" Charlie went on. I almost jumped up. Had he really said that, and meant it? Had he understood? "It was one of those cases where a man can't undo the wrong he's done. And—he must have started these stories about you. You're right, though. There's no use beating up Armstrong. He's just a beast—but he's got justification, in his own eyes, and according to the way he plays the game. Well—"

Then we sat and looked at one another. And, all at once, I felt I had to say more than I had meant to.

"I was going to tell you, Charlie!" I burst out. "I meant to—all the time. I knew—I thought—I'd have to. I tried to keep you from—oh, I sound shameless—from making love to me, because I knew, if you did that, I'd have to tell you—"

"Yes, you'd have told me, then," he said, in that dull, toneless voice he had had ever since he had heard me tell my story.

"But—I was so happy, and so afraid that that would mean the end of our friendship," I said. "Charlie, I've been punished pretty heavily for that one thing, I think. And here—I was beginning to be happy, and to forget—and to think that maybe, after all, I could find some of the good things of life I'd never had! And, even here, it's hunted me down and cheated me out of my chance of happiness—"

Oh, I know just how small and petty that was! I was trying to appeal to his sympathy—not consciously, perhaps, but instinctively, with all the instincts and impulses of my sex surging up to try to get back the man I loved, and who was slipping away from me.

"Yes, I know," he said. "It's a shame—oh, it's a rotten shame. And—"

But he didn't need to speak. I knew what was going on in his mind. Part of him wanted to take me in his arms and comfort me, and tell me it didn't matter, but it wasn't strong enough for the part that was bristling in outraged instinct. He was a man, after all, and I was the woman he loved, but I had been defiled. That instinct is in every man. He wants his woman to come to him unmarred by contact, even, with the world. And if she does not, he can't reason about it. He can't overlook what she has done, even if it was not her fault. The instinct of the savage survives in the men of today, an instinct as old as the family, as marriage itself, an instinct that goes back to the very beginnings of civilization. And it held Charlie Hemmingway from me.

But, hard though his reaction was for me to see, it was what saved me. It was the tonic I needed. For it recalled me to myself, and gave my pride and my self-respect a chance to assert themselves. I steadied at once.

"You've got to stay here," I said. "For my sake. I'm going away, back to New York. And you can't come with me. That would damn me forever. Even if it's hard, you've got to stay. You can fix it easily with Armstrong. They need you, anyhow. He'll be glad to fix it. It's never the man who's blamed! It's the woman. I'll

be the sacrifice. Once I'm out of the way—"

"Good Lord!" he said. "Do you think I'll stand for that? I was just thinking—that's all. Mollie, we'll have to be married. It's the only thing. Then I can thrash Armstrong, if he won't take it back."

"You—you're as bad as George Converse!" I cried, furiously. "Do you think—as he did—that I can't stand on my own feet? Do you think I'm going to accept an offer of marriage that you throw at me just as you'd throw a crust to a starving man? Oh, you're like the

ize the sort of fight I was likely to have. If that story had followed me to Cuba, wasn't it more likely still to appear wherever I did in New York? And what was that going to mean? On the steamer I tried to be cold and calculating about it. A lot of people simply wouldn't care. That was certain. Because, after all, my personal character didn't affect my work. If I had been a notorious character, of course, it might have made a difference. But, as I saw it, it was going to mean less of actual trouble than of discomfort. I would be talked about—and I was almost sure to be subjected to insults of a sort that made me furious to think of.

But all that I could stand, because I would have to. I wouldn't have any choice. And, to tell the truth, I didn't care. The disaster in Cuba, and Charlie Hemmingway's failure to act like a sort of superman had hardened me, as had none of my previous experiences, though some of them had really been much worse. In love with him? Even after the way he had let me go? Yes, I was!

You see, it was the first time I had ever really been in love. My feeling for George Converse had never been love. He had touched the silly, superficial romanticism in me, but he had never struck the deeper note, had never made me respond as this boy in Cuba had done.

One womanly trait I haven't got. I have never been able to hide the truth from myself. I have always faced it, and admitted things to myself. I had done worse than that in this case—I had come as near to telling Charlie Hemmingway that I was in love with him as I could without actually doing it. And, if I had done that, why shouldn't I admit the truth to myself?

But, though I knew that, I didn't cherish any illusions. I felt that he was definitely out of my life. For just a minute, I think, there had been a chance that the part of him that loved me had been near to triumphing. But he hadn't been quite big enough for that. He would have had to be pretty big. I know that now: I realized it, even then. And I didn't let myself grow bitter toward him, although toward life, and the shabby way I felt it had treated me, I was bitter—as bitter as it was possible for me to be. But I wanted to keep the memory of Charlie Hemmingway, and of my love for him, and of the little time in which he really had loved me, free from small things. And the sort of bitterness I might have felt for him seemed to me to be essentially small. I had no right to expect a miracle. I had no right to expect the man I loved to be able to conquer the instinct that had been born in him.

So I came back to New York. I expected a hard time. But, thank heaven, I couldn't even begin to imagine the sort of time it was to be. I couldn't foresee the outside forces that were going to conspire to make things harder—the retrenchment that was to set in on all sides, owing to the panic that was, even then, looming up. If I had known what I was to endure in the next few months, I think I would have slipped over into the dark water that lapped the sides of the boat. I used to look over the rail, sometimes, at the glowing streaks of phosphorescent light.

"It would be so easy," I said to myself one night, when I felt blue. "So easy, just to slip over—and forget everything!"

That was the night before we landed.

"No!" I said to myself. "I won't run away! I'll fight it out! And, I'm going home, after all!"

That was what held me, I think. I was very near to ending it that night. But the feeling that I was going home had gripped me. There was some sort of magic in the word! And—the fates are kind, in some ways. They do not let us see the things that are in store for us.

(To Be Continued)



It Would Be So Easy I Said to Myself One Night—Just to Slip Over and Forget Everything

rest! You're a man—and you think a woman's lost unless some man will take her under his wing and ease her life!"

Unfair to him? I suppose I was! But he was unfair to me, too—or, at least, the man animal in him, that was uppermost just then, was. He was so consciously, so obviously, trying to "do the right, the decent thing."

"But—" he began, looking baffled, and angry, and helpless, all at once.

"No! No! No!" I cried. "I will not. Do you understand that? I'm going to do just what I've said. I'm going back to New York on the first boat I can catch. And you're going to stay here. It's the only thing you can do for me, and if it's hard, why my part isn't so easy, either."

He must have seen from the first that I was right, of course. It was really what he wanted to do, too. He'd had a frightful shock about me, and he had to have time to adjust himself to it. Part of him loved me—there wasn't any doubt about that. But he had been tremendously shaken, and he was able to realize himself that he wasn't in any condition to think out a problem like this one—not then. But it was on the argument that he must stay to help me that I persuaded him, just the same. He was like most men—though in many ways he was very unlike them. But he had to be convinced that what he was doing was right, and, perhaps, a little noble, a little magnanimous, with some sort of an element of self-sacrifice in it. Men like to be able to admire themselves; to think that what they are doing is pretty fine, and that not every man they know could, or would, do it. That is, they feel that way when a woman is involved. More instinct, I suppose—and going back to the dawn of the race.

I had my way, naturally. And so I went back to New York again. And this time I could real-

Wm. J. Burns to Help

(Continued from page 11)

everything about it was common hardware stock. There was no home-made evidence to start a suspicion from. It was like trying to identify a man by a new pair of shoes that he had made himself and never worn; all that you could tell by them would be that the man must have been a cobbler. And yet that clock and battery contrivance made the rope to hang him."

But first it was necessary to find the evidence which would connect some concrete human being with the clockwork bomb.

"In a field beside the railway yards," Mr. Burns continues, "we found a wooden box in which the glycerin pan had been packed in sawdust." He gathered a sample of the sawdust and put it aside. All sawdust looks alike to you probably. But that sample of sawdust proved to be the clincher.

Burns and his men didn't know at the time that the sawdust was the significant clue. They patiently worked out the clue of the box and the clue of the nitroglycerine can first. They found that there was no use trying to trace the ownership of the box—hundreds of such boxes were to be had for the asking. They found that the nitroglycerine can had no mark to show who had used it—that there is no such thing as a standard nitroglycerine can because it is not permitted to be shipped and must therefore be made near where it is used. Then they set out to find the man who had sold the nitroglycerine. That was simply a process of elimination, as long as a sample of the sawdust in which it had been packed was in their possession. Within a few days Burns had a description of the man who had bought the nitroglycerine from the man who had sold it to him.

The process of elimination—with the imagination and intelligence of William J. Burns behind it—was what defeated the Philadelphia counterfeiters. Burns was called in to examine a counterfeit bill so good that it had fooled one government expert after another. There wasn't the slightest evidence anywhere. That was what everybody but Burns said. Burns said nothing—out loud. To himself he said: "The fact that this counterfeit is such a good piece of engraving is the best piece of evidence we could ask. Who is the man who made the plates for it? He must be one of half a dozen because there aren't half a dozen men in this country who can do that quality of work." Before the process of elimination which followed was complete, Burns had discovered that the two best engravers in Philadelphia had left the firms by whom they had been employed and set up a shop of their own, where they charged such high prices that nobody ever bought any of their work. The rest was a simple matter of shadowing. For the men were Arthur Taylor and Baldwin Bredell.

When, as a result of Burns' work, the United States Secret Service arrested Dr. Bradford, Jimmy Courtney, and Bill Brockway it was planned to let Brockway go. It was believed that Brockway was one of this gang of counterfeiters, the most successful which ever operated in this country. But there was no evidence that directly connected him with Courtney and Bradford's operations. Then it was that William J. Burns produced a strip of oilcloth which he had found tacked to a shelf in Brockway's house and matched it to the oilcloth apron worn by Dr. Bradford in the work of preparing bank-note paper for the plates Courtney had engraved.

Men who have worked with Burns say that he "senses" things with extraordinary accuracy. In comparing evidence he picks out the important clues and rejects the distracting false leads without any apparent effort of thought. He has the knowledge necessary to assay evidence and the imagination necessary to use it. The result is the solution of such mysteries as those of the Philadelphia counterfeiters and the Los Angeles Times explosion. Burns says it is just "common sense." Burns says, "There are no mysteries; every criminal leaves his track." Burns says "There are no stone walls; you can always climb over or get around."

But call it common sense or call it genius, call it what you please, it is going to be at the

service of MOVIE PICTORIAL readers who hope to solve "The Million Dollar Mystery" and win the \$10,000 prize offered for a hundred-word solution. W. J. Burns is going to apply the same imagination which served the United States Secret Service for twenty-two years, which solved the Los Angeles Times mystery and the Oregon land fraud cases, and the Ohio

bribery cases, to a consideration of this photoplay mystery.

And somebody is going to win the \$10,000 prize with the aid of that imagination.

(William J. Burns' first analysis of "The Million Dollar Mystery" will appear in next week's issue of the MOVIE PICTORIAL.)

Why, Look Who's Here

(Continued from page 17)

were the rage of the town. Talk about your Irene Castle, or Joan Sawyer, or Mae Murray, or Louise Alexander, or Beatrice Allen, or Vera Maxwell, or Rosizka Dolly, or Kitty Glaser, or Grace Field, or Bonnie Glass, or any other of our dancing divinities of to-day, not one of them can begin to lay claim to the vogue enjoyed by this fascinating little English woman.

"Oh, wonderful," exclaimed Miss Fitz-Gerald, enthusiastically. "I think they are the most wonderful things ever seen. Such poetry, such grace, such motion. Y'know, just as soon as I landed here, I said to myself, said I, 'Cissy, you must learn these new-fangled dances right away, for you'll be asked to places and if you don't dance no one will pay any attention to you.' So I did, and after a lesson or two I felt safe in goin' anywhere. And, my eye, how everybody does do it everywhere. It used to be only the young people, but now all the fathers and mothers, and even the grandparents, too, are given to dancin'. The fat, staid business man keeps at it for hours and just as he seems ready to drop, covered with perspiration, his hair mussed up, his collar all wilted, he comes up to you and exclaims, 'Oh, Miss Fitz-Gerald, let's have just one more round.' And he keeps it up by the hour. Yes, it is wonderful."

"Just how did you happen to take up picture work?" I asked, rather abruptly, for, somehow or other, it seemed so strange to find her engaged in this field.

"Bless my soul, everybody's doin' it. Why not I? I am to be specially featured in a series of Vitagraph pictures, written by Roy L. McCardell, the first of which is called 'The Fascinating Mrs. Thompson.' Two of the others are 'The Ladies' War' and 'The Winksome Widow.' And I like the work, too. It is not hard, the hours are easy, and the salary continues fifty-two weeks a year."

She was fairly glowing with energy and vivacity, with the keen interest and animation of a girl in her early teens.

"I have only one great regret and that is that I ever left America," said Cissy of the wink.

Here was my chance. Said I, "Tell me now, frankly, just why you did not return long ago?"

She waited possibly fifteen full seconds, gazing directly before her, and then she said, quite simply, "I married." I had known this all the time, but I wanted her to tell me so herself.

Another moment's pause and she went on, "But I intend to remain out here, I assure you. London is all very well in its way, but it isn't as alive and lusty and growin' as New York. And everybody has been so charmin' to me. Why, the very moment I stepped down the ship's gang-plank the newspaper men remembered me and they made everything as easy as possible for me with the customs."

"Y'know, I brought a trained bear over here with me. Yes, I did" (she apparently saw the look of incredulity upon my face) "and I had the most awful time tryin' to get accommodations for him at the Broadway hotels. Finally, I had to bring him over here to the Vitagraph yards. My word, he's an awfully clever bear. I've taught him to wink his eye, just like I do." (Imagine, a flirtatious bear!) "He's to appear in several of the pictures with me. The Vitagraph people have also provided me with most delightful leadin' man, Donald Hall. Perhaps you know him? Yes? And handsome, too, don't you think? My word, what a world it is! D'y'know, Donald and I haven't met since the days we appeared together in the British provinces in 'A Gaiety Girl.' And 'ou know

how long ago that was! Yet here we are, both of us out here in America, posin' for the Vitagraph Company. Coincidence, isn't it?"

"I saw poor dear old Marcus Mayer the other day. He has gone off a bit, hasn't he? And what a lot I owe him. Why, it was he who brought me before George Edwardes' notice, when I was tourin' about the provinces. Said he, 'George, that girl would make her fortune in America. When 'A Gaiety Girl' goes to New York, send her along with it.' And that's how I got the chance to appear here first. Oh, and what a flapper I was then, just the youngest and greenest thing you ever saw. My salary was only ten pounds a week, a good enough salary for England, but it didn't go far here. I asked Edwardes to give me twenty pounds, but he wouldn't. So when Charles Frohman offered me one hundred pounds to appear in 'The Foundlin'.' I just had to take it. Jolly well glad I did, too. Though I've often thought since that if Edwardes had given me that twenty I'd have stuck. You remember the lawsuit about it? Fancy, now, your remembering it. We all got a lot of advertisin' out of it but it wasn't really legal because I wasn't of age when I signed the bloomin' contract. But George and I have been the best of pals since."

We then touched upon the secret of motion picture success, as relating purely to the actor. The Lady of the Wink had her theory. "Individuality, my boy, that's what counts. An expressive pair of eyes helps more than anything, but you've really got to be different from anybody else. Look at me now, I haven't changed any during my absence, now have I?" I was bound to admit that the lack of any change in her appearance was almost uncanny, she's just a trifle bit stouter, that's all. "Just look at my hair"—and she gave her hat a rakish tilt backward—"I wear it to-day exactly as I always did." Sure enough, so she does, the part down the middle, with a pronounced wave upon either side, and four small curls dotting the forehead, all one shimmer of gold and the most attractive hair which has ever adorned the shapely head of a charming young woman.

"In expressin' surprise at my appearance in picture work, people seem to have forgotten that when I was here before I was the first well-known actress to appear on the screen. I danced for Edison's Biograph and the pictures, which were shown in the vaudeville theatres, were billed as 'Cissy Fitz-Gerald and Her Dances.' So, you see, I am simply returnin' to an earlier love."

We chatted some more at considerable length, recalling many events and personages of a few years back, and it was refreshing to find that she has none of the spirit which demands recognition for its own sake. Among other things we touched upon some of the players in the cast of "The Foundlin'." during which she exclaimed warmly, "Why, do y'know, the other day, while lunchin' in a Broadway restaurant, who should come up and speak to me but two members of that very cast, Maggie Holloway Fisher and Clara Baker Rust. Just fancy, the dear things recognized me!"

I did not wonder at it at all, and those of you who recall the dainty, dazzling Cissy of yesterday will be amazed to find how little she has changed when you see her in the Vitagraph pictures. To the others, those of you who will see her for the first time, I can only say that you have a treat in store, a very happy treat.

For did I not see her, standing in the studio yard, with the glint in her eyes and the gold in her hair?

PLAYERS BIRTHDAY CALENDAR

JOHNSON BRISCOE

June 27

MAY IRWIN, who recently concluded her season in "Widow By Proxy" and who will probably continue to star under the Liebler management, providing a suitable play is forthcoming.

REGINALD MASON, who was numbered among that fortunate group of actors who supported Laurette Taylor during the phenomenal run of six hundred and four performances of "Peg O' My Heart," at the Cort Theatre.

CARROLL MCCOMAS, lately seen as leading woman with Donald Brian in "The Siren" and "The Marriage Market," and who is soon to appear under John C. Fisher's management in a play called "The Eleventh Hour."

SUZANNE ROCAMORA, who divides her time equally between the drama and musical comedy, appearing last season with Cecil Spooner in that ill-fated venture, "The House of Bondage."

ANTOINETTE PERRY, the charming young actress who did notably good work as leading woman with David Warfield but who is now married and living in Denver, Col.

HARRY TIGHE, equally popular in musical comedy and vaudeville, to which latter field he has lately been devoting his time.

BENJAMIN HAPGOOD BURT, formerly behind the footlights and now one of our best-known song writers.

June 28

MARY ANDERSON, the pretty, young ingenue of the Vitagraph company, who declares that she is going to make her name as famous on the screen as did our famous Mary Anderson behind the footlights, and whom you will recognize as the young girl, Marguerite Lenox, in "My Official Wife."

OTIS SKINNER, who, after three years in "Kismet," is to appear next season in a new John Galsworthy play, "The Mob."

WILLIAM COURTLEIGH, who did most excellent work last season in the very short-lived production of "Where Ignorance Is Bliss."

EDNA CONROY, who in private life is Mrs. William Courtleigh and who has not appeared behind the footlights since her marriage several years ago.

DAVID HIGGINS, the actor-dramatist, author of "At Piney Ridge," "Up York State" and "His Last Dollar," who last appeared with James K. Hackett in "A Grain of Dust."

BLANCHE SHIRLEY, who for a long time played Anna Moore in "Way Down East," and who is now leading woman of the Malley-Denison Stock, Newport, R. I.

DONALD MACDONALD, the clever young juvenile actor, late with "When Dreams Come True," now on tour with "The Honeymoon Express."

MADGE CARR COOKE, the imitatively clever character actress, mother of Mrs. August Belmont (Eleanor Robson) and who, like her daughter, has now left the stage.

ETHEL BRACEWELL, one of London's most popular melodramatic actresses, who has enjoyed great favor in a series of Lyceum Theatre successes.

June 29

LOUISE ALEXANDER, the well-known dancer, recalled in various Ziegfeld productions, who is now in London where she is introducing all the latest variations of the modern dances with Jack Jarrott.

JOHN POLLOCK, the popular press representative and newspaper man, who writes entertainingly of the doings of vaudeville folk.

ROBERT TANSEY, the boy actor, seen in numerous Broadway productions.

June 30

ROSE ELIZABETH TAPLEY, whose popularity is constantly upon the increase with Vitagraph patrons, due to such notably fine

work as she did in "The Memories That Haunt" and "My Official Wife."

ROY L. MCCARDELL, the humorist writer, who is rapidly making a name among scenario authors, being sponsor for numerous comedies, in any number of which John Bunny and Flora Finch have especially distinguished themselves.

ALICE GENTLE, the grand opera prima donna, late of the Hammerstein forces, who has been notably successful in the role of "Carmen."

WHITE WHITTLESLEY, long popular in Pacific Coast theatricals, but who left the stage about four years ago and is now engaged in the business of interior decorating in New York City.

PAUL MCALLISTER, well-known as a leading man in stock circles, late with the Poli company, Washington, D. C.

BELLA ALTEN, whose name and fame are thoroughly familiar to patrons of the Metropolitan Opera House, where she sang prima donna and soubrette roles for a number of years, concluding her engagement there at the close of last season.

GENEVIEVE REYNOLDS, who for some time past has been playing all the character and "grand dame" roles in Robert Mantell's repertoire.

JUNE MATHIS, who recently made something of an impression as a young negress in the playlet, "Granny Maumee," as produced by the Stage Society.

DAISY BELMORE, who appeared briefly on Broadway last season, supporting Grace George in "Half An Hour."

CHARLES VERNON FRANCE, the well-known London actor, lately seen in the British capital in "The Land of Promise," at the Duke of York's Theatre.

MARIE DALSTON, the popular English serio-comic, equally successful on both side of the Atlantic, having appeared here in vaudeville, and in the original productions of "The Belle of Bohemia" and "Madame Sherry."

July 1

PAUL WILSTACH, the successful dramatist; author, among other plays, of "A Capitol Comedy," "Polly Primrose," "Keegan's Pal," and the stage version of "Thais."

LOBA LIEB, the musical comedy favorite, who recently concluded her season in the vaudeville sketch, "The Beauties," produced by Jesse Lasky.

CHARLES M. WALCOT, the veteran actor, who this day celebrates his seventy-first birthday and who has not appeared behind the footlights for several years.

TOM MCNAUGHTON, who has become vastly popular with American audiences, his most notable work of recent times being in "The Spring Maid" and "Sweetheart," in both of which he supported Christie MacDonald.

ATREY NOLAN, who has for some time past devoted himself exclusively to stock companies.

July 2

MADGE TITHEREDGE, whom we shall long remember for her work in "The Butterfly on the Wheel" and as leading woman with Lewis Waller, with whom she is now making an extended professional tour of Australia.

ARTHUR S. CLIFTON, of the Lubin company forces, being assistant director to Lloyd B. Carleton and figuring in many Lubin releases.

EDWIN BARBOUR, also of the Lubin company forces, one of his most successful pictures of late being as Professor Lamb in "The Klondike Bubble."

GILBERT ELY, and also of the Lubin company, playing a wide variety of character roles, due to his having played for many years in stock in Philadelphia, at both Forepaugh's and the Girard Avenue theatres.

July 3

LEON ERROL, who has been distinctly successful in recent Ziegfeld productions, being second to none as an eccentric dancer,

who is adding to his laurels every day as producer of "The Follies of 1914."

DONOTHY ROSSMOND, who has played many adventuresses and wicked ladies in her time, last seen with Edmund Breese in "The Master Mind."

SARGENT ABORN, who with his brother, Milton, carries much of the responsibility of the Century and Aborn opera companies.

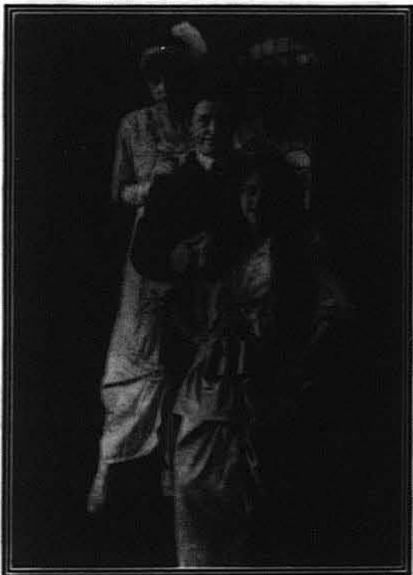
MARY MOORE, who has these many years appeared exclusively as co-star with Sir Charles Wyndham, being agreeably recalled hereabouts in "The Mollusc."

GILBERT H. MILLER, the clever young son of Henry Miller, who has abandoned his father's profession of acting in order to embark upon the managerial side of theatricals, his most recent venture being the production of "Marrying Money."

Captors and Captured

AL JENNINGS, former bandit and train robber is still pursuing his nefarious trade. His desire to capture people is seemingly uncontrollable. One of his most recent escapades was the abduction of Lola Hunt and Muriel Ostriche to a picture studio. His ransom price was the picture shown. But, if Mr. Jennings continues to do this sort of kidnapping, and to exact this sort of a ransom, no one can possibly object. The results are too pleasant.

As a matter of fact, both Miss Ostriche and Miss Hunt seem to have submitted to the capture with equanimity. One might even deduce that they were pleased, too. Perhaps it is because they are by way of being in the capturing business themselves.



Lola Hunt, Al. Jennings and Muriel Ostriche

Miss Ostriche, for instance, has spent the winter and spring—when she wasn't working—capturing cups; big cups and little cups; fat cups and slim cups; tall cups and short cups; most of them are of silver, gold lined, and all of them bear inscriptions. Her most recent capture was affected at Rector's, in New York. Like all the other cups carried off it proves to the beholder that Miss Ostriche is quite some dancer.

Miss Hunt's capturing stunt isn't quite as much of a habit with her as is Miss Ostriche's. She is a North Carolina girl, doing her first picture work, and—she has captured a part in Thanhouser's "Million Dollar Mystery." Now, there are two essentials to success. One is to capture a part, and the second is to hold it, once it is captured. Miss Hunt is holding her part admirably.

AGENTS
SALESMAN
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At eight years, she was sent to the Convent of the Faithful Companion at Skipton, Yorkshire. Four years later, the family went to France, and Isabel continued her education at the Convent of the Assumption, near Cannes, on the Riviera. The child was a musician from her soul to her finger-tips. She played the organ, the piano and the violin; she also sang sweetly. In England she had been a pupil of Denza, the composer.

It was her music which brought about her meeting with Miss Hawkins Dentster, the original owner of Skibo Castle, and led to her romantic intimacy with the three little Bourbon princesses. Miss Dentster, who had recently sold her ancestral home to Andrew Carnegie, took a villa at Cannes. She was a frequent visitor at the convent, where she heard Isabel Daintry's voice. She asked her to sing at one of her matinee musicales. Among the guests, on that occasion, were the dethroned queen of Naples and her three young daughters, the princesses Josepha, Tia and Marie Immaculée.

The queen requested her no less to present them to the little singer, then thirteen years old. So delighted was she with the *piccolo cantatrice* that the following day she sent her carriage to the convent with an invitation to Miss Isabel to return to the royal villa for tea. With childlike naturalness and simplicity, the little musician sent back word that she was very sorry, but she was just going to take her violin lesson and must decline the invitation of the queen and the princesses.

Instead of being offended, the queen was charmed. Two days later, the royal carriage again drew up before the convent, to the great excitement of all the young pupils. A note was delivered by a servant in the Bourbon livery, for "Miss Daintry from Her Royal Highness the Princess Tia."

"Please name the day," it ran, almost imploringly, "when you will come to see my sisters and me." Miss Daintry wrote back, "I will come tomorrow."

That was the beginning of an intimate friendship which lasted five years—until at eighteen, Miss Daintry left the Old World, which had been for her so full of romance and wonderful associations, to win her way among strangers in the land which had given her birth but had never been her home.

From a very little girl, Miss Daintry wished to go on the stage. She captured an engagement in the legitimate—and after several successful seasons found herself in motion pictures.

"Take It Off"

A YOUNG lawyer dropped into a moving picture theatre the other day and was shown to a seat directly behind a lady (?) who had her hat on. He asked her if she would remove it, and her reply was a curt, "No." So he put on his own hat.

Immediately cries went up from three or four husky throats behind him:

"Take it off!"

And the lady who insisted upon keeping her hat on reached up quickly and deftly and took her hat off.

WEST COAST STUDIO JOTTINGS

NEWS OF THE PHOTOPLAYERS
IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

By Richard Willis

A WEEK of incidents and changes—lots of interesting things happening! The new studios of Bosworth Inc. are going up rapidly and in the interim, the company is making a comedy with exterior views. With Myrtle Stedman and other interesting people in the cast, it will be a novel departure for the Bosworth people.

Sad but true! Pauline Bush has gained so much in weight on her holiday, that she has got to reduce in order to wear dresses and things. She looks very well and is as brown as a berry.

Max Figman and Lolita Robertson are busy at the Lasky studios filming "The Man on the Box" whilst Robert Edeson is starring in "The Call of the North." Cecil de Mille is engineering the productions.

The Biograph Companies have just completed two big productions in Cecil de Mille's "The Stampede" and George Barr McCutchen's "Beverly of Graustark" and the dramatic companies are making preparations to go East.

Milton H. Fahrney is on his way East to produce big five and six reel classical features at or near Bayonne, New Jersey. Alexandra Phillips Fahrney goes along as special photoplay writer.

Howard Davies, long associated with the Bison and Universal companies, has joined P. C. Hartigan, who is directing comedies for Pathe at the "Zodiac" studios. With Davies appear Peggy Hart and Mable Turnea.

William Garwood of the American is getting quite noted for the little suppers he gives. Billy is a bully good cook and loves to entertain.

William D. Taylor is investing in a motor boat so that he may make daily trips to and from Long Beach and Santa Monica where he lives. He is a deep water fiend.

Norman McDonald who was for a long time a director with the Essanay company has started a studio and is teaching young aspirants how to act for the Motion Picture stage. He certainly understands the business from the ground up.

Wilfred Lucas is putting on a novelty in "The Adventures of Nimble Dollar" at the Universal. The photoplay recounts the troubles and final triumph of the Nimble Dollar (George Larkin) and Cleo Madison as Confidence. They are rescued by Optimism and the Joy elfs from the machinations of Pessimism and his glooms.

David Kirkland goes to the Sterling Comedy Company to assist Ford Sterling in his productions this week. He is just back from a hunting trip.

Jack Richardson and Louise Lester of the American, did not intend the Ricketts, Coxens and Fields to have it all to themselves so they went and got married, too. Two of the finest people in the business and good luck to them!

Frank Montgomery of the Kalem Company offers \$75 as a first prize and \$25 as a second prize to the writers of a song with Indians as the theme, Mona Darkfeather being the object in view. Of course by this we don't mean to infer Mona is an object, she is not!

J. P. McGowan of the Kalem Company is all swelled up because he has received a nice fat check for one of his crops. He has quite a farm near Glendale.

Phillips Smalley and Lois Weber will leave the Universal about the middle of the month. They will take a rest of about three weeks and then make their debut as stars in the Lasky productions. Their work is always more than interesting.

The frequent visits of Wallace Kerrigan (Jack's twin brother) to Santa Barbara are now fully explained. Miss Richdale is the young lady's name and it goes without saying she is very charming and that Jack will be best man.

Jesse Robbins, late of the Essanay, is making features at his own studio in Los Angeles. He was here as early as 1907 with an Essanay company and another member of his present company, F. C. Daws was here at the same time. David Hartford is directing the company which is made up of Emory Johnson, formerly with Essanay, Eleanor Lorimer who was with the Kinemacolor and Adelaide Bronti, recently with the American forces at Santa Barbara.

The U. S. Film Corporation of San Diego have completed their first feature, "The Flag of Destiny," under the direction of Hal Clements. Mr. Clements has now resigned and Leon D. Kent, late of the Lubin forces, reigns in his stead. Larry Peyton and Natalie de Lontan are playing the leads.

Tammany Young of the Mutual is appearing in a series of "Bill" photoplays with Fay Tincher, Tod Browning and others. Tammany is quite a character and was the prototype "Bill" in Wests famous stories in the New York World. Tammany Young was a copy boy there.

Pretty and impish Billie West is making quite a hit in the "Izzy" comedy series being put on by Arthur (Sheriff) Mackley at the Mutual. Billie West is already almost an old time "Majestic" favorite.

G. P. Hamilton is directing features for the Albuquerque company at the J. A. C. studios. A special train for a hold-up and a tango tea with some well known dancers are two special features in the production.

Janie Macpherson, who was associated with the Universal and the Criterion features as actress and scenario writer, has been having a long holiday during which time she has been adding to the bank roll by the sale of several fine photoplays. Janie is working on a big deal now and hopes to bring it off.

Joseph Harris of the Beauty Company at Santa Barbara, spends much of his private time yachting. He is dickering for a new racer and is wrapped up in the sport. Fred Gambel of the same company is a baseball fiend and has all the averages at his finger tips. When Fred starts to talk about baseball, his friends sit around and listen now that there's a Movie League started.

"The Madonna of the Rocks" the five reel film being produced by Arthur Maude for the Loftus Feature Company with Constance Crawley in the lead, promises to be remarkably beautiful. One set took two weeks to build up. Miss Crawley's fine performance has much to do with this effect.

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WHOS' WHO In The PHOTOPLAYS

SHORT BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF THE PLAYERS

CHARLES E. RAY, one of the leading men of the New York Motion Picture Company, is a decided favorite among his associates and in fact with every one who meets him. He has done all kinds of stock and dramatic work, appeared in musical comedy and vaudeville and possesses an all-around experience which fits him to assume most any kind of role that is assigned him. All his film work has been done under the Kay Bee, Broncho or Domino brands as the New York Motion Picture Company is the only film concern for whom he has worked. Jacksonville, Illinois, was his birthplace, and driving his big racing car is his favorite amusement. Much of his success in pictures seems to lie in the fact that he is always unassuming and perfectly natural.



LEONA HUTTON, the leading emotional actress with the New York Motion Picture Company, made her stage debut in "Shenandoah" the war story which has brought so many other prominent stage folk into the limelight. After several seasons of stock and musical comedy work, she took to the film studios as she was a natural lover of the big outdoors and found it necessary to get away from the confinement of the theatre. Since 1911 she has appeared in many New York Motion Picture productions. Kansas City, Missouri, is her birthplace.



Photo by Hitzel

MILDRED HARRIS, is the pretty, blonde little girl whose face you have seen on the screen so many times when watching Kay Bee, Broncho or Domino productions, for since early in 1912 Mildred has been a member of the New York Motion Picture Company. For a few months in 1911 she appeared in Western Vitaphones but most of her work has been done for the brands of film mentioned above. She was seen to especial advantage in such dramas as "The Pride of the South," "Divorce," "Grand Dad," "The Wheels of Destiny" and many others. Cheyenne, Wyoming, is her birthplace and November 29, 1901, the date.



Photo by Hitzel

J. BARNEY SHERRY, or "The Irish Prince" as he is frequently called by those who know him best, has played leading parts in New York Motion Picture Company productions for the last six years, but even before that was with Vitagraph, Selig and Lubin, so that his film career has been both a long and an eventful one. Philadelphia is his birthplace and he began his stage career as early as 1893 appearing in stock. After appearing for a season or two with William Farnum and later with Charles Richman, he starred himself in a vaudeville act over the Orpheum Circuit, which he called "A Night With the Poets." He was also cast for prominent roles in such dramas as "Ben Hur," "The Eternal City" and "Jack and the Beanstalk." He is extremely fond of all kinds of outdoor sports and is a general favorite. His big bungalow by the sea at Santa Monica, where he keeps bachelor quarters, is crowded nightly with his friends and fellow players, and all vote "The Irish Prince" a royal good fellow.



CHET WITHEY, the leading "heavy" of the New York Motion Picture Company, calls Grand Rapids, Michigan, home, for it was there that he was born, though he left that city at an early age and in 1906 was a member of a touring stock company. His work was so worth while that he played a long engagement with the Belasco Stock of Los Angeles. His picture debut was made when the Selig Polyscope Company first began taking pictures in California, and from 1911 until the latter part of 1913 he was a member of the "Flying A" Company at Santa Barbara, California. Since beginning his engagement with the New York Motion Picture Company he has been featured in such films as "The Silent Witness," "Mario," "Fires of Ambition," and "The Geisha."



CLARA WILLIAMS, leading woman of the New York Motion Picture Company, was born in Seattle, Washington, May 3rd, 1891, and made her first stage appearance in 1907 in "Don't Tell My Wife." Stock engagements and vaudeville occupied her time for the next few years and in 1910 she began picture work with the Essanay Company. In 1912 she drew her salary from Lubins, and then, after a brief return to stock, the present engagement began. Some of the better known pictures in which she has appeared are "Divorce," "Mario," and "The Bells of Austi." Miss Williams in private life is Mrs. Franklyn Hall and they enjoy long motor trips together when the day's work at the studio is finished.



MARY FULLER has an opportunity to put her versatility to test in the five-part Edison film, "The Master Mummer," a scenarioized version of the E. Phillips Oppenheim story. In it, Mary plays three distinct roles; that of Princess Isabelle, an elderly woman, that of the princess's daughter and also that of the princess's cousin. A recent letter which came to Mary from a youthful admirer in Stirling, Scotland, asks her intercession for him with Thomas Edison by way of obtaining a position in the Edison stock company. He offers the information that he can easily pay his own passage over.

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EASTERN STUDIO NEWS

GOSSIP OF THE PLAYERS IN-AND-AROUND NEW YORK

FLO LABADIE dislikes posing as a water-nymph. She says she's too fat. But is she? Anyway, that fact never bothers Florence when the day is warm and the water near and the time propitious for a swim.

Ethel Clayton, the titian-haired girl who plays at the Lubin studio in Philadelphia, saw no prospect for a regular vacation this summer so she fortified herself against the heat by procuring "the coolest house in the city." It possesses a sleeping porch and, besides that, a veranda clear around the house and doors and windows on every side, so "It's bound to be cool there no matter how warm the day," explained Ethel as she sipped her iced tea luncheon in her dressing room at the studio. "Besides, Atlantic City is only an hour away." And another "besides"—Ethel has a lovely car that promises coolness whenever given a chance.

John Bunny and **Mrs. John Bunny**—who is NOT one of the film ladies, either fat or thin, whom the public sees so often in the role of the rotund John's wife—were among the first-nighters at the "Cabiria." They held a little reception of their own in the lobby following the screen bill, until somebody asked that the crowd "move on." So John stepped out of the way.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Marsden, formerly of Thanhouser and now of the Biograph company, were "also-there."

Rose Gore is again back in pictures, but this time her affiliation is with the Vitagraph company. You'll remember her as the Pathe thin lady of last summer and therefore you will know that it is worth while to watch for her. Her husband, **Dan Crimmons**, partner of **William Gore** in the vaudeville firm of "Crimmons and Gore," has also signed with the Vitagraph company. The two will contribute much toward the Vitagraph offerings. **Crimmons** is as short as his wife is tall and they say they enjoy making people laugh. So be prepared. "Officer Kate" is their first play.

Pearl Sindelar, who has been alternating Pathe leading roles with the lead in the Broadway show "Potash and Perlmutter," says she is afraid she will get lonesome for the studio and the variety of work it offers. She leaves for Chicago early in July, for a six months' engagement there but says that before she goes she intends playing in one more film at the Pathe studio. **Miss Sindelar** possesses a magnetic personality that has made her many friends. She hopes Chicagoans will like her. But there is no doubt as to that.

Mignon Anderson, of the Thanhouser studio and the Irving Cummings' engagement ring, has had a new nephew since May 27. The boy's father is **George H. Christoffers**, special representative of the Syndicate Film Corporation which has the distribution of the Thanhouser serial, "The Million Dollar Mystery." In charge. **Mr. Christoffers** is the second representative of this illustrious serial to whom a boy has been born during the last month. Both fathers are hoping that the mystery of a million dollars will solve itself for the respective new visitors.

Rollin Sturgeon was quite satisfied with his two weeks visit in New York and was ready to return to the western Vitagraph studio and the position of special producing director. He came east principally to witness the premier production of "Captain Alverax" at the Vitagraph theater.

Pearl White, surprises people when they meet her as herself and not in character make-up at the studio, for she is a brunette who is generally believed to be a blonde. That is because she wears a blonde curly wig, when working before the camera.

Maude Fealy, who is so well liked for her work in Thanhouser pictures, has received a number of appeals from admirers in Denver, Col., beseeching her to return there for the summer stock season. For **Miss Fealy** is Denver's favorite actress and is quite the matinee goddess of the theater-goers there. But **New Rochelle** and pictures have too strong a hold upon **Miss Fealy's** fancy to permit of her turning westward.

Edith Story is again reporting for duty at the Vitagraph studio in Brooklyn and her welcome, after her weeks of work at the southern studio, was a warm one. Others who returned with **Miss Story**, and under the direction of **Sydney Drew**, are **Charles Kent**, **Ada Gifford**, **Jane Morrow**, **George Stevens**, **Ethel Lloyd**, **Lillian Burns**, **Cortland Van Dusen**, **Allen Campbell** and **Frank O'Neil**.

Fred Mace was an interested guest at the Knickerbocker theater's formal "first night" of "Cabiria," the Italia film that is challenging the rest of the film world to "go and do likewise." "I sail for Europe Saturday," said the genial **Fred** who, by the way, has added a couple of pounds to his weight since coming to New York. "I'm going to make a picture with **Evelyn Nesbitt Thaw**, in Paris and I have arranged for one or more in which I will play opposite **Eva Tanguay**." By which it will be noted that **Mr. Mace** is not tripping to art galleries or lazing along the canal of Venice, as a means of killing time.

James Cruze is the latest of the Thanhouserites to become the owner of a car. He is memorizing all the speed "laws of the adjoining states so he can be sure to leave none unbroken."

Harry Benham had a not-to-be-envied experience the other day. He was playing in a comedy in one scene of which a ton of coal and **Harry** had the center of attention, but in which **Harry** occupied most of the spotlight as he made his exit from the scene through a coalhole in company with the slipping, sliding, coal-lumps. It was a violent "Never Again!" the **Benham** voice registered when he crawled out of cover and faced a mirror.

Mae Havey and **Rosemary Theby** of the Lubin company, **Miss Havey** of the scenario department and **Miss Theby**—but you all know **Miss Theby** plays the leading film roles!—are joint owners of a "multiple passenger car," as they describe it. **Miss Anna Luther**, also lead is third of the "girl-trinity" at the studio, which makes never-failing week-end trips to Atlantic City. **Rosemary** is the driver of the car, and the girls are not satisfied, when riding, unless the car is full. Hence their invitations to their friends at both the Lubin and other studios, are many. And they are always accepted!

Ormi Hawley has gone to house-keeping. At least, she has fitted up a "little" seven-room apartment in Philadelphia's nicest section and she has a perfectly competent maid who tends to the fussy part of the house-keeping. "It's such fun—house-keeping!" **Miss Hawley** has decided. When she is not so engaged nor busy at the studio, she is touring the city and vicinity in her car. Already, she has a noticeable sun-burn.

CAN YOU TALK?

Do you really, honestly believe that your vocabulary is as extensive as it should be—as it is **POSSIBLE** to make it?

Have you ever had the unpleasantly embarrassing experience of trying to describe an incident to a group of people and not being able to find the word that exactly expresses your meaning?

CAN YOU WRITE?

in an easy, rapid manner without stopping to think of just what word is the one?

How much time do you waste in thinking of what to say?

It's surprising, isn't it?

These two books, "Correct English" and "The Correct Word," are the best little time-savers you ever saw.

They are written by **Josephine Turck Baker**, one of the foremost authorities on English Grammar in this country.

—and the price is \$1.25 per volume—a small investment that will show immense returns.

INVEST NOW!

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1100 Hartford Bldg., CHICAGO

DEVELOP YOUR FIGURE ONE OUNCE A DAY

A
Simple
Easy
Home
Method
That
Gave
Me
Quick
And
Permanent
Success



Judge from my picture as to the truth of what I say to you—that the crowning feminine attribute is a bust of beautiful proportions, firmness and exquisite development. Then ask yourself how much you would like to have such a photograph of yourself, showing the glory of womanhood with its lines of infinite charm and grace. It would be worth far more than a two-cent stamp, would it not? Then let me give you my message—let me tell you of what I have learned and let me give you recent pictures of myself to prove what I say—for if you will write me to-day

I Will Tell You How—FREE

I will tell you gladly and willingly. Why should any woman neglect an opportunity to escape the pain and heartache of being skinny, scrawny, angular and unattractive in body? Misery is not our heritage. Nature planned that you—a woman—should have the rich, pulsing lines of warm, living flesh molded after the mother of us all, the description of whom perfumes our sacred literature with love and admiration for the divinity of woman's form. For why should there be that pitiful aspect—the face of a woman and the form of a man.

Write To Me To-day

I don't care how fallen, or flaccid, or undeveloped your bust now is—I want to tell you of a simple home method—I want to tell you how I gained perfect development. No physical culture—no massage, foolish baths or paste—no plasters, masks or injurious injections—I want to tell you of my own new method, never before offered or told about—insuring immediate success and permanent beauty.

Send No Money

Just write me a letter—address it to me personally—that's all. I believe you will bless me through years of happiness for pointing the way to you and telling you what I know. Please send your letter to-day to the following address:

MRS. LOUISE INGRAM
Suite 1035 408 Adams St., TOLEDO, OHIO



It's John Bunny!

and then comes the laugh

But if this little pen and ink sketch amuses you, how much more you would enjoy a larger picture of John Bunny done in colors!

The lovers of motion pictures are enthusiastic over their favorites; and requests for reproductions of our front covers have been so numerous that we have decided to furnish them—on the best kind of paper stock.

We will print only the pictures appearing on the front covers of *The Movie Pictorial*—there will be no advertising whatever—not even the name of our magazine.

These Art Sheets will be the same size and colors as the picture on the front cover of any issue of *The Movie Pictorial* that you care for.

So when you see a cover that you particularly like, don't wait to ask us if we have that one on hand,—just send a request for it and enclose ten cents. You will get what you want by the next mail.

The front covers of *Photoplay Magazine* may also be bought but it will be impossible to remove the name of our magazine.

The price of the reproduction of any front cover is ten cents. We print only a limited number, so get your order in early.

Cloud Publishing Co.
1100 Hartford Bldg., CHICAGO

INFORMATION DEPARTMENT

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ABOUT PLAYS AND PLAYERS

HELEN C., BUTLER, PA.—The part of "Cyril" in Thanhouser's "The Eugenic Boy," was taken by Madeline Fairbanks, one of the famous "Thanhouser Twins." "The pretty little girl" in Broncho films is rather indefinite, but you probably refer to Mildred Harris who can easily qualify under that description.

PANSY, BALTIMORE, MD.—Eleanor Blanchard was "Gwendolyn" in Lubin's "The Trunk Mystery" and "Dunn Brown" is played by John Smiley who also produced and directed the piece. Rosemary Theby is still with Lubin we understand, and King Baggot has not left Imp.

GLADYS H., LANSING, MINN.—James Lackaye is the judge in Vitagraph's "Cutey's Wife" and Lillian Walker plays "Betty" in the same film. Yes, John Bunny is married.

WALTER F., ST. LOUIS, MO.—Marshal Nielan who used to play in the same American company with Warren Kerrigan has been with Kalem a long, long time. He is now a director of films. Pauline Bush went from American to Universal and was still there the last we heard, although she has been away on a vacation. You're quite a way behind times, Walter, if you're just tumbling to the fact that Nielan and Bush are "out" of American films. The leading man to whom you refer is either Sydney Ayres or William Garwood. You didn't tell us the name of the picture you saw him in, so we can't say positively which one you have seen, but both have played leads since Kerrigan departed.

X. Y. Z., NEW ORLEANS, LA.—Lillie Leslie of Lubin's is Mrs. Joe Smiley in private life. Mary Alden is the prospector's sweetheart in Majestic's "The Double Knot."

LUCILLE, WASHINGTON, D. C.—Tom Foreman was the president in Lubin's "His Excellency." Harry Mainhall was the detective in Essanay's "The Hand That Rocks the Cradle." Clara Kimball Young's photo appeared in the May, 1914, issue of *Photoplay Magazine*. Beverly Bayne was interviewed in the same issue.

HARRY T., NEW YORK CITY.—We never heard of E. H. Calvert's appearing in another company than Essanay. Gwendolyn Pates is no longer with Pathe. She is now with the Selig Company. John Stepping is now with the American Company at Santa Barbara, California.

GERTRUDE V., BOSTON, MASS.—Howard Davies was "O'Hara" in Majestic's "His Punishment." Nan Barnard was "Mrs. Van" in Thanhouser's "The Musician's Daughter." The scenario was written by Maude Fealy who played the role of "May."

KATHIE, CLEVELAND, OHIO.—Hazel Buckham was the fur trader's daughter in Rex's "Aurora of the North;" the nurse was Camille Astor. The method by which Eclair makes its beautifully colored films is too long to describe in detail in this department. *Movie Pictorial* may some day have a feature article on film stencils and how colored films are made. Walter Miller was with Reliance and Biograph before he joined the Universal forces. We never heard of his being related to Ward Miller, the baseball player.

MRS. W. T. R., LINCOLN, NEB.—Warren Kerrigan won *Photoplay Magazine's* first popularity contest as well as its second. He has also been second in a popularity contest conducted by another magazine and has won several newspaper popularity contests.

Mary Fuller has a splendid opportunity to put her versatility to test in the five-part Edison film, "The Master Mummer," a scenarioized version of the E. Phillips Oppenheim story. In it, Mary plays three distinct roles; that of Princess Isabelle, an elderly woman, that of the princess' daughter and also that of the princess' cousin. A recent letter which came to Mary from a youthful admirer in Stirling, Scotland, asks her intercession for him with Thomas Edison by way of obtaining a position in the Edison stock company. He offers the information that he can easily pay his own passage over.

MARGERIE J., CHICAGO, ILL.—Sorry to hear that you missed seeing Miss Snow of the Thanhouser Company when she was in your city attending the exhibitors' ball and we can't tell you when you may be given another opportunity of seeing her. She's hard at work in New Rochelle, N. Y., on the big series which is to be called "The Million-Dollar Mystery," so it isn't very likely that she will come this way again soon. You are mistaken in thinking that a Keystone film was taken in Chicago, as Keystone has no Chicago studio.

CURIOUS, AURORA, ILL.—Harry Carey left the Biograph to head a company for the Progressive Motion Picture Corporation. He played the lead in "The Master Crackman," a five-part feature just released. We don't know whether the Hearst-Selig people will get out a daily news film as Pathe has done or not. However, it seems unlikely.

ANGELA, DENVER, COL.—May Cruze was "May" in Frontier's "Whistling Hiram." No, we don't believe she is related to James Cruze of Thanhouser though, of course, it is possible. *Photoplay Magazine* is published monthly, not semi-monthly, as you seem to imagine.

HERBERT D., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—The actor in Powers' "Stolen Glory" was William Worthington and the playwright was Frank Lloyd. Bess Meredith was the actress. We haven't any cast sheet for the Crystal comedy you mention but if you address a letter to the Universal Film Manufacturing Company, Mecca Building, New York City, you may get the information. Be sure to enclose a stamp for reply.

MARY K., SAN JOSE, CAL.—We are glad to know you enjoy *Movie Pictorial* and hope to make it so good that you will like it better and better as time goes on. The Photoplayers Club of Los Angeles is similar to, but not a branch of the Screen Club of New York City. No, Chicago has no branch of the Screen Club, although there is now an organization there known as the Reel Fellows Club which is made up of film stars, directors, publicity men, exchange men, etc.

BETTINA, D., WASECA, MINN.—George H. Melford was the "young surgeon" in Kalem's "The Barrier of Ignorance." The players featured in "The Death Sign at High Noon" produced by the same company, included William West, Jane Wolfe, Marin Sain and Paul Hurst.

GLADY'S B., WASHINGTON, D. C.—Yes, Velma Whitman, Lubin star, was on the road one season at least with "The Servant in the House" though we don't know that she ever played Washington. The Lubin pictures in which she is now appearing are made at the California studio of the Lubin Company, not at the Philadelphia plant, so we fear you'd have a hard time visiting her if you called at the Philadelphia offices of the "clear as a bell" film concern.

\$300 Monthly for You

I Want to Pay This Big Salary to You!

I want square men to act as my Special Sales Representatives in every county. I want hustling, energetic, ambitious fellows, anxious to make big money, who are willing to work with me. I want to show YOU how to MAKE \$300 PROFIT AND EXPENSES EVERY MONTH. I want to show YOU how to make more money, easier, quicker, more sure and certain than you ever did before in all your life. I want you to advertise, sell, and appoint local agents for the most sensational seller in 50 years—the startling invention that has set the entire country agog—

The Robinson Folding Bath Tub

Here's an absolutely new invention. Nothing else like it. Has taken the entire country by storm. Solves the bathing problem. Gives every home a modern, up-to-date bath room in any part of the house. No plumbing, no waterworks needed. Take full length bath. In any room; up-stairs, down-stairs, bedroom, sick-room, parlor, kitchen, any room in the house. The Robinson Tub folds in small roll, handy as an umbrella. Rivals expensive bath-room. Constructed of the wonderful "Steelene" material. I tell you, it's Great! Remember it is needed in every home. Means modern bathing facilities for all the people. A godsend to humanity.

I want you to handle your County. I'll furnish demonstrating tub on a liberal basis. I'm positive, yes, I'm absolutely certain that you can make bigger money in a week with me than you ever made in a month before. Hustlers, east, west, north, south, are simply coining money. Orders, orders everywhere. For remember, fully 70 per cent of the people have no bathrooms. You can take the orders right and left. Quick sales and immense profits. 2 sales a day means \$300 a month profit. Stop and realize the tremendous possibilities. Look around you. Be amazed. Your neighbors, friends, relatives, have no bathrooms. They are eager for one; never had the opportunity to install one. You step in; show the tub. Sale's made, profit sure.

NO EXPERIENCE NEEDED

Why, I don't care if you never sold anything before in all your life, you can make good big money with me. You're honest? You're square? Of course you are. You've got grit, ginger, gumption? Of course you have. You want to make good? You want to make big money? Sure you do. Well, that's all I ask. If you are willing to do your best, backed by my co-operation and help, you can blast out the biggest financial success of your career. I grant credit, you know, so money can't hold you back. I furnish sample on liberal plan. I help you out and back you up. So don't let doubt drag you back. You have nothing to loose. My other men are building homes, starting bank accounts, so can you.

SENSATIONAL SALES SUCCESS!

What others are doing YOU can do. Read these records. N. T. Smith, Ohio, \$90 weekly profit. Meyers, Wis., \$250 first month. Beasley, Nebr., \$35 profit first 4 hours. Newton, Calif., \$60 in 3 days. Mathias, Fla., \$120 in 2 days. Corrigan, N. Y., \$114 in 60 hours. C. H. Tremour, Ind., \$35 profit first 6 hours. W. F. Hincard, New Mexico, \$35 in 2 days. Average men, average sales, average towns. Undeniable Proof of the Big Money to be made by the hustlers everywhere. The Robinson Tub is badly wanted and eagerly bought.

CUSTOMERS' WORDS OF PRAISE

See how pleased these people are: "Delighted with Tub; will recommend it," Mrs. Jennie Hall, Miss., "Bath Tub O. K. Just right size," Wm. Benz, Ohio. "Our Tub has been in daily use. Fine," Mrs. J. E. Randall, N. Y. "Have been using your Tub. Could not do without it," Mrs. G. C. Money, Iowa. "Robinson Tub first class," Chas. A. Massie, W. Va. "Tub arrived. Children and all delighted," C. R. Loucks, La. "We all took a bath. It sure is a daisy," O. L. Morris, Ore. "After testing your Tub can say it surely is a wonder and gives entire satisfaction," O. P. Morgan, Ohio.

EMPTIES ITSELF

Remember this: The Robinson Folding Bath Tub, equipped with our special Outlet Emptying Device makes the tub positively self-emptying. How convenient and handy this is. After the bath no fuss and bother emptying the tub. By the time you're dressed the tub is emptied ready to lay away. All the conveniences of a modern, up-to-date bath-room, and yet the Folding Tub does not take up space or be in the way when not in use. No special room need be set aside as a bathroom unless desired. Any room can be made into a bathroom in 5 minutes' time. Is it any wonder users are delighted, and agents are enthusiastic? The Robinson Folding Bath Tub demonstrates its value immediately upon showing. It is the ideal bathing equipment for every home, city, country or town, for camping, etc., as well as the one desirable tub for the sick-room, bed-room, parlor, living-room or kitchen; any room can be made into a bathroom in a jiffy. All this without plumbing, waterworks or extra expense. After the initial cost there are no further expenses to pay. Every home, everywhere, is just waiting for the Robinson Folding Tub.

GUARANTEED FOR TEN YEARS! CANNOT LEAK

Every Robinson Bath Tub that leaves our factory is guaranteed for 10 years against any defect in manufacture. This is due to the remarkable invention "Steelene," the material used in the construction of the Robinson Folding Tub. Constructed with this material the Tub can be, and is, guaranteed for 10 years. Should it prove defective a new tub is immediately furnished in its place. This guarantee protects every customer for a period of 10 years. Steelene makes the Tub soft and pliable, yet strong and lasting. The Tub cannot spill, tip or splash. Just as strong and durable in use as the ordinary enameled tub, but in convenience so far superior. In buying the Robinson Tub, customers take absolutely no risk. They are guaranteed against defects by our liberal, binding guarantee. Families everywhere boost the Robinson Tub to their friends which makes the sales come fast and sure for our representatives. Surely the Ideal bathing equipment without one objectionable feature.

Join Robinson's Multitude of MONEY-MAKING Agents

SIGN THE COUPON BELOW

Let me tell you the amazing story of "Steelene"; let me tell you of that ingenious device that makes the tub self-emptying; let me tell you of the years of self-sacrificing experimental work! the years of unremitting effort in the working out of an ideal; perfect bathing facilities for every home, that the rich, the poor, the high, the lowly, might have comfort and convenience, the pleasure and luxury of a modern bathroom. Let me tell you of this wonderful invention as it is today, an article which I honestly believe to be the greatest invention for the average American home of past century. I can't tell you all this in person, so send the coupon below and let me write you a long letter.

LET ME TELL YOU ALL

I want to tell the entire story. Then you can decide whether or not you appreciate the immense possibilities of the business I want you to start in. You will read of hundreds of men in your position who were first skeptical, then curious, then enthusiastic, who are making bigger money today than they ever thought possible in their most rosy day dreams. I will tell you how one ambitious man or woman in each community can connect with "Opportunity," get a strangle hold on success, know the blessed stimulus of financial independence. You will then realize, know, and appreciate the fact that honesty and ambition combined with the right proposition and backed by conscientious effort are the only requisites to an abundant success.

Yes, join the many men and women who are making bigger money

Mail This Movie Pictorial Coupon TODAY!

Yes, sign this coupon right now. Don't send me a single penny. Don't send me any return postage. Don't send me any remuneration at all. Just sign and mail the coupon. That is all I ask. By sending the coupon you give me the chance to prove every word I have said. Let me prove every statement. Let me tell you the whole enthralling, ambition-awakening story of a tremendous world-wide success. Will you do this? Of course you will. Sign and mail the coupon NOW!

H. S. ROBINSON, Pres't

The Robinson Cabinet Mfg. Co., 589 Factories Bldg., Toledo, Ohio. Canadian Branch, Walkerville, Ontario, Can.

than they ever did before. You don't need to quit your regular job right now. Try the business out evenings, Saturday afternoons, whenever you have a little spare time. See that all I tell you is so. Then quit your job. Say good-bye to the time-clock; say good-bye to grinding work and meagre pay. Bid your pay-check pals farewell forever. Just for a change, you can be the Boss. You can do it. I know after one week of spare time effort you will be eager to devote all your time to the sale of the Robinson Folding Bath Tub. You will be enthused, positively amazed. You will say: "My luck was surely with me when I got acquainted with Robinson."

A SURE CHANCE FOR AMBITIOUS HUSTLERS

I wish that I might call a meeting of all ambitious men and women in America that I might talk to them and tell them of the tremendous possibilities in this business: show them the sales my other representatives are making; convince them beyond the possibility of doubt that here at last is the chance they have been waiting for; the "Opportunity" that is said to knock at every man's door once. If I could only look you squarely in the eye and tell you all the facts about this wonderful business; if I could only lay before you undeniable proof—stacks of letters and orders on my desk; if I could show you enthusiastic letters from Robinson Representatives—Hesitate? Why, man, you wouldn't hesitate for the thousandth part of a second. You would drop everything, your job, your other business, like a "hot potato," and say, "Robinson, I'm with you."

Special Movie Pictorial Coupon

H. S. ROBINSON, Pres't
Robinson Cabinet Mfg. Co., 589 Factories Bldg., Toledo, Ohio
\$300 a month looks good to me. Write me and tell me all about your special plan and how I can make this big money acting as your representative. This obligates me in no way.

Name

Street and No.

Town State



Power For You

Power from within. Strength that is more than mere muscle strength—the strength of perfect health

and abundant nerve force—the strength of the perfect man now within your reach through vibration. Nine people out of every ten are only half alive. They merely exist. They do not really live. Do you feel "tuned up" all the time. Aren't there times when something is wrong—not much perhaps—but just a little something, you can't tell what, that takes the edge off things—takes away the keenness of appetite and enjoyment. Usually there is just one thing wrong—circulation. The blood doesn't flow with the same tingle it used to. If you only knew how much vibration would do, you would not allow yourself to go another day without trying it.

Read These Extracts From Letters Received

"The Vibrator is a wonderful machine for developing muscles. I have gained twenty pounds since June from using the machine daily, and I am pleased to state that I had a photograph taken of myself with only a bathing suit on, just before beginning to experiment with the vibration. This instance certainly demonstrated the merits of the instrument to me."

"The use of this vibrator has effected some remarkable cures of rheumatism, headaches, etc. We also use it for weak, granulated or watery eyes."

"No doubt you will be glad the learn of my success in restoring my hearing."

"I was a nervous wreck. Today I can honestly say that I am relieved from my nervous trouble entirely."

"I have used it for nasal catarrh and watery eyes and headache and it has helped them."

"I have used it for stomach trouble. It has relieved me from chronic constipation of over 5 years' standing."

"It has relieved me of sciatica and indigestion."

"My husband who was a sufferer of Lumbago at intervals always gets relief from the vibration."

"I had weak nerves and it did me more good than any medicine."

"I find your vibrator a wonderful thing for all ailments. It helps me wonderfully."

"I am a middle weight boxer and I have always found the vibrator to be a great thing for increasing my health and vitality."

"A friend of mine took three treatments with it and it relieved his dandruff."

"I shall never get raising your machine. It is a wonder to me. I have been living on medicines for the past six years of my life and now I don't have to take any at all."

"I have three of your vibrators in use in my office."

"My rheumatism is almost entirely gone and my face muscles are getting firm and fill out my face so nicely. I am delighted with it."

"My face and neck are filling out and I sleep better."

"The vibrator relieved my neuralgia and sciatica."

"The vibrator is a wonderful machine for developing muscles. I have gained 25 pounds in three months."

"The benefit I received for my eye-sight and bronchial trouble is of great value. The vibrating chair is fine for that tired and exhausted feeling."

"I have commenced to feel new life in my bonyard, right hand and right knee, which, from a dull pain seemed almost becoming useless."

What Prominent Physicians Say

Prominent physicians—among them men who have headed the list of great surgeons and men of medicine—endorse vibration. Read what they say in this announcement. Our thousands of testimonials from users indicate that this machine does much in maintaining health and youth. We all want them and we all know how they glide away. Youth is a thing of thrills. It has been said that we keep young as long as we keep active. The trouble with most of us is that we grow inactive all too quickly. Vibration is the very thing for the inactive one. Vibration pervades all life. The man who tries vibration the first time will feel that the effect appears to be beneficial.

Continued use over different nerve centers will bring an undeniable tingle which has not been felt in a long while. This is nerve awakening.

Electro-vibratory massage causes absorption by contracting and dilating the capillaries and equalizing the circulation. —Kellogg.

Vibratory massage reduces inflammation, stimulates muscles, removes pain, relieves congestion, and relieves a congested area and starts a general circulation. —Butler, "Internal Medicine."

It is recognized by the medical profession at large that pressure and massage cause absorption. —Osler.

Electro-vibratory massage produces at once the warm, prickling, burning sensation, and the reaction is always pleasant and agreeable. —Herdman.

Take care of your skin. Massage is a wonderful help. —Prof. Hindhede.

Vibration or mechanical massage, as a placebo, is very good; as a stimulant in general I consider it good. The pneumatic vibration of the tympanic membrane has restored good hearing to myself and many others. —"Massage in Trauma," by Ferd. Engelbrechtson.

For Women —Beauty As Well As Health

Wrinkles go — also other disfigurements. Constant vibration (that is, two or three minutes at a time once or twice a day) will make your complexion clear and bright and give it a healthful glow. It will exercise and tone up the muscles and they, renewed with fresh life, will keep the skin from sagging. And sagging muscles in the face tell more powerfully than anything else the story of age. If you have too much flesh, vibration will reduce it. If not enough, vibration applied in another way will cause the hollows to be filled out. Don't wait, but send the free coupon at once for the wonderful new book, "Health and Beauty," which will be mailed to you absolutely free and postpaid. This book will tell you all about the wonders of vibration.



Used for beautifying the complexion



Vibrating for indigestion



Using the Vibrator for hair and scalp



Reducing hip by vibration

The Wonderful White Cross Electric Vibrator

It is not necessary to have electricity in your home to have a vibrator. There are in homes which have no electricity. From the White Cross Electric Vibrator you can get three great natural forces—Vibration, Faradic and Galvanic electricity. All of them are used by physicians in aiding the human body and its functions. Also you can get the refreshing vibrating chair treatment merely by attaching the vibrator to an ordinary chair. You can give yourself an electric bath—just such treatments as you would have to pay from \$2.00 to \$3.00 for, are yours without charge if you have the White Cross Electric Vibrator. Send the coupon for the book entitled "Health and Beauty," which we will mail to you free.

Mail This FREE Coupon For the Free Book "Health and Beauty"

Get the free book (also our Special Reduced-Price Offer)—then see the wonderful White Cross Electric Vibrator itself at your electric dealers. We are mailing out this great book absolutely free and postpaid. It tells you how the earliest man turned to vibration (common rubbing) as a relief, through instinct. Send the free coupon today and find out about vibration and what it will do for you. It is so easy to use—so simple for you to find out how good it is. The book, "Health and Beauty," tells about our great offer. Send free coupon now.

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We manufacture White Cross Electric Irons, Hair Driers and Stoves. Dealers write

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Without any obligations at all, please send me, free and prepaid, your free book on Vibration, full particulars of the White Cross Vibrator and your Special Reduced-price Offer.

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My Electrical Dealer's Name is _____